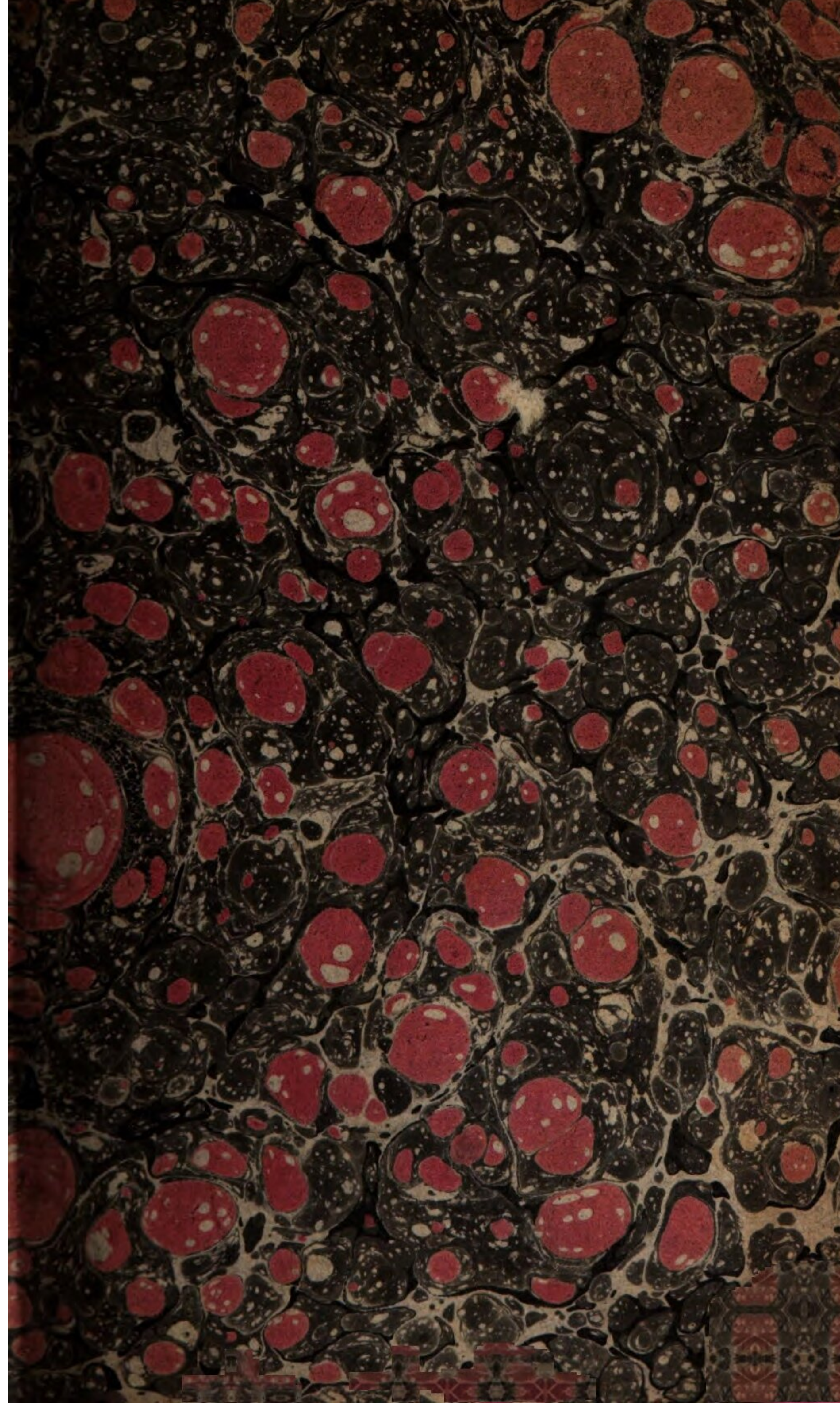








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J. NICHOLS'S
SELECT COLLECTION
OF POEMS.
VOLUME II,

J. NICHOLS,

SELECT COLLECTION

OF P. O. F. M. S.

VOLUME II.



J. Collyer sc.

A SELECT
COLLECTION
OF
POEMS:

WITH
NOTES,
BIOGRAPHICAL AND HISTORICAL.

THE SECOND VOLUME.

L O N D O N:

PRINTED BY AND FOR J. NICHOLS,
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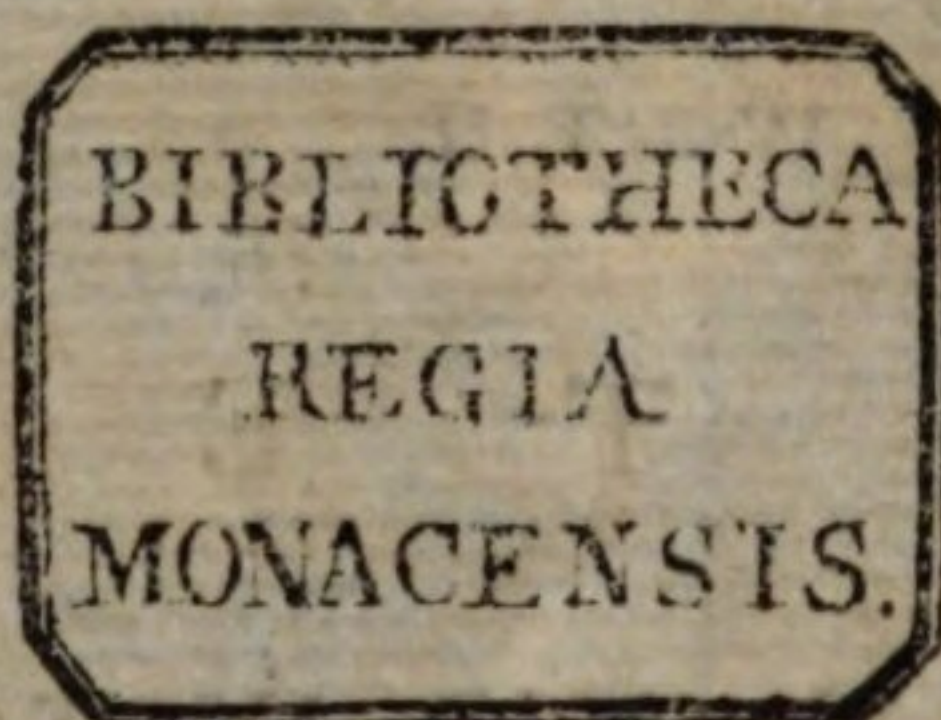
M D C C L X X X.

A SELECT

COLLECTION

OF

P O E M S



THE SECOND VOLUME

L O N D O N

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MDCCLXXI

MISCELLANY
A
SELECT COLLECTION
OF
MISCELLANY POEMS.



THE ECLOGUES OF VIRGIL.

E C L O G U E I.

BY MR. JOHN CARYLL*.

M E L I B O E U S.

IN peaceful shades, which aged oaks diffuse,
You, Tityrus, enjoy your royal Muse.
We leave our home, and (once) our pleasant fields,
The native swain to rude intruders yields;
While

* John Caryll, Esq; was probably a Suffex man, and wrote two plays, "The English Princess, or the Death of Richard III, 1667," quarto; and "Sir Salomon, or the Cautious Coxcomb, 1671," quarto. It may be conjectured that he was of the Roman Catholic persuasion, being secretary to Queen Mary the wife of James the Second, and one who followed the fortunes of his abdicating master. How long he continued in this service is unknown, but he was in

2 MISCELLANY POEMS.

While you in songs your happy love proclaim,
And every grove learns Amaryllis' name *.

TITYRUS.

A God (to me he always shall be so)
O Melibœus! did this grace bestow.
The choicest lamb which in my flock does feed
Shall each new moon upon his altar bleed:
He every blessing on his creatures brings;
By him the herd does graze; by him the herdsman sings.

MELIBŒUS.

I envy not, but I admire your fate,
Which thus exempts you from our wretched state.
Look on my goats that browse, my kids that play,
Driven hence myself, these I must drive away,

And

England in the reign of Queen Anne, and recommended the subject of Mr. Pope's "Rape of the Lock" to that author, who on its publication addressed it to him. He was alive in 1717, and at that time must have been a very old man. See three of his Letters in "Additions to Pope," vol. II. p. 114. R.

* The reader may be pleased to observe, that Virgil, under the name of Tityrus, personates himself, newly saved by the favour of Augustus Cæsar, from the general calamity of his Mantuan neighbours; whose lands were taken from them, and divided amongst the veteran soldiers, for having been dipt (as may be presumed) in the same guilt with their borderers of Cremona; who, in the civil wars, joined with Cassius and Brutus. These Mantuans are likewise personated by Melibœus; as also by Amaryllis the city of Rome, by Galatea

And this poor mother of a new-fall'n pair
 (The herd's chief hope, alas ! but my despair !)
 Has left them in yon brakes, beside the way,
 Expos'd to every beast and bird of prey.
 Had not some angry planet struck me blind,
 This dire calamity I had divin'd.
 'Twas oft foretold me by heaven's loudest voice,
 Rending our tallest oaks with dismal noise :
 Ravens spoke too, though in a lower tone,
 And long from hollow trees were heard to groan.
 But say : what God has Tityrus reliev'd ?

T I T Y R U S.

The place call'd Rome, I foolishly believ'd
 Was like our Mantua, where, on market-days,
 We drive our well-fed lambs (the shepherd's praise) ;

Galatea that of Mantua, are represented. The drift of this Eclogue is to celebrate the munificence of Augustus towards Virgil, whom he makes his tutelar God ; and the better to set this off, he brings in Melibœus, viz. his Mantuan neighbours, pathetically relating their own deplorable condition, and at the same time magnifying the felicity of Tityrus. This his exemption from the common calamity of his countrymen, Virgil shadows over with the allegory of a slave recovering his liberty. And because slaves did not commonly use to be enfranchised till age had made them useless for labour ; to follow the trope, he makes himself an old man, as by the Candidior Barba, and the Fortunate Senex, sufficiently appears ; though, in reality, Virgil at that time was young, and then first made known to Augustus by the recommendation of his verses, and of his friends Varus and Mæcenas. CARYLL.

4 MISCELLANY POEMS.

So whelps, I knew, so kids, their dams express,
And so the great I measur'd by the less.
But other towns when you to her compare,
They creeping shrubs to the tall cypress are.

M E L I B O E U S.

What great occasion call'd you hence to Rome?

T I T Y R U S.

Freedom, which came at last, though slow to come:
She came not till cold Winter did begin,
And age some snow had sprinkled on my chin,
Nor then, till Galatea I forfook,
For Amaryllis deign'd on me to look.
No hope for liberty, I must confess,
No hope, nor care of wealth, did me possess,
Whilst I with Galatea did remain:
For though my flock her altars did maintain,
Though often I had made my cheese-press groan,
Largely to furnish our ungrateful town,
Yet still with empty hands I trotted home.

M E L I B O E U S.

I wonder'd, Galatea! whence should come
Thy sad complaints to heaven, and why so long:
Ungather'd on their trees thy apples hung!
Absent was Tityrus! thee every dale,
Mountain and spring, thee every tree did call!

T I T Y R U S.

What should I do? I could not here be free,
And only in that place could hope to see
A God propitious to my liberty.

There

There I the heavenly youth did first behold,
 Whose monthly feast while solemnly I hold,
 My loaded altars never shall be cold.
 He heard my prayers; go home, he cry'd, and feed
 In peace your herd, let forth your bulls for breed.

M E L I B O E U S.

Happy old man! thy farm untouch'd remains,
 And large enough: though it may ask thy pains,
 To clear the stones, and rushes cure by drains.
 Thy teeming ewes will no strange pastures try,
 No murrain fear from tainted company.
 Thrice happy swain! guarded from Syrian beams,
 By sacred springs, and long-acquainted streams.
 Look on that bordering fence, whose osier trees
 Are fraught with flowers, whose flowers are fraught
 with bees:

How, with their drowsy tone, the whistling air
 (Your sleep to tempt) a concert does prepare!
 At farther distance, but with stronger lungs,
 The wood-man joins with these his rustic songs:
 Stock-doves and murmuring turtles tune their throat,
 Those in a hoarser, these a softer note.

T I T Y R U S.

Therefore the land and sea shall dwellers change:
 Fish on dry ground, stags shall on water range:
 The Parthians shall commute their bounds with Franks,
 Those shall on Soane, these drink on Tygris' banks,
 Ere I his god-like image from my heart
 Suffer with black ingratitude to part.

6 MISCELLANY POEMS.

MELIBŒUS.

But we must roam to parts remote, unknown,
 Under the Torrid and the Frigid Zone:
 These frozen Scythia, and parch'd Africk those,
 Cretan Oaxis others must inclose:
 Some 'mongst the utmost Britains are confin'd,
 Doom'd to an isle from all the world disjoin'd:
 Ah! must I never more my country see,
 But in strange lands an endless exile be?
 Is my eternal banishment decreed,
 From my poor cottage, rear'd with turf and reed?
 Must impious soldiers all these grounds possess,
 My fields of standing corn, my fertile leys?
 Did I for these barbarians plow and sow?
 What dire effects from civil discord flow!
 Graft pears, O Melibœus! plant the vine!
 The fruit shall others be, the labour thine.
 Farewell my goats! a happy herd, when mine!
 No more shall I, in the refreshing shade
 Of verdant grottoes, by kind nature made,
 Behold you climbing on the mountain top,
 The flowery thyme and fragrant shrubs to crop.
 I part with every joy, parting from you;
 Then farewell all the world! verses and pipe, adieu!

TITYRUS.

At least this night with me forget your care;
 Chesnuts and well-prest cheese shall be your fare;
 For now the mountain a long shade extends,
 And curling smoke from village tops ascends.

ECLOGUE

E C C L O G U E II.

BY MR. NAHUM TATE*.

A HOPELESS flame did Corydon destroy,
 The lov'd Alexis was his master's joy.
 No respite from his grief the shepherd knew,
 But daily walk'd where shady beeches grew:
 Where, stretch'd on earth, alone he thus complains,
 And in these accents tells the groves his pains.
 Cruel Alexis! hast thou no remorse?
 Must I expire? and have my songs no force?
 'Tis now high noon, when herds to coverts run,
 The very lizards hide, that love the sun.
 The reapers home to dinner now repair,
 While busy Thestylis provides both sauce and fare.

Yet

* Born about the middle of the reign of king Charles II. in the kingdom of Ireland, where he received his education. He was made poet laureat to king William, upon the death of Shadwell, and held that place till the accession of George I. on whom he lived to write the first birth-day ode, which is executed with unusual spirit. He was a man of good-nature, great probity, and competent learning; but so extremely modest, that he was never able to make his fortune, or to raise himself above necessity. The earl of Dorset was his patron; but the chief use he made of him was, to screen himself from the persecution of his creditors. He died in the Mint, August 12, 1716; and was succeeded in the laurel by Mr. Eusden. He was the author of nine dramatic performances,

8 MISCELLANY POEMS.

Yet in the raging heat I search for thee,
Heat only known to locusts and to me.
Oh, was it not much better to sustain
The angry days of Amaryllis' reign ?
And still be subject to Menalcas' sway, [than day ?
Though he more black than night, and thou more fair
O lovely boy, presume not on thy form ;
The fairest flowers are subject to a storm :
'Thou both disdain'st my person and my flame,
Without so much as asking who I am !
How rich in heifers, all as white as snow,
Or cream, with which they make my dairies flow.
A thousand ewes within my pastures breed,
And all the year upon new milk I feed.

formances, a great number of poems, and of a version of the Psalms in conjunction with Dr. Nicholas Brady. He was a man of wit and parts, yet not thought to possess any very great genius, as being deficient in what is its first characteristic, namely, invention. Thus far the Biographical Dictionary. — His miscellaneous poems are enumerated by Jacob, who says, Tate's poem on the Death of Queen Anne, which was one of the last, is "one of the best poems he ever wrote." His share in the "Second Part of Absalom and Achitophel" is far from inconsiderable ; and may be seen in the English Poets, vol. XIII. p. 160. He published also "Memorials for the Learned, collected out of eminent Authors in History, &c. 1686," 8vo and his "Proposal for regulating of the Stage and Stage Plays, Feb. 6, 1698," is among Bishop Gibson's MSS. in the Lambeth Library.

N.

Besides,

Besides, the fam'd Amphion's songs I sing,
That into Theban walls the stones did bring,
Nor am I so deform'd; for t'other day,
When all the dreadful storm was blown away,
As on the cliffs above the sea I stood,
I view'd my image in the sea-green flood;
And if I look as handsome all the year,
To vie with Daphnis' self I would not fear.
Ah! would'st thou once in cottages delight,
And love, like me, to wound the stag in flight!
Where wholesome mallows grow our kids to drive,
And in our songs with Pan himself to strive!
From Pan the reed's first use the shepherd knew,
'Tis Pan preserves the sheep and shepherd too.
Disdain not then the tuneful reed to ply,
Nor scorn the pastime of a deity.
What task would not Amyntas undergo,
For half the noble skill I offer you?
A pipe with quills of various size I have,
The legacy Damætas dying gave;
And said, Possess thou this, by right 'tis thine;
Amyntas then stood by, and did repine:
Besides two kids that I from danger bore,
With streaks of lovely white enamel'd o'er;
Who drain the bagging udder twice a-day,
And both at home for thy acceptance stay.
Oft Thestylis for them has pin'd, and she
Shall have them, since thou scorn'st my gifts and me.
Come to my arms, thou lovely boy, and take
The richest presents that the spring can make.

See

10 MISCELLANY POEMS.

See how the nymphs with lilies wait on thee :
 Fair Naïs, scarce thyself so fair as she,
 With poppies, daffadils, and violets join'd,
 A garland for thy softer brow has twin'd.
 Myself with downy peaches will appear,
 And chefnuts, Amaryllis' dainty cheer :
 I'll crop my laurel, and my myrtle tree,
 Together bound, because their sweets agree.
 Unbred thou art, and homely, Corydon,
 Nor will Alexis with thy gifts be won :
 Nor canst thou hope, if gifts his mind could sway,
 That rich Iölas would to thee give way.
 Ah me ! while I fond wretch indulge my dreams,
 Winds blast my flowers, and boars bemire my streams.
 Whom fly'st thou ? Gods themselves have had abode
 In woods, and Paris equal to a God.
 Let Pallas in the towns she built reside,
 To me a grove's worth all the world beside :
 Lions chace wolves, those wolves a kid in prime,
 That very kid seeks heaths of flowering thyme,
 While Corydon pursues with equal flame,
 Alexis, thee ; each has his several game.
 See how the ox unyok'd brings home the plough,
 The shades increasing as the sun goes low.
 Blest fields reliev'd by night's approach so soon,
 Love has no night ! 'tis always raging noon !
 Ah Corydon ! what frenzy fills thy breast ?
 Thy vineyard lies half prun'd and half undrest.
 Luxurious sprouts shut out the ripening ray,
 The branches shorn, not yet remov'd away.

Recall

ECLOGUE II.

13

Recall thy senses, and to work with speed;
Of many utensils thou stand'st in need.
Fall to thy labour, quit the peevish boy;
Time, or some new desire, shall this destroy.

THE SAME ECLOGUE *,

BY MR. THOMAS CREECH †.

ALEXIS.

YOUNG Corydon, hard fate! an humble swain,
Alexis lov'd, the joy of all the plain;
He lov'd, but could not hope for love again;
Yet every day through groves he walk'd alone,
And vainly told the hills and woods his moan:
Cruel Alexis! can't my verses move?
Hast thou no pity? must I die for love?
Just now the flocks pursue the shades and cool,
And every lizard creeps into his hole:
Brown Thestylis the weary reapers seeks,
And brings their meat, their onions, and their leeks:
And whilst I trace thy steps, in every tree
And every bush, poor insects sigh with me:
Ah! had it not been better to have borne
The peevish Amaryllis' frown and scorn,
Or else Menalcas, than this deep despair?
Though he was black, and thou art lovely fair!

* The shepherd Corydon woos Alexis; but finding he could not prevail, he resolves to follow his affairs, and forget his passion. CREECH.

† See an account of Mr. Creech, vol. I. p. 230. N.

Ah,

Ah, charming beauty ! 'tis a fading grace,
 Trust not too much, sweet youth, to that fair face :
 Things are not always us'd that please the sight,
 We gather black-berries when we scorn the white.
 Thou dost despise me, thou dost scorn my flame,
 Yet dost not know me, nor how rich I am :
 A thousand tender lambs, a thousand kine,
 A thousand goats I feed, and all are mine :
 My dairy 's full, and my large herd affords,
 Summer and winter, cream, and milk, and curds,
 I pipe as well, as when through Theban plains
 Amphion fed his flocks, or charm'd the swains.
 Nor is my face so mean | I lately stood,
 And view'd my figure in the quiet flood,
 And think myself, though it were judg'd by you,
 As fair as Daphnis, if that glass be true.
 Oh that, with me, thee humble plains would please,
 The quiet fields and lowly cottages !
 Oh that with me you 'd live, and hunt the hare,
 Or drive the kids, or spread the fowling snare !
 Then we would sing like Pan in shady groves ;
 Pan taught us pipes, and Pan our art approves :
 Pan both the sheep and harmless shepherd loves.
 Nor must you think the pipe too mean for you ;
 To learn to pipe, what won't Amyntas do ?
 I have a pipe, well-season'd, brown, and try'd ;
 Which good Damætas left me when he died :
 He said, Here, take it for a legacy,
 Thou art my second, it belongs to thee ;
 He said, and dull Amyntas envy'd me.

Besides,

Besides, I found two wanton kids at play
In yonder vale, and those I brought away,
Young sportive creatures, and of spotted hue,
Which suckle twice a-day, I keep for you :
These Thestylis hath begg'd, and begg'd in vain,
But now they 're hers, since you my gifts disdain :
Come, lovely boy, the nymphs their baskets fill,
With poppy, violet, and daffadil,
The rose, and thousand other fragrant flowers,
To please thy senses in thy softest hours ;
These Naïs gathers to delight my boy,
Come, dear Alexis, be no longer coy.
I'll seek for chesnuts too in every grove,
Such as my Amaryllis us'd to love.
The glossy plumbs and juicy pears I'll bring,
Delightful all, and many a pretty thing :
The laurel and the neighbouring myrtle tree,
Confus'dly planted 'cause they both agree
And prove more sweet, shall send their boughs to thee. }
Ah, Corydon ! thou art a foolish swain,
And coy Alexis doth thy gifts disdain ;
Or if gifts could prevail, if gifts could woo,
Eolas can present him more than you.
What doth the madman mean ? he idly brings
Storms on his flowers, and boars into his springs.
Ah ! whom dost thou avoid ? whom fly ? the Gods,
And charming Paris too, have liv'd in woods :
Let Pallas, she whose art first rais'd a town,
Live there, let us delight in woods alone :
The boar the wolf, the wolf the kid pursues,
The kid her thyme, as fast as t' other does,

14 MISCELLANY POEMS.

Alexis Corydon, and him alone,
 Each hath his game, and each pursues his own :
 Look how the wearied ox brings home the plough,
 The sun declines, and shades are doubled now :
 And yet my passion nor my cares remove,
 Love burns me still, what flame so fierce as Love !
 Ah Corydon ! what fury 's this of thine !
 On yonder elm there hangs thy half-prun'd vine :
 Come, rather mind thy useful work, prepare
 Thy harvest baskets, and make those thy care ;
 Come, mind thy plough, and thou shalt quickly find
 Another, if Alexis proves unkind.

E C L O G U E III.

O R, P A L Æ M O N*.

B Y T H E S A M E.

M E N A L C A S.

T ELL me, Dametas, tell whose sheep these are ?

D A M E T A S.

Ægon's, for Ægon gave them to my care.

M E N A L C A S.

Whilst he Neæra courts, but courts in vain,
 And fears that I shall prove the happier swain ;

* Menalcas and Dametas upbraid each other with their faults ; by and by they challenge one another, and pipe for a wager. Palæmon, coming that way by chance, is chosen judge ; he hears them pipe, but cannot determine the controversy. CREECH.

Poor

Poor sheep ! whilst he his hopeless love pursues,
 Here twice an hour his servant milks his ewes :
 The flock is drain'd, the lambkins swigg the teat,
 But find no moisture, and then idly bleat.

D A M E T A S.

No more of that, Menalcas ; I could tell,
 And you know what, for I remember well ;
 I know when, where, and what, the fool design'd,
 And what had happen'd, but the nymphs were kind.

M E N A L C A S.

'Twas then perhaps, when some observ'd the clown
 Spoil Mico's vines, and cut his olives down.

D A M E T A S.

Or rather when, where those old beeches grow,
 You broke young Daphnis' arrows and his bow.
 You saw them given to the lovely boy,
 Ill-natur'd you, and envy'd at his joy ;
 But hopes of sweet revenge thy life supply'd,
 And hadst thou not done mischief, thou hadst died.

M E N A L C A S.

What will not master shepherds dare to do,
 When their base slaves pretend so much as you ?
 Did not I see, not I, you pilfering sot,
 When you lay close, and snapt rich Damon's goat ?
 His spoch-dog bark'd, I cry'd, The robber, see,
 Guard well your flock ; you skulkt behind a tree.

D A M E T A S.

I tell thee, shepherd, 'twas before my own,
 We two pip'd for him, and I fairly won :
 This he would own, and gave me cause to boast,
 Though he refus'd to pay the goat he lost.

M E N A L C A S.

You pipe with him ! thou never hadst a pipe
 Well join'd with wax, and fitted to the lip ;
 But under hedges to the long-ear'd rout
 Wert wont, dull fool, to toot a screeching note.

D A M E T A S.

And shall we have a tryal of our skill?
 I'll lay this heifer, 'twill be worth your while ;
 Two calves she suckles, and yet twice a-day
 She fills two pails ; now speak what dare you lay ?

M E N A L C A S.

I cannot stake down any of my flock,
 My fold is little, and but small my stock :
 Besides, my father's covetously crosses,
 My step-dame curst, and they will find the loss :
 For both strict eyes o'er all my actions keep,
 One counts my kids, and both twice count my sheep.
 But yet I'll lay what you must grant as good
 (Since you will lose) two cups * of beechen wood,
 Alcimedon made them, 'tis a work divine,
 And round the brim ripe grapes and ivy twine ;
 So curiously he hits the various shapes,
 And with pale ivy cloaths the blushing grapes ;
 It doth my eyes and all my friends delight,
 I'm sure your mouth must water at the sight :
 Within, two figures neatly carv'd appear,
 Conon, and he (who was't ?) that made the sphere,
 And shew'd the various seasons of the year.

* This passage, with Nestor's cup in Homer, is admirably illustrated in Mr. Clarke's Connexion of Clarke on Coins, p. 223. N.

What time to shear our sheep, what time to plough:
'Twas never us'd, I kept it clean till now.

D A M E T A S.

Alcimedon too made me two beechen pots,
And round the handles wrought smooth ivy knots;
Orpheus within, and following woods around,
With bended tops, seem listening to the sound.
I never us'd them, never brought them forth;
But to my heifer these are little worth.

M E N A L C A S.

I'll pay thee off, I'm ready, come let's try,
And he shall be our judge that next comes by;
See, 'tis Palæmon; come, I'll ne'er give o'er,
Till thou shalt never dare to challenge more.

D A M E T A S.

Begin, I'll not refuse the skilful'st swain,
I scorn to turn my back for any man;
I know myself; but pray, judicious friend,
('Tis no small matter) carefully attend.

P A L Æ M O N.

Since we have chosen a convenient place,
Since woods are cloath'd with leaves, the fields with
grass,
The trees with fruit, the year seems fine and gay,
Dametas first, then next Menalcas play,
By turns, for verse the Muses love by turns.

D A M E T A S.

My Muse begin with Jove, all's full of Jove;
The God loves me, and doth my verses love.

M E N A L C A S.

And Phœbus mine : on Phœbus I'll bestow
The blushing hyacinth, and laurel bough.

D A M E T A S.

Sly Galatea drives me o'er the green,
And apples throws, then hides, yet would be seen.

M E N A L C A S.

But my Amyntas doth his passion tell,
Our dogs scarce know my Delia half so well.

D A M E T A S.

I'll have a gift for Phyllis ere 'tis long ;
I know where stock-doves build, I'll take their young.

M E N A L C A S.

I pluck'd my boy fine pears, I sent him ten,
'Twas all I had, but soon I'll send again.

D A M E T A S.

What things my nymph did speak ! what tales of love !
Winds bear their musick to the Gods above.

M E N A L C A S.

What boots it, boy, you not contemn my flame,
Since, whilst I hold the net, you hunt the game ?

D A M E T A S.

My birth-day comes, send Phyllis quickly home,
But at my shearing-time, Iölas come.

M E N A L C A S.

And I love Phyllis, for her charms excell ;
She sigh'd, Farewell, dear youth, a long farewell.

D A M E T A S.

Wolves ruin flocks, wind trees when newly blown,
Storms corn, and me my Amaryllis' frown.

M E N A L-

M E N A L C A S.

Dew swells the corn, kids browse the tender tree,
The goats love fallow*; fair Amyntas me.

D A M E T A S.

Mine Pollio loves, though 'tis a rustic song;
Muse, feed a steer for him that reads thee long.

M E N A L C A S.

Nay Pollio writes, and at the king's command;
Muse, feed the bulls that push, and spurn the sand.

D A M E T A S.

Let Pollio have what-e'er thy wish provokes,
Myrrh from his thorns, and honey from his oaks.

M E N A L C A S.

He that loves Bavius' songs may fancy thine;
The same may couple wolves, and shear his swine.

D A M E T A S.

Ye boys that pluck the beauties of the spring,
Fly, fly; a snake lies hid, and shoots a sting.

M E N A L C A S.

Beware the stream, drive not the sheep too nigh;
The bank may fail, the rain is hardly dry.

D A M E T A S.

Kids from the river drive, and sling your hook;
Anon I'll wash them in the shallow brook.

M E N A L C A S.

Drive to the shades; when milk is drain'd by heat,
In vain the milk-maid stroaks an empty teat.

* A species of the willow-tree. N.

D A M E T A S.

How lean my bull is in my fruitful field!
Love has the herd, and Love the herdsman kill'd.

M E N A L C A S.

Sure these feel none of Love's devouring flames,
Mere skin and bone, and yet they drain the dams:
Ah me! what forcerefs has bewitch'd my lambs!

D A M E T A S.

Tell me where heaven is just three inches broad,
And I'll believe thee prophet, or a God.

M E N A L C A S.

Tell me where names of kings in rising flowers
Are writ and grow, and Phyllis shall be yours.

P A L Æ M O N.

I cannot judge which youth does most excell;
For you deserve the steer, and he as well.
Rest equal happy both; and all that prove
A bitter, or else fear a pleasing love:
But my work calls, let's break the meeting off;
Boys, shut your streams, the fields have drunk enough.

*** Eclogue IV. (by Mr. Dryden) is omitted, as it is already in the Collection of the English Poets, vol. XVII. p. 39. The Fifth (by Mr. Duke) is in vol. XI. p. 28; the Sixth (by Lord Roscommon) in vol. X. p. 233; and the Ninth (by Mr. Dryden) in vol. XVII, p. 67. N.

MELIBŒUS, ECLOGUE VII.

BY MR. WILLIAM ADAMS*.

This Eclogue is wholly pastoral, and consists of the contention of two shepherds, Thyrsis and Corydon; to the hearing of which Melibœus was invited by Daphnis, and thus relates it.

WHILE Daphnis fate beneath a whispering shade,
 Thyrsis and Corydon together fed
 Their mingling flocks; his sheep with softest wool
 Were cloath'd, his goats of sweetest milk were full.
 Both in the beauteous spring of blooming youth,
 The worthy pride of blest Arcadia both;
 Each with like art his tuneful voice could raise,
 Each answer readily in rural lays;

Hither

* This gentleman's memory is preserved by "Fifteen
 " Discourses occasionally delivered before the University of
 " Oxford. By William Adams, M. A. late student of
 " Christ Church, and rector of Staunton upon Wye in Here-
 " fordshire. Published by Henry Sacheverell, D. D. 1716."

This volume, of which a second edition was published the same year, is inscribed to Richard Hopton, esq. knight of the shire for the county of Hereford, to whom Mr. Adams had been tutor at Christ Church; an employment he appears to have been well qualified for discharging. In his younger years he gave many admirable specimens of his polite genius,

Hither the father of my flock had stray'd,
 While shelters I for my young myrtles made;
 Here I fair Daphnis saw; when me he spy'd,
 Come hither quickly, gentle youth! he cry'd.
 Your goat and kids are safe, O seek not those,
 But, if you've leisure, in this shade repose:
 Hither to water the full heifers tend,
 When lengthening shadows from the hills descend,
 Mincius with reeds here interweaves his bounds,
 And from that sacred oak a busy swarm resounds.
 What should I do? Nor was Alcippe there,
 Nor Phyllis, who might of my lambs take care;
 Yet to my business I their sports prefer. }
 For the two swains with great ambition strove, [love;
 Who best could tune his reed, or best could sing his
 Alternate verse their ready Muses chose, }
 In verse alternate each quick fancy flows;
 These sang young Corydon, young Thyrsis those. }

in his accurate performances in Poetry and Oratory; and had afterwards the honour to be chosen his master Dr. Busby's first Cataphetical Lecturer in Oxford. To answer the pious and charitable design of that great founder of learning, he bent the whole course of his studies to Divinity, of which he is said to have drawn out a comprehensive and useful plan; which at his death he directed his executors to destroy, with all his MSS. except the volume of Discourses, which appeared by his express injunction. In the Catalogue of Oxford Graduates there are *three* Christ-Church men of the name of *William Adams*, each of them M. A. and all nearly of the same standing. N.

C O R Y D O N.

Ye much-lov'd Muses ! such a verse bestow,
 As does from Codrus, my lov'd Codrus, flow;
 Or, if all can't obtain the gift divine,
 My pipe I'll consecrate on yonder pine.

T H Y R S I S.

Y' Arcadian swains, with ivy wreaths adorn
 Your youth, that Codrus may with spite be torn;
 Or, if he praise too much, apply some charm,
 Lest his ill tongue your future poet harm.

C O R Y D O N.

These branches of a stag, this wild-boar's head,
 By little Mycon's on thy altar laid :
 If this continue, Delia ! thou shalt stand
 Of smoothest marble, by the skilful'st hand.

T H Y R S I S.

This milk, these cakes, Priapus, every year
 Expect; a little garden is thy care :
 Thou 'rt marble now; but, if more land I hold,
 If my flock thrive, thou shalt be made of gold.

C O R Y D O N.

O Galatea ! sweet as Hybla's thyme ;
 White as, more white than, swans are in their prime,
 Come, when the herds shall to their stalls repair,
 O come, if e'er thy Corydon's thy care.

T H Y R S I S.

O may I harsh as bitterest herbs appear,
 Rough as wild myrtle, vile as sea-weeds are,
 If years seem longer than this tedious day !
 Haste home, my glutton herd, haste, haste away.

C O R Y D O N.

Ye mossy springs, ye pastures, softer far
 Than thoughtless hours of sweetest slumbers are,
 Ye shades, protect my flock, the heats are near;
 On the glad vines the swelling buds appear.

T H Y R S I S.

Here on my hearth a constant flame does play,
 And the fat vapour paints the roof each day;
 Here we as much regard the cold north-wind
 As streams their banks, or wolves do number mind.

C O R Y D O N.

Look how the trees rejoice in comely pride,
 While their ripe fruit lies scatter'd on each side;
 All nature smiles: but, if Alexis stay,
 From our sad hills the rivers weep away.

T H Y R S I S.

The dying grass with sickly air does fade,
 No field's unparch'd, no vines our hills do shade;
 But, if my Phyllis come, all sprouts again,
 And bounteous Jove descends in kindly rain.

C O R Y D O N.

Bacchus the vine, the laurel Phœbus loves,
 Fair Venus cherishes the myrtle groves,
 Phyllis the hazels loves; while Phyllis loves that tree,
 Myrtles and laurels of less fame shall be.

T H Y R S I S.

The lofty ash is glory of the woods,
 The pine of gardens, poplar of the floods:
 If oft thy swain, fair Lycidas, thou see,
 To thee the ash shall yield, the pine to thee.

M E L I B Œ U S.

These I remember well—

While vanquish'd Thyrsis did contend in vain:
 Thence Corydon, young Corydon does reign
 The best, the sweetest, on our wondering plain.

}

P H A R M A C E U T R I A *.

E C L O G U E VIII.

B Y M R. S T A F F O R D †.

S A D Damon's and Alphesibœus' Muse
 I sing: to hear whose notes the herds refuse
 Their needful food, the salvage lynxes gaze,
 And stopping streams their pressing waters raise.
 I sing sad Damon's and Alphesibœus' lays:
 And thou (whatever part is blest with thee,
 The rough Timavus, or Illyrian sea)
 Smile on my verse: is there in fate an hour
 To swell my numbers with my emperour?
 There is, and to the world there shall be known
 A verse that Sophocles might deign to own.

}

* Another translation of this Eclogue is in vol. I. p. 21,
 by Mr. W. Bowles. N.

† Most probably Mr. Richard Stafford of Magdalen Hall,
 Oxford, where he took the degree of B. A. Oct. 27, 1681;
 and afterwards of M. A. "He went to one of the Tem-
 ples to study the Law, and is now a frequent writer." Wood,
 Fasti, II. 217; Wood mentions only one of his pieces, "Of
 "Happiness," &c. 4to. 1689. There was a thin 8vo volume
 of poems published in 1721 by a Mr. P. Stafford. N.

Amidst

Amidst the laurels on thy front divine,
 Permit my humble ivy wreath to twine :
 Thine was my earliest Muse, my latest shall be thine.
 Night scarce was past, the morn was yet so new,
 And well-pleas'd herds yet roll'd upon the dew;
 When Damon stretch'd beneath an olive lay,
 And sung, Rise, Lucifer, and bring the day :
 Rise, rise, while Nisa's falsehood I deplore,
 And call those Gods to whom she vainly swore,
 To hear my sad expiring Muse and me,
 To Mænalus, my pipes and Muse, tune all your harmony.

On Mænalus stand ever-echoing groves,
 Still trusted with the harmless shepherds loves :
 Here Pan resides, who first made reeds and verse agree.
 To Mænalus, my pipes and Muse, tune all your harmony.

Mopfus is Nisa's choice ; how just are lovers fears !
 Now mares with griffins join, and following years
 Shall see the hound and deer drink at a spring.
 O worthy bridegroom, light thy torch, and fling
 The nuts ; see modest Hesper quits the sky.
 To Mænalus, my pipes and Muse, tune all your harmony.

O happy nymph, blest in a wondrous choice,
 For Mopfus you contemn'd my verse and voice :
 For him my beard was shaggy in your eye ;
 For him, you laugh'd at every deity, [harmony.
 To Mænalus, my pipes and Muse, tune all your

When first I saw thee young and charming too,
 'Twas in the fences where our apples grew ;
 My thirteenth year was downy on my chin,
 And hardly could my hands the lowest branches win ;

How

How did I gaze ! how did I gazing die !
 To Mænalus, my pipes and Muse, tune all your harmony.
 I know thee, Love ; on mountains thou wast bred,
 And Thracian rocks thy infant fury fed :
 Hard-foul'd, and not of human progeny.
 To Mænalus, my pipes and Muse, tune all your harmony.

Love taught the cruel mother to imbrue
 Her hands in blood : 'twas Love her children flew :
 Was she more cruel, or more impious he ?

An impious child was Love, a cruel mother she. [mony. }
 To Mænalus, my pipes and Muse, tune all your har-

Now let the lamb and wolf no more be foes,
 Let oaks bear peaches, and the pine the rose ;
 From reeds and thistles balm and amber spring,
 And owls and daws provoke the swan to sing :
 Let Tityrus in woods with Orpheus vie,
 And soft Arion on the waves defy ; [mony. }

To Mænalus, my pipes and Muse, tune all your har-

Let all be Chaos now ; farewell, ye woods :
 From yon high cliff I'll plunge into the floods.
 O Nisa, take this dismal legacy,
 Now cease, my pipes and Muse, cease all your harmony.

Thus he : Alpheibœus' song rehearse,
 Ye sacred Nine, above my rural verse.
 Bring water, altars bind with mystic bands,
 Burn gums and vervain, and lift high the wands ;
 We'll mutter sacred magic till it warms
 My icy swain ; 'tis verse we want ; my charms,
 Return, return, return my Daphnis to my arms. }

By charms compell'd, the trembling moon descends
 And Circe chang'd by charms Ulysses' friends ;

By charms the serpent burst: ye powerful charms,
Return, return, return my Daphnis to my arms.

Behold his image with three fillets bound,
Which thrice I drag the sacred altars round.

Unequal numbers please the Gods: my charms,
Return, return, return my Daphnis to my arms.

Three knots of treble-colour'd filk we tie;
Haste, Amaryllis, knit them instantly;
And say, These, Venus, are thy chains; my charms,
Return, return, return my Daphnis to my arms.

Just as before this fire the wax and clay
One melts, one hardens, let him waste away. }
Strew corn and salt, and burn those leaves of bay.
I burn these leaves, but he burns me: my charms,
Return, return, return my Daphnis to my arms.

Let Daphnis rage as when the bellowing kind,
Mad with desire, run round the woods to find
Their mates: when tir'd, their trembling limbs they lay
Near some cool stream, nor mind the setting day.
Thus let him rage, unpitied too: my charms,
Return, return, return my Daphnis to my arms.

These garments once were my perfidious swain's,
Which to the earth I cast: ah dear remains!
Ye owe my Daphnis to his nymph: my charms,
Return, return, return my Daphnis to my arms.

Moeris himself these herbs from Pontus brought,
Pontus for every noble poison sought:
Aided by these, he now a wolf becomes,
Now draws the buried stalking from their tombs.
The corn from field to field transports: my charms,
Return, return, return my Daphnis to my arms.

Cast

Cast o'er your head the ashes in the brook,
 Cast backward o'er your head, nor turn your look.
 I strive; but Gods and art he flights: my charms,
 Return, return, return my Daphnis to my arms.

Behold new flames from the dead ashes rise,
 Blest be the omen, blest the prodigies;
 For Hylax barks, shall we believe our eyes?
 Or do we lovers dream? cease, cease, my charms:
 My Daphnis comes, he comes, he flies into my arms.

G A L L U S, E C L O G U E X.

B Y T H E S A M E.

S I C I L I A N nymph, assist my mournful strains;
 The last I sing in rural notes to swains:
 Grant then a verse so tender and so true,
 As even Lycoris may with pity view:
 Who can deny a verse to grief and Gallus due?
 So, when thy waters pass beneath the tide,
 Secure from briny mixture may they glide!
 Begin my Gallus' love and hapless vows;
 While on the tender twigs the cattle browse:
 Nothing is deaf; woods listen while we sing,
 And echoing groves resound, and mountains ring.
 Ye Naiades, what held you from his aid,
 When to unpitied flames he was betray'd?
 Nor Aganippe tempted you away,
 Nor was Parnassus guilty of your stay:
 The bays, whose honours he so long had kept,
 The lofty bays and humble herbage wept.

When, stretch'd beneath a rock, he sigh'd alone,
The mountain pines and Mænalus did groan,
And cold Lycæus wept from every stone.

}

His flock surrounded him : nor think thy fame
Impair'd, great poet ! by a shepherd's name ;
Ere thou and I our sheep to pastures led,
His flocks the Goddess-lov'd Adonis fed.

The shepherds came ; the sluggish neat-herd swains,
And swine-herds reeking from their mast and grains.

All ask'd, from whence this frenzy ? Phœbus came

To see his poet, Phœbus ask'd the same :

And is (he cry'd) that cruel nymph thy care,

Who, flying thee, can for thy rival dare

}

The frosts and snow, and all the frightful forms
of war ?

Sylvanus came, thy fortune to deplore ;

A wreath of lilies on his head he wore.

Pan came, and wondering we beheld him too,

His skin all dy'd of a vermilion hue :

He cry'd, What mad designs dost thou pursue ?

Nor satisfy'd with dew the grass appears,

With browse the kids, nor cruel love with tears.

When thus (and sorrow melted in his eyes)

Gallus to his Arcadian friends replies :

Ye gentle swains, sing to the rocks my moan

(For you, Arcadian swains, should sing alone) :

How calm a rest my wearied ghost would have,

If you adorn'd my love, and mourn'd my grave !

O that your birth and business had been mine,

To feed a flock, or press the swelling wine !

Had Phyllis or had Galatea been
 My love, or any maid upon the green,
 (What if her face the nut-brown livery wear,
 Are violets not sweet, because not fair?)
 Secure in that unenvied state, among
 The poplars, I my careless limbs had flung;
 Phyllis had made me wreaths, and Galatea sung.
 Behold, fair nymph what bliss the country yields,
 The flowery meads, the purling streams, the laugh-
 ing fields.

Next, all the pleasures of the forest see,
 Where I could melt away my years with thee.
 But furious Love denies me soft repose,
 And hurls me on the pointed spears of foes.
 While thou (but ah! that I should find it so!)
 Without thy Gallus for thy guide dost go
 Through all the German colds and Alpine snow.
 Yet, flying me, no hardship may'st thou meet;
 Nor snow nor ice offend those tender feet.
 But let me run to desarts, and rehearse
 On my Sicilian reeds Euphorion's verse:
 Ev'n in the dens of monsters let me lie;
 Those I can tame, but not your cruelty.
 On smoothest rinds of trees I'll carve my woe;
 And as the rinds increase, the love shall grow.
 Then, mixt with nymphs, on Mænalus resort;
 I'll make the boar my danger and my sport.
 When from the vales the jolly cry resounds,
 What rain or cold shall keep me from my hounds?
 Methinks my ears the sprightly concert fills;
 I seem to bound through woods and mount o'er hills.

My

My arm of a Cydonian javelin seiz'd,
 As if by this my madness could be eas'd;
 Or, by our mortal woes, the cruel God appeas'd:
 My frenzy changes now; and nymphs and verse
 I hate,

And woods; for ah, what toil can stubborn love abate!
 Should we to drink the frozen Hebrus go,
 And shiver in the cold Sithonian snow,
 Or to the swarthy Ethiops clime remove,
 Parch'd all below, and burning all above,
 Ev'n there would Love o'ercome; then let us
 yield to Love.

Let this sad lay suffice, by sorrow breath'd,
 While bending twigs I into baskets wreath'd:
 My rural numbers, in their homely guise,
 Gallus, because they came from me, will prize:
 Gallus, whose growing love my breast does rend,
 As shooting trees the bursting bark distend.
 Now rise, for night and dew the fields invade;
 And juniper is an unwholesome shade:
 Blasts kill the corn by night, and flowers with
 mildew fade.

Bright Hesper twinkles from afar; away
 My kids, for you have had a feast to-day.

VIRGIL'S LAST ECLOGUE,

TRANSLATED, OR RATHER IMITATED,

AT THE DESIRE OF LADY GIFFARD*, 1666.

BY SIR WILLIAM TEMPLE, BART.†

O NE labour more, O Arethusa, yield,
 Before I leave the shepherds and the field :
 Some verses to my Gallus ere we part,
 Such as may one day break Lycoris' heart,
 As she did his ; who can refuse a song,
 To one that lov'd so well, and dy'd so young !

So

* Sir William's favourite sister, a lady of uncommon merit and goodness, and companion to him in all his foreign embassies. She was addressed by Sir W. Giffard ; who dying during the courtship, he begged the young lady to bear his name ; and, to enable him to leave her his estate as a proof of his affection, she was married to him on his death-bed ; by which means she became entitled to his large estate ; and, that she might not shew herself unworthy of his esteem, she made a vow (though in her tender youth) never to marry any other man, but to live his widow : and this she faithfully performed. She died in 1722, at the age of 84. An old-fashioned monument with an epitaph, which seems to have been designed by Sir W. Temple in his life-time, is erected in Westminster Abbey, " To himself, and those most dear " to him ; to his most beloved daughter ; to his most beloved " wife ; and to Martha Giffard his best of sisters." N.

† " Sir William Temple was descended from a younger branch of a family of that name, seated at Temple Hall in

So may'st thou thy belov'd Alpheus please,
 When thou creep'st under the Sicilian seas.
 Begin, and sing Gallus' unhappy fires,
 Whilst yonder goat to yonder branch aspires

Out

Leicestershire. His grandfather was secretary to the unfortunate earl of Essex, favourite of queen Elizabeth, and his father was Sir John Temple, master of the rolls in Ireland. He was as much above the common level of politicians, as he was above the herd of authors. He displayed his great abilities in several important treaties and negotiations, the most considerable of which was the bringing to a happy conclusion the famous triple league betwixt England, Sweden, and Holland. This alliance, though the most prudent step ever taken by Charles II. was soon defeated by the Cabal, a set of men who were as great a disgrace to their country, as Sir William Temple was an honour to it. He was strongly solicited to go over to Holland, in order to break that league which he had a little before concluded: but he was too much a patriot to yield to any solicitations of that kind; and chose to retire into the country, where he was much better employed in writing his excellent "Observations on the United Provinces," and other elegant works. Few authors have been more read, or more justly admired, than Sir William Temple. He displays his great knowledge of books and men in an elegant, easy, and negligent style, much like the language of genteel conversation. His vanity often prompts him to speak of himself; but he and Montaigne are never more pleasing than when they dwell on that difficult subject. It is a happy circumstance for his readers, that so polite and learned a writer was also a vain one: they are great gainers by his foible. He is sometimes inaccurate; but

Out of his reach. We sing not to the deaf;
 An answer comes from every trembling leaf.
 What woods, what forests, had intic'd your stay?
 Ye Naiades, why came ye not away!
 When Gallus dy'd by an unworthy flame,
 Parnassus knew, and lov'd too well his name
 To stop your course; nor could your hasty flight
 Be stay'd by Pindus, which was his delight.
 Him the fresh laurels, him the lowly heath,
 Bewail'd with dewy tears; his parting breath
 Made lofty Mænalus hang his piny head;
 Lycæan marbles wept when he was dead.
 Under a lonely tree he lay and pin'd,
 His flock about him feeding on the wind,
 As he on love; such kind and gentle sheep,
 Ev'n fair Adonis would be proud to keep.

but his inaccuracies escape us unseen, or are very little attended to. We can easily forgive a little incorrectness of drawing in the paintings of a Correggio, when there is so much beauty and grace to atone for it. He died in January 1691, in his seventieth year." Thus far from Granger.—Sir William's Posthumous Works were published by Dr. Swift; who is supposed to have written the Life. A good edition of them was printed in 1770, in four volumes 8vo. The number of his poems being small, he is but little known as a poet, though surely some of them are very beautiful. I have by accident a thin volume, in 8vo. without title or date, with MS. corrections, formerly belonging to Lady Giffard, which there is great reason to believe was printed only for private use and never published, whence the reader will be gratified with some poems which may not improperly be called original. N.

There came the shepherds, there the weary hinds,
Thither Menalcas parch'd with frosts and winds.
All ask him whence, for whom this fatal love?
Apollo came, his arts and herbs to prove:
Why, Gallus! why so fond? he says; thy flame,
Thy care, Lycoris, is another's game;
For him she sighs and raves, him she pursues
Thorough the mid-day heats and morning dews;
Over the snowy cliffs and frozen streams,
Through noisy camps. Up, Gallus, leave thy dreams.
She has left thee. Still lay the drooping swain
Hanging his mournful head; Phœbus in vain
Offers his herbs, employs his counsel here;
'Tis all refus'd, or answer'd with a tear.
What shakes the branches! what makes all the trees
Begin to bow their heads, the goats their knees!
Oh! 'tis Sylvanus, with his mossy beard
And leafy crown, attended by a herd
Of wood-born satyrs; see! he shakes his spear,
A green young oak, the tallest of the year.
Pan, the Arcadian God, forsook the plains,
Mov'd with the story of his Gallus' pains.
We saw him come with oaten-pipe in hand,
Painted with berries juice; we saw him stand
And gaze upon his shepherd's bathing eyes;
And what! no end, no end of grief, he cries!
Love little minds all thy consuming care,
Or restless thoughts; they are his daily fare.
Nor cruel Love with tears, nor grass with showers,
Nor goats with tender sprouts, nor bees with flowers
Are

Are ever satisfy'd. Thus spoke the God,
And touch'd the shepherd with his hazle rod :
He, sorrow-slain, seem'd to revive, and said,
But yet, Arcadians, is my grief allay'd,
To think that in these woods, and hills, and plains,
When I am silent in the grave, your swains
Shall sing my loves, Arcadian swains inspir'd
By Phœbus ! Oh ! how gently shall these tir'd
And fainting limbs repose in endless sleep,
While your sweet notes my love immortal keep !
Would it had pleas'd the Gods I had been born
Just one of you, and taught to wind a horn,
Or wield a hook, or prune a branching vine,
And known no other love but, Phyllis, thine ;
Or thine, Amyntas ; what though both are brown,
So are the nuts and berries on the down ;
Amongst the vines, the willows, and the springs,
Phyllis makes garlands, and Amyntas sings.
No cruel absence calls my love away,
Farther than bleating sheep can go astray :
Here, my Lycoris, here are shady groves,
Here fountains cool, and meadows soft ; our loves
And lives may here together wear, and end :
O the true joys of such a fate and friend !
I now am hurried by severe commands
Into remotest parts, among the bands
Of armed troops ; there by my foes pursued,
Here by my friends ; but still by Love subdued.
Thou, far from home and me, art wandering o'er
The Alpine snows, the farthest western shore,

The frozen Rhine. When are we like to meet?
 Ah, gently, gently, lest thy tender feet
 Be cut with ice. Cover thy lovely arms;
 The northern cold relents not at their charms.
 Away, I'll go into some shady bowers,
 And sing the songs I made in happier hours,
 And charm my woes. How can I better chuse,
 Than among wildest woods myself to lose,
 And carve our loves upon the tender trees;
 There they will thrive. See how my love agrees
 With the young plants: look how they grow together,
 In spite of absence, and in spite of weather.
 Meanwhile I'll climb that rock, and ramble o'er
 Yon woody hill; I'll chace the grizly boar,
 I'll find Diana's and her nymphs resort;
 No frosts, no storms, shall slack my eager sport.
 Methinks I'm wandering all about the rocks
 And hollow-sounding woods: look how my locks
 Are torn with boughs and thorns; my shafts are gone,
 My legs are tir'd; and all my sport is done.
 Alas! this is no cure for my disease;
 Nor can our toils that cruel God appease.
 Now neither nymphs, nor songs can please me more,
 Nor hollow woods, nor yet the chafed boar:
 No sport, no labour, can divert my grief:
 Without Lycoris there is no relief.
 Though I should drink up Heber's icy streams,
 Or Scythian snows, yet still her fiery beams
 Would scorch me up. Whatever we can prove,
 Love conquers all, and we must yield to Love.

VIRGIL'S O FORTUNATOS, &c. *

TRANSLATED, OR RATHER IMITATED,
UPON THE DESIRE OF MY LADY TEMPLE.

BY THE SAME; NOT IN HIS WORKS.

O HAPPY swains, if their own good they knew !
Whom, far from jarring arms, the just and due
Returns of well-fraught fields with easy fare
Supply, and chearful heavens with healthy air :
What though no aged title grace the stock ;
What though no troops of early waiters flock
To the proud gates, and with officious fear
First beg the porter's, then the master's ear ;
What though no stately pile amuse the eye
Of every gazer ; though no scarlet dye
Stain the soft native whiteness of the wool,
Nor greedy painter ever rob the full
Untainted bowls of liquid olives' juice
Destin'd for altars, and for tables use ;
Though the bright dawn of gold be not begun,
And nothing shine about the house but fun ;
Yet secure peace, reward of harmless life,
Yet various sorts of treasures free from strife
Or envy, careless leisure, spacious plains,
Cool shades and flowery walks along the veins

* Georg. II. 458, & seqq.

Of branched streams, yet soft and fearless sleep
Amidst the tender bleating of the sheep
Want not; there hollow gloomy groves appear,
And wilder thickets, where the staring deer
Dare close their eyes; there youth to homely fare,
And patient labour, age to chearful care
Accustom'd, sacred rites, and humble fear
Of Gods above; fair Truth and Justice there
Trod their last footsteps when they left the earth,
Which to a thousand mischiefs gave a birth.

For me, the Muses are my first desire,
Whose gentle favour can with holy fire
Guide to great Nature's deep mysterious cells
Through paths untrac'd: 'tis the chaste Muse that tells
Poor groveling mortals how the stars above
Some keep their station, some unwearied move
Through the vast azure plains, and what obscures
The mid-day sun; how the faint moon endures
So many changes, and so many fears,
As by the paleness of her face appears;
What shakes the bowels of the groaning earth;
What gives the thunder, what the hail a birth;
Why the winds sometimes whistle, sometimes roar;
What makes the raging waves now brave it o'er
The towering cliffs, now calmly backwards creep,
Into the spacious bosom of the deep.
But if cold blood about my heart shall damp
This noble heat of rifling Nature's camp,
Then give me shady groves, and purling streams,
And airy downs; then far from scorching beams

VIRGIL'S O FORTUNATOS, &c. 41

Of envy, noise, or cities busy fry,
 Careless and nameless let me live and die.
 Oh, where! where are the fields, the waving veins
 Of gentle mounts amidst the smoother plains?
 The nymphs fair walks? Oh, for the shady vale
 Of some proud hill, some fresh reviving gale!
 Oh, who will lead me? Whither shall I run,
 To find the woods, and shroud me from the sun?
 Happy the man that Gods and causes knows,
 Nature's and Reason's laws, that scorns the blows
 Of Fate or Chance, lives without smiles or tears,
 Above fond hopes, above distracting fears.
 Happy the swain that knows no higher powers
 Than Pan or old Sylvanus, and the bowers
 Of rural nymphs so oft by satires griev'd
 (All this unseen perhaps, but well believ'd);
 Him move not princes frowns, nor peoples heats,
 Nor faithless civil jars, nor foreign threats;
 Not Rome's affairs, nor transitory crowns,
 The fall of princes, or the rise of clowns,
 All's one to him; nor grieves he at the sad
 Events he hears, nor envies at the glad.
 What fruits the laden boughs, the willing fields,
 What pleasures innocence and freedom yields,
 He safely gathers, neither skills the feat
 Of arms or laws, nor labours but to eat.
 Some rove through unknown seas with swelling sails;
 Some wait on courts and the uncertain gales
 Of princes favour; others, led by charms
 Of greedy honour, follow fatal arms.

Some

Some mount the pulpit, others ply the bar,
And make the arts of peace the arts of war.
One hugs his brooding bags, and feels the woe
He fears, and treats himself worse than his foe.
Another breaks the banks, lets all run out
But to be talk'd and gaz'd on by the rout.
Some sow sedition, blow up civil broils,
And venture exile, death, and endless toils,
Only to sleep in scarlet, drink in gold,
Though other fair pretences may be told.
Meanwhile the swain rises at early dawn,
And turns his fallow, or breaks up the lawn
With crooked plough, buries the hopeful grain,
Folds his lov'd flock, and lays a wily train
For their old foe; prunes the luxurious vine,
Pleas'd with the thoughts of the next winter's wine:
Visits the lowing herd, these for the pale,
Those for the yoke designs, the rest for sale:
Each season of the sliding year his pains
Divides, each season shares his equal gains.
The youthful spring scatters the tender lambs
About the fields; the parching summer crams
His spacious barns; Bacchus the autumn crowns,
And fair Pomona; when the winter frowns
And curls his rugged brow with hoary frost,
Then are his feasts, then thoughts and cares are lost
In friendly bowls, then he receives the hire
Of his year's labour by a chearful fire.
Or else abroad he tries the arts and toils
Of war, with trusty dog and spear he foils

The grizly boar; with traps, and trains, and nets,
 The greedy wolf, the wily fox besets.
 At home he leaves, at home he finds, a wife
 Sharer of all that's good or bad in life;
 Prudent and chaste, yet gentle, easy, kind,
 Much in his eye, and always of his mind;
 He feeds no others children for his own;
 These have his kisses, these his cares; he's known
 Little abroad, and less desires to know;
 Friend to himself, to no man else a foe.
 Easy his labours, harmless are his plays,
 Just are his deeds, healthy and long his days:
 His end nor wish'd nor fear'd; he knows no odds
 'Tween life and death, but ev'n as please the Gods.
 Among such swains Saturn the sceptre bore;
 Such customs made the golden age, before
 Trumpets were heard, or swords seen to decide
 Quarrels of lust, or avarice, or pride;
 Or cruel men began to stain their feasts
 With blood and slaughter of poor harmless beasts;
 Thus liv'd the ancient Sabines, thus the bold
 Etrurians, so renown'd and fear'd of old.
 Thus Romulus, and thus auspicious Rome
 From slender low beginnings, by the doom
 Of Fates, to such prodigious greatness came,
 Bounded by heavens, and seas, and vaster fame.
 But hold! for why, the country swain alone?
 Though he be blest, cares not to have it known.

HORACE,

44 MISCELLANY POEMS

HORACE, BOOK I. SAT. I.

BEING A TRANSLATION, OR RATHER IMITATION,
OF HIS WAY OF WRITING,
UPON THE DESIRE OF MY LADY TEMPLE,
AND MY LADY GIFFARD.

BY THE SAME; NOT IN HIS WORKS.

HOW is't, Mæcenæ, that no man abides
The lot which reason gives, or chance divides.
To his own share? still praises other stars?
Oh happy merchants! broken with the wars
And age, the foldier cries. On t'other side,
When the ship's tost by raging winds and tide,
Happy the wars! there in an hour one dies
Or conquers, the repining merchant cries.
The lawyer, past the fear of being poor,
When early clients taber at his door,
And break his sleep, forgets his easy gains,
And mutters, Oh how blest are country swains,
Their time's their own! But when th' unpractis'd clown
Summon'd by writ enters the busy town,
Every man's prey or jest he meets, How curst
His hap, he cries, in fields so rudely nurs't!
The rest of the same kind would make a theme
As long and tedious as a winter's dream.

But to dispatch: if any God shall say,
Your vows are heard, each has his wish, away,

Change

Change all your stations ; foldier, go and trade ;
 Merchant, go fight ; lawyer, come take the spade
 And plough in hand ; farmer, put on the gown,
 Learn to be civil, and leave off the clown : [find
 Why what d' ye mean, good firs ! make hafte, you bl
 Hardly one God another time fo kind.
 Soft, and confider, they all ftand and ftare,
 Like what they would be worfe than what they are.
 Well, this is mirth, and 'tis confelt, though few
 Can tell me what forbids jelts to be true,
 Or gentle mafters to invite their boys
 To fpell and learn at firft with plumbs and toys.

But to grow ferious, he that follows arms,
 Phyfick, or laws, thriving by others harms,
 The fawning hoft and he that fwears at plough,
 Th' adventurous merchant, all agree and vow
 Their end's the fame ; they labour and they care,
 Only that reft and eafe may be their fhare
 When they grow old, and have fecur'd the main :
 Juft fo we fee the wife and heedful train
 Of bufy ants in reftlefs journies fpend
 The fummer-months to gather and to mend
 Their little heap, forefeeing winter's rage,
 And in their youth careful to ftore their age.
 But when it comes, they fnug at home, and fhare
 The fruits in plenty of their common care.
 A council fafe and wife ; when neither fire,
 Nor fea, nor froft, nor fteel, tames thy delire
 Of endless gain, whilft there is any can
 So much as tell thee of one richer man,

Where

Where is the pleasure, with a timorous hand
And heart, to bury treasures in the sand?

Who would be rich must never touch the bank;
You rout an army if you break a rank.
But if ne'er touch'd, what helps the sacred heap
Of hidden gold? thy sweaty hinds may reap
Large fields of corn, and fill whole tuns with wine;
But yet thy belly holds no more than mine.
So the tann'd slave, that's made perhaps to stoop
Under the whole provisions of the troop,
Upon their way, alas, eats no more bread
Than he that carried none upon his head:
Or tell me what 't imports the man that lives
Within the narrow bounds that Nature gives
To plough a hundred or a thousand fields?
Oh! but to draw from a great heap that yields
More than is ask'd, is pleasant sure: but why,
If mine, though little, gives me more than I
Or you can use, where is the difference?
Why is your fortune better or your sense?
As if some traveller, upon his way
Wanting one quart of water to allay
His raging thirst, should scorn a little spring
And seek a river, 't were a pleasant thing:
And what comes on't, that such as covet more
Than what they need, perhaps are tumbled o'er
Into the stream by failing banks, whilst he
That only wants what can't be spar'd is free,
And, drinking at the spring, nor water fears
Troubled with mud, nor mingled with his tears.

Yet

Yet most men say, by false desire misled,
Nothing's enough, because you're valued
Just so much as you have. What shall one say
Or do to such a man? Bid him away
And be as wretched as he please himself
Whilst he so fondly doats on dirty pelf.
A sordid rich Athenian, to allay
The scorn of all the peoples tongues, would say,
They hiss me, but I hug myself at home,
While I among my endless treasures roam.
Tantalus catches at the flying streams
That still beguile him like a lover's dreams.
Why dost thou laugh? Of thee the fable's told,
Thou that art plunged in thy heaps of gold,
And gazest on them with such wakeful eyes,
And greedy thoughts, yet dar'st not touch the prize.
No more than if 't were sacred, or enjoy'd
Like pictures which with handling are destroy'd.

Dost thou not know what money's worth? what use
It yields? let bread be bought, and chearful juice
Of grapes, warm easy cloaths, and wood to burn,
As much of all as serves kind Nature's turn.
Or else go spend thy nights in broken dreams
Of thieves or fire, by day try all extremes
Of pinching cold and hunger, make thy fare
Of watchful thoughts, and heart-consuming care.
Are these thy treasures? these thy goods? may I
In want of all such riches live and die!
But if thy body shakes with aguish cold,
Or burns with raging fevers, or grows old

Betimes

Betimes with unkind usage, thou art sped
 With friends and servants that surround thy bed,
 Make broths, and beg physicians to restore
 A health now so bewail'd, so lov'd before
 By all thy dear relations. Wretched man!
 Neither thy wife, nor child, nor servant, can
 Endure thou should'st recover; all the boys
 And girls, thy neighbours hate thee, make a noise
 To break thy sleeps; and dost thou wonder, when
 Thou lov'st thy gold far above Gods or men?
 Canst thou teach others love, thyself have none?
 Thou may'st as well get children all alone.
 Then let there be some end of gain; the more
 Thou dost possess, the less fear to be poor.
 And end thy labour when thou hast attain'd
 What first thou hadst in aim, nor be arraign'd
 Like base Umidius, who was wont to mete
 His money as his neighbours did their wheat,
 By bushels; yet a wretch to such degree
 That he was cloath'd and fed as beggarly
 As the worst slave, and to his very last
 His fear of downright starving ne'er was past;
 But, as the Gods would have it, a brave trull,
 He kept, with a plain hatchet cleft his skull.

What is your counsel then, I pray, to swill
 Like Nomentanus, or like Moenius still
 To pinch and cark? Why go'st thou on to join
 Things so directly opposite? 'Tis fine,
 And does become thee, if I bid thee fly
 The prodigal, a miser thou must die:

Nor one nor t'other like my counsel sounds;
There is a mean in things, and certain bounds,
Short or beyond the which the truth and right
Cannot consist, nor long remain in fight.

But to return from whence I parted; where
Is there one miser does content appear
With what he is or has, and does not hate
His own, or envy at his neighbour's fate?
Never regards the endless swarm of those
That so much poorer are, but still outgoes
The next, and then the next, when he is past,
Meeting still one or other stops his haste.
Like a fierce rider in a numerous race
That starts and spurs it on with eager pace,
While there is one before him, vex'd in mind,
But scorning all that he has left behind.
Hence comes it that so seldom one is found
Who says his life has happy been and found;
And, having fairly measur'd out the span
Of posting age, dies a contented man;
Or rises from the table like a guest
That e'en has fill'd his belly at the feast.

ON MRS. PHILIPPS'S DEATH*.

AT THE DESIRE OF MY LADY TEMPLE.

BY THE SAME; NOT IN HIS WORKS.

WHY all these looks so solemn and so sad!
 Who is that one can die, and none be glad!
 The rich leaves heirs, the great makes room, the wise
 Pleases the foolish only when he dies.
 Men so divided are in hopes and fears,
 That none can live or die with general tears;
'Tis

* Mrs. Catharine Philipps, better known by the poetical name of Orinda, was the daughter of John Fowler, merchant, and born in London, 1631, as Wood and Ballard (in 1633 according to Jacob); was married to James Philipps, of the Priory of Cardigan, esq. about the year 1647; and died in Fleet-street, in the month of June, 1664. Her poems, including two tragedies, "Horace" and "Pompey," both translated from Corneille, were collected in a folio volume, and afterwards reprinted in octavo. She was also the writer of a volume of Letters (published many years after her death) to Sir Charles Cotterel, intituled, "Letters from Orinda to Poliarchus;" which have been much admired.

"Orinda's works, with courtly graces stor'd,

"True sense in nice expressions will afford."

Dr. King, vol. III. p. 178.

Mrs. Philipps was as much famed for her friendship, as for her poetry; and had the good fortune to be equally esteemed
by

'Tis sure some star is fallen, and our hearts
 Grow heavy as its gentle influence parts.
 Thus said I, and like others hung my head,
 When straight 'twas whisper'd, 'tis Orinda's dead:
 Orinda! what! the glory of our stage!
 Crown of her sex, and wonder of the age!
 Graceful and fair in body and in mind,
 She that taught fallen Virtue to be kind,
 Youth to be wise, Mirth to be innocent,
 Fame to be steady, Envy to relent,

Love

by the best poet and the best divine of her age. Dr. Jeremy Taylor addressed his discourse "on the nature and effects of friendship" to this lady; and Mr. Cowley has celebrated her memory, in an Ode particularly distinguished by the very learned and sagacious editor of his "Select Works."—The industrious Mr. Langbaine says, "she was one that equalled the Lesbian Sappho, and Roman Sulpicia: as they were praised by Horace, Martial, Ausonius, and other antient poets; so was this lady commended by the earls of Orrery and Roscommon, by Cowley, Flatman, and other eminent poets." Sir John Denham added a fifth act to her tragedy, of "Horace," which was performed at court by persons of quality, in 1678. In the prologue, spoken by the duke of Monmouth, it was observed, that

"While a woman Horace did translate,

"Horace did rise above a Roman state."

The commendation she received from Lord Roscommon is thus handsomely returned by Mrs. Philipps; "Lord Roscommon is certainly one of the most promising young noblemen in Ireland. He has paraphrased a Psalm admirably; and a scene

Love to be cool, and Friendship to be warm,
 Praise to do good, and Wit to do no harm !
 Orinda ! that was sent the world to give
 The best example how to write and live !
 The queen of poets, whose'er 's the king,
 And to whose sceptre all their homage bring !
 Who more than men conceiv'd and understood,
 And more than women knew how to be good !
 Who learnt all young that age could e'er attain,
 Excepting only to be proud and vain ;

“ of Pastor Fido very finely, in some places much better than
 “ Sir Richard Fanshawe. This was undertaken merely in
 “ compliment to me, who happened to say that it was the best
 “ scene in Italian, and the worst in English. He was only
 “ two hours about it. It begins thus :

“ Dear happy groves, and you the dark retreat

“ Of silent horror, Rest's eternal seat.”

From these lines, which are since somewhat mended, it appears that he did not think a work of two hours fit to endure the eye of criticism without revival. When Mrs. Phillips was in Ireland, some ladies, that had seen her translation of Pompey, resolved to bring it on the stage at Dublin ; and, to promote their design, Lord Roscommon gave them a prologue, and Sir Edward Dering an epilogue ; “ which,” says she, “ are the best performances of those kinds I ever saw.” If this is not criticism, it is at least gratitude. The thought of bringing Cæsar and Pompey into Ireland, the only country over which Cæsar never had any power, is lucky.—I need not point out the part of these remarks for which I am indebted to Lord Roscommon's incomparable Biographer. N.

And

And made alone so rich amends for all
The faults her sex committed since the fall!
Can she be dead? Can any thing be great
And safe? Can day advance, and not retreat
Into the shady night? But she was young;
And might have liv'd to tune the world, and sung
Us all asleep, that now lament her fall,
And Fate unjust, Heaven unrelenting call.
Alas! can any fruit grow ripe in spring,
And hang till autumn? Nature gives this sting
To all below, whatever thrives too fast
Decays too soon, late growths may longer last.
Orinda could not wait on slow-pac'd Time,
Having so far to go, so high to climb;
But, like a flash of heavenly fire that falls
Into some earthly dwelling, first it calls
The neighbours only to admire the light
And lustre that surprize their wondering sight,
Till, kindling all, it grows a noble flame,
Towering and spiring up from whence it came;
But, ere arrived at those azure walls,
The house that lodg'd it here to ashes falls.
Such was Orinda's soul. But hold! I see
A troop of mourners in deep elegy:
Make room and listen to their charming lays,
For they bring cypresses here to trade for bays;
And he deserves it who of all the rest
Praises and imitates Orinda best.

ON MY LADY GIFFARD'S LOORY.*

OF all the questions which the curious raise
 Either in search of knowledge or of praise,
 None seem so much perplexed or so nice
 As where to find the seat of paradise.
 But who could once that happy region name,
 From whence the fair and charming Loory came?
 To end this doubt would give the best advice,
 For this was fure the bird of paradise.
 Such radiant colours from no tainted air,
 Such notes and humour from no lands of care,
 Such unknown smells could from no common earth,
 From no known climate could receive a birth:
 For he alone in these alive outvy'd
 All the perfumes with which the phoenix died.
 About a gentle turtle's was the size,
 The sweetest shape that e'er surprized eyes.
 A longish hawked bill, and yellow brown,
 A slick black velvet cap upon the crown.
 His back a scarlet mantle cover'd o'er,
 One purple sploach upon his neck he wore.
 His jetty eyes were circled all with flame;
 His swelling breast was, with his back, the same.
 All down his belly a deep violet hue
 Was gently shaded to an azure blue.

* From the description, perhaps a species of singing parrot. N.

His spreading wings were green, to brown inclin'd,
 But with a sweet pale straw-colour were lin'd.
 His tail, above was purples mixt with green,
 Under, a colour such as ne'er was seen;
 When like a fan it spread, a mixture bold
 Of green and yellow, grideline and gold.
 Thus by fond nature was he drest more gay
 Than eastern kings in all their rich array;
 For feather much, as well as flower, outvies
 In softness filk, in colour mortal dyes.

But none his beauty with his humour dare,
 Nor can his body with his soul compare.
 If that was wonder, this was prodigy;
 They differ'd as the finest earth and sky.
 If ever any reasonable soul
 Harbour'd in shape of either brute or fowl,
 This was the mansion; metamorphosy
 Gain'd here the credit lost in poetry.
 No passion moving in a human breast
 Was plainer seen, or livelier exprest.
 No wit or learning, eloquence or song,
 Acknowledg'd kindness, or complain'd of wrong,
 With accents half so feeling as his notes:
 Look how he rages, now again he doats;
 Brave like the eagle, meek as is the dove,
 Jealous as men, like women does he love.
 With bill he wounds you sudden as a dart,
 Then, nibbling, asks you pardon from his heart.
 He calls you back if e'er you go away,
 He thanks you if you are so kind to stay.

When you return, with exultation high
 He raises notes that almost pierce the sky,
 But all in such a language, that we guess,
 Though he spoke ours, he found his own the best.

Such a badeen * ne'er came upon the stage,
 So droll, so monkey in his play and rage;
 Sprawling upon his back, and pitching pyes,
 Twirling his head, and flurring at the flies.
 A thousand tricks and postures would he show,
 Then rise so pleas'd both with himself and you,
 That the amaz'd beholders could not say
 Whether the bird was happier, or they.

With a soft brush was tipt his wanton tongue,
 He lapt his water like a tiger young:
 His lady's teeth with this he prick'd and prun'd;
 With this a thousand various notes he tun'd.
 A chagrin † fine cover'd his little feet,
 Which to wild airs would in wild measures meet:
 With these he took you by the hand, his prey
 With these he seiz'd, with these he hopt away.
 With these held up he made his bold defence,
 The arms of safety, love, and violence.

With all these charms Loory endow'd and drest,
 Forfaking climates with such creatures blest,
 From eastern regions and remotest strands
 Flew to the gentle Artemisa's hands;
 And, when from thence he gave the fatal start,
 Went to the gentle Artemisa's heart;

* From the French *badin*, a person full of play. N.

† Q. shagreen? N.

Fed with her hands, and perch'd upon her head,
From her lips water'd, nestled in her bed ;
Nurst with her cares, preserved with her fears,
And now, alas ! embalmed with her tears.

But sure among the griefs that plead just cause,
This needs must be acquitted by the laws :

For never could be greater passion,
Concernment, jealousy, for mistress shown,
Content in presence, and at parting grief ;
Trouble in absence, by return relief ;
Such application, that he was i' th' end
Company, lover, play-fellow, and friend.

Could I but hope or live one man to find
As much above the rest of human-kind
As this above the race of all that fly,
Long should I live, contented should I die.
Had such a creature heretofore appear'd
When to such various Gods were altars rear'd,
Who came transformed down in twenty shapes
For entertainment, love, revenge, or rapes :
Loory would then have Mercury been thought,
And of him sacred images been wrought :
For between him sure was sufficient odds,
And all th' Egyptian, Gothic, Indian Gods :
Nay, with more reason had he been ador'd
Than Gods that perjur'd, Goddesses that whor'd :
Yet such the greatest nations chose or found,
And rais'd the highest plant from lowest ground.

A R I S T Æ U S*.

FROM VIRGIL'S GEORGICKS, BOOK IV.

BY THE SAME; NOT IN HIS WORKS.

THE shepherd Aristæus, grieving, fees
 The helpless loss of his beloved bees;
 In vain he with the strong contagion strives,
 The clustering stocks lie famish'd in their hives;
 Some from abroad return with droopy wing,
 With empty thighs, and most without a sting.
 They with diseases, he with sorrow pines,
 And to his spited grief himself resigns;
 Abandons all his wonted cares and pains,
 His flocks, his groves, his shepherds, and his plains.
 Away he goes, led by his raving dreams,
 To the clear head of the Peneian streams;

Full

* Aristæus was son of Cyrene, daughter to one of the ancient kings of Arcadia; and by Apollo as was believed or at least reported. His birth was concealed, and he was sent to be privately brought up among the shepherds of Arcadia; where, grown a man, he applied himself wholly to the cares and stores of a country life, in all which he succeeded, so as to grow renowned for his knowledge and wealth. He was esteemed the first inventor of cheese, oil, and honey, or rather of the art of hiving bees, which before were wild, and their stocks found only by chance and in hollow trees. For this he was worshiped among the Arcadians as son of Apollo,
 and

Full of complaints he there his sorrow breaks,
And thus reproaching to his mother speaks:

Cyrene, sometime mother, whose abodes
Are at the bottom of these crystal floods,
If e'er Apo'lo charmed thy desire,
As I am told, or was my sacred fire,
If ever thou brought'st forth this child, the hate
And scorn of angry unrelenting Fate;
What is his care? Or where thy tender love,
That bid me hope for blessed seats above?
Is this th' advantage of immortal race?
Are these the trophies that thy offspring grace?
Is 't not enough I pass inglorious life
Among the country shades, in toil and strife,
With my hard fate, but thou must envy bear,
That I liv'd private, void of hope or fear?
Sprung from such seed I should a hero be,
Is it too much to be content and free?

and as other inventors of things necessary or most useful to human life. He fell in love with Eurydice newly espoused to Orpheus; and by his pursuit of her was the occasion of her death, being bitten by a snake as she fled from him. This was followed by the death of Orpheus after a long and incurable grief, whereupon Aristæus was by the nymphs, companions of Eurydice, plagued in all his stores, but most of all in his bees, of which he was fondest, till he lost them all, and was in despair ever to recover them: but, by the advice of his mother and of Proteus, to whom she sent him, he came to find out both the true cause of his loss, and means of retrieving it. **TEMPLE.**

What

What is the honour of poor sheep and bees,
That thou should'st envy or deny me these?
Thou art a Goddess, I an humble swain,
And can my rural fortunes give thee pain?
If so, then come and cut down all my groves,
Parch all my eared sheaves, and kill my droves,
Famish my flocks, and root up all my vines;
He that is once undone no more repines.
Thus went he on, until at length the sound
Reach'd fair Cyrene; she sat circled round
With all her nymphs, in vaulted chambers spread
Under the great and sacred river's bed;
There was Cydippe, gentle, sweet, and fair,
And bright Dycorias with golden hair;
The first a virgin free from wanton stains,
The other newly past Lucina's pains;
Clio and Beroë from the ocean
Lately arrived each upon a swan;
Opis and Ephyre and Deiopeia,
Drymo, Ligæa, and the young Thaleia;
Swift Arethusa had her quiver laid;
And wanton Speio with her garland play'd;
Some spin Milesian wools, some entertain
The rest with stories of the pleasing pain;
The gay Climene told the crafty wiles
Of jealous Vulcan; how he Mars beguiles,
How the sweet thefts are found, the train is set,
And how the lovers struggle in the net.
Whilst to such tales they lend a willing ear,
Their time and work away together wear;

Till

Till Aristæus' sad complaint begins
To make them listen, then proceeding wins
All the attention of the crystal hall:
But Arethusa, moved, before all
The rest starts up, and rears her sprightly head
Above the waves that murmur'd as they fled;
And, Oh the Gods, Cyrene! cries she out,
Sister Cyrene, sister, here without,
Thy chiefest care, sad Aristæus stands,
And sighs, and swells, and with his gentle hands
Wipes his wet eyes, then to reproaches falls,
And thee unkind and cruel mother calls.

She, struck and pale, and feeling all the smart
That at such news could pierce a mother's heart,
Cries, Bring him to us, bring him strait away,
For him 'tis lawful, Aristæus may,
Sprung of the Gods, their sacred portals tread.
Then she commands the hasty streams, that fled
So fast away, to stop and leave a room
Where the sad youth might to her palace come.
The waters hear their Goddess's command,
And, rising from their bed, in arches stand;
He, through the glazed vaults, amaz'd, descends,
Guided by two of the kind nymphs, his friends,
Till the vast spacious caverns he descries,
Where fair Cyrene's watery kingdom lies,
And, struck with wonder, the new scene beheld,
Where in vast regions mighty waters swell'd;
Here gloomy groves repeat the hollow sound
Of falling floods, there rocky cliffs rebound

The

The fainting echoes ; here great lakes remain
Enclos'd in caves, reserv'd to fill some vein
Of failing streams ; there mighty rivers roll
In torrents raging, and without control ;
Here gentle brooks with a soft murmur glide,
Phasis and Lycus coasting by his side ;
Cold Cydnus hastening to Cicilian strands,
Old Tyber winding through the tawny sands ;
The troubled Hypanis and Amio fair,
All haste to show their heads in open air ;
That way the rapid Po in branched veins
Runs out to water many fertile plains.
At length the noble swain is wondering brought
Into a great and round pavilion, wrought
Out of a crystal rock, with moss o'ergrown,
Within 'twas paved all with pumice-stone ;
The vaulted roof with mother-pearl was spread,
Fretted with coral in wild branches led,
The wall in grotesque imagery excels,
Wrought in a thousand various-colour'd shells ;
Some representing the fierce sea-gods rapes,
Others the fair and flying nymphs escapes ;
Here Neptune with the Tritons in his train,
There Venus rising from the foamy main.
Twenty light ivory chairs, and cover'd all
With mossy cushions, stood about the hall ;
To one of these is Aristæus led,
Where, sitting down, at first he hung his head,
Then, sighing, tells his story, and his moan
Repeats, but only lets reproach alone.

Cyrene

Cyrene hearing all her son's complaints;
 Alas, poor youth, she cries, alas he faints;
 Is it with fasting or with grief? Go bring
 A bowl of water from yon crystal spring,
 And bring a flaggon of old sparkling wine.
 The nymphs dispatch; some make the altar shine
 With spicy flames, some the white napkins get,
 And various dishes on the table set.
 She takes a cup of one great pearl, and cries
 First to the Ocean let us sacrifice;
 And, while she holds it in her hand, she prays
 To the great Ocean; sings the Ocean's praise;
 Invokes a hundred nymphs that him obey,
 But in a hundred groves and rivers sway;
 Thrice she pours wine upon the sacred fires,
 And thrice the flame to th' arched roof aspires,
 With which propitious signs Cyrene pleas'd,
 She thus her son's impatient grief appeas'd:

In the Carpathian gulph blue Proteus dwells,
 Great Neptune's prophet, who the ocean quells;
 He in a glittering chariot courses o'er
 The foaming waves, him all the nymphs adore,
 Old Nereus too, because he all things knows,
 The past, the present, and the future shows:
 So Neptune pleas'd, who Proteus thus inspir'd,
 And with such wages to his service hir'd,
 Gave him the rule of all his briny flocks,
 That feed among a thousand ragged rocks:
 He's coasting now to the Emathian shore,
 Near fair Pallene, where bright Thetis bore

This

This son of th' Ocean, thou must him pursue,
And seize, and bind, and make him tell the true
Cause and events of thy sad disastrous chance;
By no fair words or prayers canst thou advance,
Nor gentle means; hard force will make him bend,
And for his own be glad to serve thy end:
When next the radiant sun shall scorch the plain,
And thirsty cattle seek for shade in vain;
I will myself conduct thee to the cells
And close retreats where this enchanter dwells;
When he the ocean leaves and takes his rest;
There seize him tired, and with sleep oppress,
And bind him fast with fetters and with chains;
And still, the more he struggles and he strains,
The faster hold him, and beware his wiles,
By which he other mortals still beguiles;
For into twenty various forms he'll turn,
A marble pillar, or a curved urn,
A flash of fire, or else a gushing flood,
A shaggy lion smeared all with blood,
A scaly dragon, or a rugged bear,
A chafed boar, or tiger, he'll appear.
But thou, the more he shifts his various shapes,
Take the more care to hinder his escapes,
And hold him faster, till at length he rise
In the same form thou didst him first surprize;
Then will he tell whose anger has thee griev'd,
And how thy loss may be again retriev'd.

Thus said Cyrene, and, with a gentle look
Upon her son, her golden tresses shook,

From

From whence ambrosian odours were diffus'd
About the room, by which the shepherd, us'd
So long to woe, straight seemed to revive,
And thought his loved bees again alive;
His hair and weed the sweet perfume retains,
And sprightly vigour runs through all his veins.

There is a mighty gulph, which many a tide
Had eaten out of a great mountain's side;
Sometimes the foaming waves come braving o'er
The ragged cliffs that all infest the shore,
And a great sea covers this mighty bay;
But when with falling tides it steals away,
Then does a dry and spacious strand appear,
Which rough and scatter'd rocks does only bear.
About the midst, one above all the rest
With scraggy splints raises its lofty crest;
The spreading roof has two unequal sides,
Half undermined by the beating tides,
Which make two hollow chambers on the strand,
Arched with rock, and floored with the sand;
Of these the larger is the cool retreat
Which Proteus chooses from the scorching heat;
Within the lesser fair Cyrene hides
Bold Aristæus, where the youth abides,
Turn'd from the light, and casting in his mind
How he may seize the bard, and how him bind.

Thus all prepar'd, the nymph no longer stays,
But in a mist away herself conveys;
And, as she rises, all the sky grows clear,
Phœbus begins his flaming head to rear,

Parching the corn, and scorching up the blades ;
The lowing cattle seek about for shades,
The panting lions with the heat oppress'd,
And tigers tamed, lay them down to rest ;
The thirsty Indians hasten to their caves ;
And now the briny flocks forsake the waves :
Here comes a Triton on a dolphin borne,
There a great sea-horse with his wreathed horn,
The snarling seals crawl up the sloping shore,
And deep-mouth'd hounds that in Charybdis roar,
Calves, hogs, and bears (all monsters of the floods
But those resembling which frequent the woods)
Roll on the sand, or sprawling on their sides
In the hot sun they tan their tawny hides.

Then Proteus, wafted o'er the curling waves,
Leaps on the shore, and hastens to his caves ;
There sitting down, he shakes his briny locks,
And eyes his herds scatter'd among the rocks ;
Just as some aged shepherd, ere the night
Approaches, and the wolves begin to fright
His tender lambs, gets on some rising ground,
And gathers all his flocks about him round,
Views them with care, and numbers all his sheep,
Then on the grass securely falls asleep.
But Proteus scarce is laid upon the sands,
In easy slumbers stretching out his hands,
When the fierce youth in haste upon him runs,
Seizes him fast, and with amazement stuns
The frightened captive. Then he claps-on bands
Upon his fainting legs and trembling hands.

Yet

Yet 'tis not long the elf forgets his arts,
But at the first surprizing fright departs,
Come to himself, he is himself no more,
Nothing appears of what he was before;
But into twenty monstrous shapes he turns,
Gushes like water, or in flame he burns,
A serpent hisses, or a lion roars,
A tiger's likeness, or a grizly boar's:
But the warn'd swain never lets go his hold,
Till Proteus finding none of all his old
Accustom'd wiles succeed, he silence breaks,
And thus in human voice and shape he speaks:

But who, thou boldest of all mortal race,
Has sent thee here, my lonely steps to trace,
And taught thee, undiscerned, thus to creep
Into the secret closets of the deep?
Or what 's the thing thou seek'st now I am ty'd,
And in thy hands? The shepherd straight reply'd
Thou askest what thou know'st, for none can thee
Deceive; then think not of deceiving me:
'Tis by the Gods commands we here are come
To thee for help, or else to know our doom.

At this the prophet rolls his fiery eyes,
And grinds his teeth awhile, and then replies:

'Tis not in vain, or for light cause, decreed
By angry Fates, that thy fond heart should bleed
As well as his, for whom this punishment
Too too unequal to thy crime is sent:

'Tis wretched Orpheus does thy life infest,
And both have lost what both have loved best;

Thy heart was set upon thy rural stores,
He nothing but Eurydice adores ;
Thou wert the cause of her untimely fate,
And he pursues thee with an endless hate.
The lovely bride was wandering o'er the plain,
In hopes to meet her own desired swain ;
When thou, bold youth, enflamed by her charms,
Would fain have caught her in thy lustful arms :
Away she springs, like a light doe that flies
The bloody hound ; her nimble feet she plies
Along the downs ; but whilst away she runs,
And thy pursuit amaz'd and frighted shuns ;
Alas ! unwary, she ne'er spy'd the snake,
That, as she pass'd, lay lurking in the brake ;
Thus, almost-hopeless grown and out of breath,
She 'scapes thy rage by an untimely death :
But her last cries the echoes far report,
The nymphs about her shrieking all resort ;
The hollow woods in murmur make their moan,
Among their branches all the turtles groan ;
The Thracian mountains round with sorrow swell
The very tigers all about them yell ;
The towering heavens at her fate complain,
And broken-hearted clouds fall down in rain ;
The following night her deepest sable wears,
And the next morning weeps in dewy tears.

But woeful Orpheus all in grief excels,
All in complaints ; among the rocks he dwells,
In tears dissolving, and with sighing pin'd,
Calling the Heavens unjust, and Gods unkind ;

At

At length he takes up his melodious lyre
Which Phœbus ever used to inspire ;
Thinking to charm his woes and love-sick heart,
A cure too hard for either time or art ;
For now his warbling harp would yield no sounds,
But lost Eurydice, Eurydice rebounds
From every trembling string ; thee still he sung,
Thy gentle name among the woods he rung ;
Thee on the lonely shore amidst the rocks,
Thee on the hills among the herds and flocks,
Thee at the dawning of the morning gray,
Thee at the closing of the weary day.

But where, alas, thus wretched should he go ?
Tir'd with the light, he seeks the shades below ;
To the Tænarian caves his course he bends,
And by the deep infernal gates descends
Into the ghastly leafless woods that spread
Over the gloomy regions of the dead ;
Trunks without sap, and boughs that never bear,
Some pale with fear, some black with deep despair,
He cross the footy plains and miry lakes,
All full of croaking toads and hissing snakes ;
Came to the rusty iron gates that bring
To the black towers of the great dreadful king,
Hoping to touch a heart with his sad care,
That ne'er relented yet with human prayer.
But at his powerful song the very seats
Of Erebus were moved ; the retreats
Of all the ghosts were open'd, and they swarm
Like bees in clusters when the sun grows warm,

Or when the evening drives them to the hive ;
Mothers and virgins as if still alive,
Husbands and children, heroes so renown'd,
Mixt with the nameless croud, and monarchs crown'd
'Mong sweaty hinds, and slaves about him throng,
Admire and listen to his charming song :
The whole Tartarian regions all amaz'd
Stood and attended, or upon him gaz'd ;
The flow Cocythus stops its muddy flood,
And Styx about him nine times circling stood ;
The snaky tresses of th' Eumenides
Left off their hissing, Cerberus at ease
Laid down his threefold head, and ceas'd to roar,
Ixion's restless wheel would turn no more.

And now th' enchanting Orpheus had prevail'd,
His songs had more than ever prayers avail'd,
Eurydice's restor'd to human life,
And he returns close follow'd by his wife ;
Hears, but not sees her, for that law was made
By Proserpine, and was upon him laid,
He should not once behold his lovely fair,
Till both arriv'd above in open air.
But when, th' infernal mansions almost past,
Approaching day a dawning twilight cast
Upon the lovers, the unhappy swain,
Forgetting all his woes and all his pain,
Spent with desire, and vanquish'd of his mind,
Turn'd his impatient head, and cast a kind
And longing look upon his gentle mate,
Now heedless of the doom impos'd by fate ;

A venial

A venial fault, if pity or if grace
Had ever grown among th' infernal race.
But here his labour all ran out in vain,
The unrelenting doom takes place again ;
Thrice from th' Avernian lake a horrid noise
Invades his ears, and thrice the howling voice
Of Cerberus, thrice shook the vaulted cave,
And for the nymph open'd a second grave.
She fainting cries, What fury thee posselt,
What frenzy, Orpheus, seized on thy breast !
Ah me, once more undone ! Behold the Fates
Again recall me to their iron gates ;
Once more my eyes are seiz'd with endless sleep,
And now farewell, I sink into the deep
Oblivious cells, furrounded all with night,
No longer thine ; in vain to stop my flight
I stretch my arms, in vain thou stretchest thine,
In vain thou grievest, I in vain repine.

Thus said she ; and o' th' sudden from his eyes
Like smoke to air all vanishing she flies,
And leaves him catching at the empty shade :
In vain he call'd her, and fond offers made
To follow, for no more hard Fate allows
His wish'd return, nor hearkens to his vows ;
Black guards of Orcus strongly him withstood,
Nor suffer'd to approach the Stygian flood.

What should he do ? where pass his woeful life ?
Twice had he got, twice lost his dearest wife ;
With what new vows should he the heavens please ?
With what new songs should he the ghosts appease ?

She now, grown pale and cold, was wafting o'er
The Stygian lake, and near the hated shore.
Full seven long months in sad and raving dreams
Or restless thoughts he pass'd near Strimon's streams
Under a lonely rock, or in wild dens,
Seeking the savage beasts, avoiding men's
Commerce or fight, but with his doleful lays
He taught the flocking birds to sing her praise;
His own despair the very stones admire,
And rolling follow his melodious lyre;
He forc'd the heart of hardest oak to groan,
And made fierce tigers leave their rage, and moan;
So the sweet nightingale that grieving stood
And saw th' untimely rape of her young brood
Snatch'd by some clown out of the downy nest,
Under a poplar shade, or else her breast
Against some thorn, she spends the longsome night
In mournful notes, and shuns th' approaching light,
But the dark thicket fills with endless moan,
Charming all others' sorrow but her own.

No heats new Venus in him e'er could raise,
No sense e'er mov'd him of reproach or praise;
Along the streams of Tanais he goes,
Alone he wanders o'er the Scythian snows,
Seeks the rough mountains cover'd all with frost,
And tells the trees Eurydice is lost;
Curfes the vain concession of the Fates;
Himself, and angry Gods, and men he hates;
Women he scorns, since she must be no more,
Whom only he, and ever, could adore.

But

But the Cyconian dames, too long despis'd,
Too much desiring by him to be priz'd,
Amidst the sacred rites of Bacchus' feast
Ripp'd up his vainly lov'd and loving breast,
Tore him in pieces, and about the fields
Scatter'd his limbs (what fruits religion yields !)
And even then, when into Heber's streams
They threw his head, his eyes had lost their beams,
His lips their ruddy hue ; but still his voice
Call'd, in a low and now expiring noise,
Eurydice ; Eurydice his tongue,
In broken notes, now chill and trembling, sung ;
Eurydice the echoes founded o'er
The neighbouring banks, and down the rocky shore.

Thus Proteus sung, then leap'd into the main,
For now the foaming tide return'd again
Among the rocks. The shepherd stood amaz'd ;
But straight Cyrene came, on whom he gaz'd
Like one enchanted with the dreary song
Of charming Proteus ; for the fatal wrong
Of Orpheus touch'd him now, more than his own,
In such sad notes and lively colours shown.
She chear'd his troubled thoughts, and thus began :
No more complaints, my son ; no more these wan
And careful looks, the cause of all thy grief
Is now discover'd, so is the relief.

The angry Nymphs that haunt the shady groves,
Where Orpheus and his bride began their loves ;
And many a dance had taught her in their rings
Whilst he so sweetly to their measures sings ;

'Tis

'Tis they have plagued thee in all thy stores,
Among thy sheep have caus'd so many fores,
Blasted thy corn, and made thy heifers pine,
Blighted the fruitful olive and the vine ;
But, above all, thy bees have felt the smart,
Because they knew thou hadst them most at heart.
Therefore with offerings thou must them appease,
They, reconciled once, will give thee ease ;
The nymphs are gentle, may their rage allay,
When thou begin'st to worship and to pray.
But the whole order of their sacred rites
I must explain, unknown to mortal wights ;
First choose four steers, the fairest of thy herd,
Which on Lycæan mountains thou hast rear'd ;
Four lovely heifers yet unhandled take,
Then just as many unhewn altars make
Within the grove, where ancient use allows
Arcadian swains to pay their holy vows
Unto the Nymphs. There, as the day shall rise,
Of all these offerings make one sacrifice ;
Upon the altars pour the reeking blood,
And leave the bodies in the shady wood,
First strowed over with fresh oaken boughs ;
But, when the ninth Aurora thee shall rouse
From thy soft sleep, Lethæan poppies bring,
And unto Orpheus solemn dirgies sing ;
With a black sheep his angry ghost appease,
And a white calf Eurydice to please ;
Then to the grove return with humble gait
And heart devout, and there expect thy fate.

The

The swain instructed makes no long delay ;
Unto the shrine he straight begins his way,
Raifes the altars, all the bullocks flays,
Offers his humblest prayers and his praise
Unto the angry nymphs, then home retires
And lays sweet incense on his household fires
Full eight long days ; but when the dawning light
Upon the ninth restor'd the morning bright,
He to the grove returns, and there he sees
(Stupendous sight !) a thousand thousand bees
Out of the melted bowels of each steer,
As from a mighty swarming hive appear,
Bursting from out the sides with vital heat,
From whence in clouds they rise, then take their seat
Upon the leaning boughs, till all the trees
Are hung with bunches of the clustering bees.

Thus have I sung poor nymphs' and shepherds' dreams ;
Whilst Cæsar thunders at Euphrates' streams,
With conquering arms the vanquish'd nations awes,
And to the willing people gives just laws,
Treads the true path to great Olympus' hills,
And wondering mortals with his praises fills.

HORACE,

HORACE, BOOK IV. ODE VII.

BY THE SAME.

THE snows are melted all away,
 The fields grow flowery, green, and gay,
 The trees put out their tender leaves;
 And all the streams, that went astray,
 The brook again into her bed receives.
 See! the whole Earth has made a change:
 The Nymphs and Graces naked range
 About the fields, who shrunk before
 Into their caves. The empty grange
 Prepares its room for a new summer's store.
 Lest thou should'st hope immortal things,
 The changing year instruction brings:
 The fleeting hour, that steals away
 The beggar's time, and life of kings,
 But ne'er returns them, as it does the day.
 The cold grows soft with western gales,
 The Summer over Spring prevails,
 But yields to Autumn's fruitful rain,
 As this to Winter storms and hails;
 Each loss the hasting moons repair again.
 But we, when once our race is done,
 With Tullus, and Anchises' son,
 (Though rich like one, like t'other good)
 To dust and shades, without a fun,
 Descend, and sink in deep oblivion's flood.
 Who knows, if the kind Gods will give
 Another day to men that live

In hope of many distant years ;
 Or if one night more shall retrieve
 The joys thou lovest by thy idle fears ?
 The pleasant hours thou spend'st in health,
 The use thou mak'st of youth and wealth,
 As what thou giv'st among thy friends
 Escapes thy heirs ; so those the stealth
 Of Time and Death, where good and evil ends :
 For when that comes, nor birth, nor fame,
 Nor piety, nor honest name,
 Can e'er restore thee. Theseus bold,
 Nor chaste Hippolytus could tame
 Devouring fate, that spares nor young nor old.

HORACE, BOOK I. ODE XIII.

BY THE SAME.

WHEN thou commend'st the lovely eyes
 Of Telephus, that for thee dies,
 His arms of wax, his neck, or hair ;
 Oh ! how my heart begins to beat !
 My spleen is swell'd with gall and heat,
 And all my hopes are turn'd into despair.
 Then both my mind and colour change,
 My jealous thoughts about me range,
 In twenty shapes ; my eyes begin,
 The stealing drops, as from a still,
 Like winter springs, apace to fill ;
 Fall down, and tell what fires I feel within.
 When his reproaches make thee cry,
 And thy fresh cheeks with paleness die,
 I burn,

I burn, to think you will be friends;
 When his rough hand thy bosom strips,
 Or his fierce kisses tear thy lips,
 I die, to see how all such quarrel ends.
 Ah, never hope a youth to hold,
 So haughty, and in love so bold;
 What can him tame in anger keep,
 Whom all this fondness can't assuage,
 Who even kisses turns to rage,
 Which Venus does in her own nectar sleep?
 Thrice happy they, whose gentle hearts,
 Till death itself their union parts,
 An undisturbed kindness holds,
 Without complaints or jealous fears,
 Without reproach or spited tears,
 Which damps the kindest heats with sudden colds.

UPON THE APPROACH OF
 THE SHORE AT HARWICH,
 IN JANUARY 1668; BEGUN UNDER THE MAST,
 AT THE DESIRE OF MY LADY GIFFARD.
 BY THE SAME*.

WELCOME, the fairest and the happiest earth,
 Seat of my hopes and pleasures, as my birth;
 Mother of well-born souls and fearless hearts,
 In arms renown'd, and flourishing in arts;

* This poem is printed from Dr. Swift's edition. In Lady Giffard's copy there are some small variations, which I have noticed in p. 80. N.

The island of good-nature and good cheer,
 That elfewhere only pass, inhabit here :
 Region of valour, and of beauty too ;
 Which shews, the brave are only fit to woo.
 No child thou hast, ever approach'd thy shore,
 That lov'd thee better, or esteem'd thee more.
 Beaten with journeys both of land and seas,
 Weary'd with care, the busy man's disease ;
 Pinch'd with the frost, and parched with the wind ;
 Giddy with rolling, and with fasting pin'd ;
 Spited and vex'd, that winds, and tides, and sands,
 Should all conspire to cross such great commands,
 As haste me home, with an account that brings
 The doom of kingdoms to the best of kings :
 Yet I respire at thy reviving sight,
 Welcome as health, and chearful as the light.
 How I forget my anguish and my toils,
 Charm'd at th' approach of thy delightful foils !
 How, like a mother, thou hold'st out thy arms,
 To save thy children from pursuing harms,
 And open'st thy kind bosom, where they find
 Safety from waves, and shelter from the wind :
 Thy cliffs so stately, and so green thy hills,
 This with respect, with hope the other fills
 All that approach thee ; who believe they find
 A Spring, for Winter that they left behind.
 Thy sweet inclosures, and thy scatter'd farms,
 Shew thy secureness from thy neighbour's harms ;
 Their sheep in houses, and their men in towns,
 Sleep only safe ; thine rove about the downs,

And hills, and groves, and plains, and know no fear
 Of foes, or wolves, or cold, throughout the year.
 Their vast and frightful woods seem only made
 To cover cruel deeds, and give a shade
 * To savage beasts, who on the weaker prey,
 Or human savages more wild than they.
 Thy pleasant thickets, and thy shady groves,
 Only relieve the heats, and cover loves,
 Sheltering no other thefts or cruelties,
 But those of killing or beguiling eyes.
 Their famish'd hinds, by cruel lords enslav'd,
 † Ruin'd by taxes, and by soldiers brav'd,
 Know no more ease than just what sleep can give,
 Have no more heart and courage but to live:
 Thy brawny clowns, and sturdy seamen, fed
 ‡ With manly food that their own fields have bred,
 Safe in their laws, and easy in their rent,
 Bless'd in their king, and in their state content,
 When they are call'd away from herd or plough
 To arms, will make all foreign forces bow,
 And shew how much a lawful monarch saves,
 When twenty subjects beat an hundred slaves.
 Fortunate island! if thou didst but know
 How much thou dost to heaven and nature owe!

VARIATIONS IN LADY GIFFARD'S COPY.

* "To the wild beasts, and wilder men, that prey
 "Upon whatever chances in their way."

† "Their famish'd hinds, oppress'd by cruel lords,
 "Flea'd with hard taxes, aw'd with soldiers' swords,"

‡ "With the good beef that their own fields have bred,"

The corrections, I believe, were made by Dr. Swift. N.

And

And if thy humour were as good, as great
 Thy forces, and as blest'd thy foil as feat!
 But then with numbers thou would'st be o'er-run:
 Strangers, to breathe thy air, their own would shun;
 And of thy children none abroad would roam,
 But for the pleasure of returning home.
 Come, and embrace us in thy saving arms,
 Command the waves to cease their rough alarms,
 And guard us to thy port, that we may see
 Thou art indeed the empress of the sea.
 So may thy ships about the ocean course,
 And still increase in number and in force.
 So may no storms ever infest thy shores,
 But all the winds that blow increase thy stores.
 May never more contagious air arise,
 To close so many of thy children's eyes:
 But all about thee health and plenty vie,
 Which shall seem kindest to thee, earth or sky!
 May no more fires be seen among the towns,
 But charitable beacons on thy downs;
 Or else victorious bonfires in thy streets,
 Kindled by winds that blow from off thy fleets!
 May'st thou feel no more fits of factious rage,
 But all distempers may thy Charles assuage,
 With such a well-tun'd concord of his state,
 As none but ill, and hated men, may hate!
 And may'st thou from him endless monarchs see,
 Whom thou may'st honour, who may honour thee!
 May they be wise and good! thy happy feat
 And stores will never fail to make them great.

HORACE, BOOK III. ODE XXIX.

BY THE SAME.

I.

MÆCENAS, off-spring of Tyrrhenian kings,
 And worthy of the greatest empire's sway,
 Unbend thy working mind awhile, and play
 With softer thoughts, and looser strings;
 Hard iron, ever wearing, will decay.

II.

A piece untouch'd of old and noble wine
 Attends thee here; soft essence for thy hair,
 Of purple violets made, or lilies fair;
 The roses hang their heads and pine,
 And, till you come, in vain perfume the air.

III.

Be not inveigled by the gloomy shades
 Of Tiber, nor cool Anio's crystal streams:
 The sun is yet but young, his gentle beams
 Revive, and scorch not up the blades.
 The spring, like virtue, dwells between extremes.

IV.

Leave fulsome plenty for a while, and come
 From stately palaces that tower so high,
 And spread so far; the dust and business fly,
 The smoke and noise of mighty Rome,
 And cares, that on embroider'd carpets lie.

V. It

V.

It is vicissitude that pleasure yields
To men, with greatest wealth and honours blest;
And sometimes homely fare, but cleanly drest.
In country farms, or pleasant fields,
Clears up a cloudy brow, and thoughtful breast.

VI.

Now the cold winds have blown themselves away,
The frosts are melted into pearly dew,
The chirping birds each morning tell the news
Of chearful spring and welcome day,
The tender lambs follow the bleating ewes.

VII.

The vernal bloom adorns the fruitful trees
With various drefs; the soft and gentle rains
Begin with flowers t' enamel all the plains;
The turtle with her mate agrees;
And wanton nymphs with their enamour'd swains.

VIII.

Thou art contriving in thy mind, what state
And form becomes that mighty city best:
Thy busy head can take no gentle rest,
For thinking on the events and fate
Of factious rage, which has her long oppress.

IX.

Thy cares extend to the remotest shores
Of her vast empire; how the Persian arms;
Whether the Bactrians join their troops; what harms
From the Cantabrians and the Moors
May come, or the tumultuous German swarms.

X.

But the wise Powers above, that all things know,
 In sable night have hid the events, and train
 Of future things; and with a just disdain
 Laugh, when poor mortals here below
 Fear without cause, and break their sleeps in vain.

XI.

Think how the present thou may'st best* compose
 With equal mind, and without endless cares;
 For the unequal course of state affairs,
 Like to the ocean, ebbs and flows,
 Or rather like our neighbouring Tiber fares.

XII.

Now smooth and gentle† through her channel creeps,
 With soft and easy murmurs purling down:
 Now swells and rages, threatening all to drown,
 Away both corn and cattle sweeps,
 And fills with noise and horror fields and town.

XIII.

After a while, grown calm, retreats again
 Into her sandy bed, and softly glides.
 So Jove sometimes in fiery chariot rides
 With cracks of thunder, storms of rain,
 Then grows serene, and all our fears derides.

XIV.

He only lives content, and his own man,
 Or rather master, who each night can say,
 'Tis well, thanks to the gods, I've liv'd to-day;
 This is my own, this never can,
 Like other goods, be forc'd or stol'n away.

* well, in Lady G's copy.

† silent, *ibid.*

XV.

XV.

And for to-morrow let me weep or laugh,
Let the sun shine, or storms or tempests ring,
Yet 'tis not in the power of fates, a thing
Should ne'er have been, or not be safe,
Which flying Time has cover'd with his wing.

XVI.

Capricious Fortune plays a scornful game
With human things; uncertain as the wind:
Sometimes to thee, sometimes to me is kind:
Throws about honours, wealth, and fame,
At random, heedless, humourous, and blind.

XVII.

He's wise, who, when she smiles, the good enjoys,
And unallay'd with fears of future ill;
But, if she frowns, e'en let her have her will.
I can with ease resign the toys,
And lie wrapp'd-up in my own virtue still.

XVIII.

I'll make my court to honest poverty,
An easy wife, although without a dower:
What nature asks will yet be in my power;
For without pride or luxury
How little serves to pass the fleeting hour!

XIX.

'Tis not for me, when winds and billows rise,
And crack the mast, and mock the seamen's cares,
To fall to poor and mercenary prayers,
For fear the Tyrian merchandize
Should all be lost, and not enrich my heirs.

XX.

I'll rather leap into the little boat,
Which, without fluttering sails, shall waft me o'er
The swelling waves, and then I'll think no more
Of ship, or freight: but change my note,
And thank the gods, that I am safe a-shore.

HORACE, BOOK I. PART OF EP. II.

BY THE SAME.

NOR house nor lands, nor heaps of plate, or gold,
Can cure a fever's heat, or ague's cold,
Much less a mind with grief or care oppress'd:
No man's possessions e'er can make him blest'd,
That is not well himself, and sound at heart;
Nature will ever be too strong for art.
Whoever feeds vain hopes, or fond desires,
Distracting fears, wild love, or jealous fires,
Is pleas'd with all his fortunes, like sore eyes
With curious pictures; gouty legs and thighs
With dancing; or half-dead and aching ears
With music, while the noise he hardly hears.
For, if the cask remains unsound or four,
Be the wine ne'er so rich, or sweet, you pour,
'Twill take the vessel's taste, and lose its own,
And all you fill were better let alone.

TIBUL.

TIBULLUS, LIB. IV. EL. II.

BY THE SAME.

TO worship thee, O mighty Mars, upon
 Thy sacred calends, is Sulpitia gone?
 If thou art wise, leave the celestial sphere,
 And for a while come down to see her here:
 Venus will pardon; but take heed her charms
 Make thee, not gazing, soon let fall thy arms:
 When Love would set the gods on fire, he flies
 To light his torches at her sparkling eyes.
 Whate'er Sulpitia does, where-e'er she goes,
 The Graces all her motions still compose:
 How her hair charms us, when it loosely falls,
 Comb'd back and ty'd our veneration calls;
 If she comes out in scarlet, how she turns
 Us all to ashes; though, in white, she burns!
 Vertumnus so a thousand dresses wears,
 So, in a thousand, every grace appears:
 Of all the virgins, she deserves alone
 In Tyrian purple to adorn a throne;
 She, to possess, and reap the spicy fields,
 Gather the gums that rich Arabia yields;
 She, all the orient pearls, that grow in shells,
 Along the shores where the tann'd Indian dwells.
 For her, the Muses tune their charming lays,
 For her, upon his harp Apollo plays.
 May she this feast for many years adore!
 None can become, deserve an altar more.

SONG, FROM MARRIAGE A-LA-MODE,

BY MR. DRYDEN;

NOT PRINTED AMONG HIS POEMS*.

I.

WHY should a foolish marriage vow,
 Which long ago was made,
 Oblige us to each other now,
 When passion is decay'd?
 We lov'd, and we lov'd, as long as we could,
 Till our love was lov'd out of us both;
 But our marriage is dead, when the pleasures are fled;
 'Twas pleasure first made it an oath.

II.

If I have pleasures for a friend,
 And farther love in store,
 What wrong has he, whose joys did end,
 And who could give no more?
 'Tis a madness that he
 Should be jealous of me,
 Or that I should bar him of another:
 For all we can gain
 Is to give ourselves pain,
 When neither can hinder the other.

* There are several excellent songs in his "King Arthur;" which should have been copied, but that they are so interwoven with the story of the drama that it would be improper to separate them. There is also a song in "Love in a Nunnery;" and another in "The Duke of Guise;" but neither of them worth transcribing. N.

SONG,

SONG, FROM TYRANNIC LOVE,

BY THE SAME; NOT AMONG HIS POEMS.

AH, how sweet it is to love !
 Ah, how gay is young desire !
 And what pleasing pains we prove
 When we first approach love's fire !
 Pains of love be sweeter far
 Than all other pleasures are.

Sighs which are from lovers blown
 Do but gently heave the heart :
 E'en the tears they shed alone
 Cure, like trickling balm, their smart.
 Lovers, when they lose their breath,
 Bleed away in easy death.

Love and Time with reverence use,
 Treat them like a parting friend :
 Nor the golden gifts refuse
 Which in youth sincere they send :
 For each year their price is more,
 And they less simple than before.

Love, like spring-tides full and high,
 Swells in every youthful vein :
 But each tide does less supply,
 Till they quite shrink-in again :
 If a flow in age appear,
 'Tis but rain, and runs not clear.

ON THE DEATH OF
PRINCE HENRY AND PRINCESS MARY*,

BY THE SAME; NOT IN HIS WORKS.

INDUE Melpomene, funestos indue vultus,
Conveniens nostris luctibus iste dolor.
Quid fata Henricum rapuerunt invida terris?
An didicere igitur Parcæ & amare Ducem?

Carole,

* From "Threni Cantabrigienses in Funere duorum Principum, Henrici Glocestrensis, & Mariæ Arausionensis, serenissimi Regis Caroli II. Fratris & Sororis. Cantab. 1661." For copies of this and the following poem, I am indebted to a volume in the Lambeth Library, 39. 6. 13. fol. most obligingly communicated by Dr. Ducarel.—The Reader will not be displeased at being presented with two Latin poems (though perhaps of no superior excellence) by so capital a writer. By the second of them it appears that in 1662 he had the degree of B. A. and had obtained a fellowship; though neither of those academical honours attended his name in 1661. One of his earliest productions (written in 1650, the year he went to College) is already printed in vol. I. p. 181. with a prologue and two epilogues to "The Duke of Guise," none of which are in any edition of his works. If these poems had come to light before the publication of Dr. Johnson's excellent Life of Dryden, that judicious Biographer would certainly have made some alteration in the following paragraph:—"At the university he does not appear to have been

Carole, tu frater, tu magnus denique Rex es,
 Ille tuâ spectat sceptrâ movenda manu ;
 Viderat, & lætus jam se non sustinet ultra
 Mortalem, & Superis gaudia tanta refert :
 Audiit interea raptum super æthera fratrem
 Divali infertum Diva Maria choro ;
 Protinûs ergò tibi valedixit, maxime Princeps,
 Carole Rex gaude, Carole chare vale.
 Nec mora, siste (inquit) gemitus, Dea fio per altum,
 Et Patris, & Fratris, Conjugis atque memor.

JON. DRYDEN.

been eager of *poetical* distinction, or to have lavished his *early wit* either on fictitious subjects or publick occasions. He probably considered that he who purposed to be an author, ought first to be a student. He obtained, whatever was the reason, *no fellowship* in the College. Why he was excluded, cannot now be known, and it is vain to guess ; had he thought himself injured, he knew how to complain. In the Life of Plutarch he mentions his education in the College with gratitude ; but in a prologue at Oxford, he has these lines :

Oxford to him a dearer name shall be
 Than his own mother-university ;
 Thebes did his rude unknowing youth engage :
 He choofes Athens in his riper age.

It was not till the death of Cromwell, in 1658, that he became a *publick* candidate for fame, by publishing *Heroick Stanzas on the late Lord Protector* ; which, compared with the verses of Sprat and Waller on the same occasion, were sufficient to raise great expectations of the rising poet." I had not seen these poems when the note in vol. I. p. 181. was printing. N.

ON

ON THE MARRIAGE OF K. CHARLES II*.

BY THE SAME; NOT IN HIS WORKS.

QUIS mihi jam causas memorat cur pigra Bootæ
 Plaustra vehunt cathedram, Cassiopeia, tuam?
 En tedas Venus ipsa parat, desertaque Cyprus,
 Proniùs in thalamos quòd ruitura tuos:
 Præfulget clarâ cum lampade pulchra supernè,
 Sternit & æquoreas æquore nata vias.
 Æolus armatas hyeines non fundet ab antro,
 Numine scit bene quòd tu propiore cales.
 Ut properes quoque Fama suas tibi commodat alas,
 Utque suum Musæ, sic tibi Castor equum.
 Connubium hoc Superis labor est, vult hoc Dea Juno
 Pronuba, te jactans muneris esse sui;
 Felix ut lætas ducet Lucina choreas!
 Anglis quum Matrem detulit illa Bonam.
 Si quando adversi veniant in lintea venti,
 Impleat atque tuos aura maligna sinus;
 Hæc Britonum sacra vota ut sint in amore secundi
 Neptunus, virides Nereidùmque comæ,
 Nubila si terrent nigros glomerantia nimbos,
 Nè dubites, tecum Cynthia lumen habes.

* From the "Epithalamia Cantabrigiensia in Nuptias au-
 "spicatissimas serenissimi Regis Caroli II. Britanniarum Mo-
 "narchæ, & illustrissimæ Principis Catharinæ, potentissimi
 "Regis Lusitaniæ sororis unicæ, Cantab. 1662." N.

Hellespontiaci penetrat vada fervida ponti
 Leander, Nymphæ dum calet igne suæ,
 Tu Dea, quid tam tarda? tuus Leander in igne est,
 Fax amor in tenebris & Cynosura tibi est.
 Penelopen lentam tuus objurgabit Ulysses,
 Nectere perpetuas si juvet usque moras :
 Nulla retexenda est, mendax quæ tela moretur,
 Ni magis auriferi retrahit unda Tagi.
 Mandet Ulyspo Tago, Tamisis se misceat undis,
 Atque torus Danaes sic Jove dignus erit.

JON. DRYDEN, Art. Bac. Trin. Coll. Soc.

H O R A C E, B O O K I. S A T. VIII.

B Y M R. S T A F F O R D*.

I Was, at first, a piece of fig-tree wood,
 And long an honest joiner pondering stood,
 Whether he should employ his shaping tool,
 To make a God of me, or a joint-stool ;
 Each knob he weigh'd, on every inch did plod,
 And rather chose to turn me to a God ;
 As a Priapus hence I grew ador'd,
 The fear of every thief and every bird.

The rascals from their pilfering tricks desist,
 And dread each wooden finger of my fist.
 The reeds stuck in my cap the Peckers fright,
 From our new orchards far they take their flight,
 And dare not touch a pippin in my sight.

When any of the rabble did de cease,
 They brought them to this place to stink in peace.

* Of whom see above, p. 29. N.

Unnoisome here the snuffs of rogues went out,
 'Twas once a common grave for all the rout.
 Loose Nomentanus left his riots here,
 And lewd Pantalabus forgot to jeer.
 Nor in these pit-holes might they put a bone,
 Could lie beneath a dunghill of its own.

But now the ground for slaves no more they tear,
 Sweet are the walks, and vital is the air :
 Myrtle and orange-groves the eye delight,
 Where skulls and shanks did mix a ghastly fight.

While here I stand the guardian of the trees,
 Not all the Jays are half the grievances
 As are those hags, who, diligent in ill,
 Are either poisoning or bewitching still.
 These I can neither hurt nor terrify ;
 But every night, when once the moon is high,
 They haunt these alleys with their shrieks and groans,
 And pick up baneful herbs and human bones.

I saw Canidia here ; her feet were bare,
 Black were her robes, and loose her flaky hair ;
 With her fierce Sagana went stalking round,
 Their hideous howlings shook the trembling ground ;
 A paleness, casting horror round the place,
 Sat dead and terrible on either's face.
 Their impious trunks upon the earth they cast,
 And dug it with their nails in frantic haste.
 A coal-black lamb then with their teeth they tore,
 And in the pit they pour'd the reeking gore :
 By this they force the tortur'd ghosts from hell,
 And answers to their wild demands compel.

Two images they brought, of wax and wool,
The waxen was a little puling fool,
A chidden image, ready still to skip,
Whene'er the woollen one but snapt his whip.
On Hecate aloud this beldame calls,
Tisiphone as loud the other bawls.

A thousand serpents hiss'd upon the ground,
And hell-hounds compass'd all the gardens round.
Behind the tombs, to shun the horrid sight,
The moon skulk'd down, or out of shame or fright.

May every crow and cuckow, if I lye,
Aim at my crown as often as they fly:
And never miss a dab though ne'er so high!
May villain Julius, and his rascal crew,
Use me with just such ceremony too!

But how much time and patience would it cost,
To tell the gabblings of each hag and ghost!
Or how the earth the ugly beldame scrapes,
And hides the beards of wolves, and teeth of snakes;
While on the fire the waxen image fries!

Vex'd to the heart to see their forceries,
My ears torn with their bellowing sprights, my guts
My fig-tree bowels, wambled at the fluts.
Mad for revenge, I gather'd all my wind,
And bounc'd, like fifty bladders, from behind.

Scar'd with the noise, they scud away to town,
While Sagana's false hair comes dropping down:
Canidia tumbles o'er, for want of breath,
And scatters from her jaws her set of teeth;
I almost burst to see their labours crost,
Their bones, their herbs, and all their devils lost.

THE

THE DEATH OF CAMILLA.

FROM VIRGIL, ÆNEID XI.

BY THE SAME.

ON death and wounds Camilla looks with joy,
Freed from a breast, the fiercer to destroy.
Now, thick as hail, her fatal darts she flings;
The two-edg'd ax now on their helmets rings.
Her shoulders bore Diana's arms and bow:
And if, too strongly prest, she fled before a foe,
Her shafts, revers'd, did death and horror bear,
And found the rash, who durst pursue the fair.
Near her fierce Tulla and Tarpeia ride,
And bold Larina conquering by her side.
These above all Camilla's breast did share,
For faith in peace, and gallantry in war.
Such were the Thracian, Amazonian bands,
When first they dy'd with blood Thermodoon's sands.
Such troops Hippolyta herself did head,
And such the bold Penthesilea led,
When female shouts alarm'd the trembling fields,
And glaring beams shot bright from maiden shields.

Who, gallant virgin, who by thee were slain?
What gasping numbers strew'd upon the plain?
Thy spear first through Eumenius passage found;
Whole torrents gush'd out of his mouth and wound;
With gnashing teeth, in pangs, the earth he tore,
And roll'd himself, half delug'd, in his gore.

Then

Then hapless Pegafus and Lyrus bleed :
 The latter reining up his fainting steed ;
 The first as to his aid he stretch'd his hand,
 Both at an instant, headlong, struck the sand.
 Her arm Amastrus next, and Tereas feel ;
 Then follows Chromis with her lifted steel :
 Of all her quiver not a shaft was lost,
 But each attended by a Trojan ghost.
 Strong Orphitus (in arms unknown before)
 In battle an Apulian courser bore ;
 His brawny back wrapt in a bullock's skin,
 Upon his head a wolf did fiercely grin,
 Above the rest his mighty shoulders show,
 And he looks down upon the troops below :
 Aim (and 'twas easy, while his fellows fled)
 She struck along, and thus she triumph'd while he bled :
 Some coward game thou didst believe to chace ;
 But, hunter, see a woman stops thy race.
 Yet to requiring ghosts this glory bear,
 Thy soul was yielded to Camilla's spear.

The mighty Butes next receives her lance
 (While breast to breast the combatants advance) ;
 Clanging between his armour's joints it rung,
 While on his arm his useless target hung.

Then from Orsilochnus in circle runs,
 And follows the pursuer, while she shuns.
 For still with craft a narrow ring she wheels,
 And brings herself up to the chacer's heels.
 Her ax, regardless of his prayers and groans,
 She crashes through his armour and his bones.

Redoubled strokes the vanquish'd foe sustains,

His reeking face bespatter'd with his brains.

Chance brought unhappy Aunus to the place;

Who, stopping short, star'd wildly in her face.

Of all to whom Liguria fraud imparts,

While Fate allow'd that fraud, he was of subtlest arts;

Who, when he saw he could not shun the fight,

Strives to avoid the virgin by his flight;

And cries aloud, What courage can you shew,

By cunning horsemanship to cheat a foe?

Forego your horse, and strive not to betray,

But dare to combat a more equal way:

'Tis thus we see who merits glory best.

So brav'd, fierce indignation fires her breast;

Dismounted from her horse, in open field,

Now first she draws her sword, and lifts her shield.

He, thinking that his cunning did succeed,

Reins round his horse, and urges all his speed,

His golden rowels hidden in his fides;

When thus his useless fraud the maid derides:

Poor wretch, that swell'd with a deluding pride,

In vain thy country's little arts are try'd.

No more the coward shall behold his fire;

Then plies her feet, quick as the nimble fire,

And up before his horse's head she strains;

When, seizing with a furious hand his reins,

She wreaks her fury on his spouting veins.

So, from a rock, a hawk soars high above,

And in a cloud with ease o'ertakes a dove;

His pounces so the grappled foe assail,

And blood and feathers mingle in a hail.

Now

Now Jove, to whom mankind is still in fight,
 With more than usual care beholds the fight;
 And, urging Tarchon on, to rage inspires
 The furious deeds to which his blood he fires.
 He spurs through slaughter and his failing troops,
 And with his voice lifts every arm that droops.
 He shouts his name in every soldier's ears;
 Reviling thus the spirits which he cheers.

Ye sham'd and ever-branded Tyrrhene race,
 From whence this terror, and your souls so base?
 When tender virgins triumph in the field,
 Let every brawny arm let fall his shield,
 And break the coward sword he dare not wield. }

Not thus you fly the daring she by night;
 Nor goblets that your drunken throats invite.
 This is your choice; when, with lewd Bacchanals,
 Y' are call'd by the fat sacrifice, it waits not when it calls.
 Thus having said ———

He spurs, with headlong rage, among his foes,
 As if he only had his life to lose;
 And, meeting Venulus, his arms he clasps;
 The armour dints beneath the furious grasps.
 High from his horse the sprawling foe he rears,
 And thwart his courser's neck the prize he bears.
 The Trojans shout, the Latins turn their eyes;
 While swift as lightning airy Tarchon flies,
 Who breaks his lance, and views his armour round,
 To find where he might fix the deadly wound;
 The foe writhes doubling backward on his horse,
 And to defend his throat opposes force to force.

As when an eagle high his course does take,
And in his griping talons bears a snake,
A thousand folds the serpent casts, and high
Setting his speckled scales goes whistling through the sky.
The fearless bird but deeper gores his prey,
And through the clouds he cuts his airy way.
So from the midst of all his enemies,
Triumphant Tarchon snatch'd and bore his prize.
The troops that shrunk, with emulation press
To reach his danger now, to reach at his success.

Then Aruns, doom'd in spite of all his art,
Surrounds the nimble virgin with his dart,
And, slyly watching for his time, would try
To join his safety with his treachery.
Where-e'er her rage the bold Camilla sends,
There creeping Aruns silently attends.
When, tir'd with conquering, she retires from fight,
He steals about his horse, and keeps her in his sight.
In all her rounds from him she cannot part,
Who shakes his treacherous, but inevitable dart.

Chloerus, the priest of Cybele, did glare
In Phrygian arms remarkable afar.
A foaming steed he rode, whose haunches case,
Like feathers, scales of mingled gold and brass.
He, clad in foreign purple, gall'd the foe
With Cretan arrows from a Lycian bow.
Gold was that bow, and gold his helmet too:
Gay were his upper robes, which loosely flew.
Each limb was cover'd o'er with something rare,
And as he fought he glister'd every where.

Or

Or that the temple might the trophies hold,
 Or else to shine herself in Trojan gold,
 Him the fierce maid pursues through all her foes;
 Regardless of the life she did expose:
 Him eyes alone, to other dangers blind,
 And manly force employs, to please a virgin's mind:
 His dart now Aruns from his ambush throws;
 And thus to heaven he sends his coward vows:

Apollo, oh thou greatest deity!
 Patron of blest Soraëtis, and of me;
 (For we are all thy own; whole woods of pine
 We heap in piles, which to thy glory shine;
 And when we trample on the fire, our soles,
 By thee preserv'd, condemn the glowing coals;)
 My mighty patron, make me wipe away
 The shame of this dishonourable day!
 Nor spoils nor triumph from the deed I claim,
 But trust my future actions with my fame.

This raging female plague but overcome,
 Let me return unthank'd inglorious home.
 Apollo heard, to half his prayer inclin'd:
 The rest he mingles with the fleeting wind.
 He gives Camilla's ruin to his prayer,
 To see his country, that was lost in air.
 As singing o'er the field the javelin flies,
 Upon the queen the army turn their eyes.
 But she, intent upon her golden prey,
 Nor minds nor hears it cut the hissing way,
 Till in her side it takes its deadly rest;
 And drinks the virgin purple of her breast.

The trembling Amazons run to her aid,
 And in their arms they catch the falling maid.
 More quick than they the fright'ned Aruns flies,
 And feels a terror mingled with his joys.
 He trusts no more his safety to his spear;
 Ev'n her expiring courage gives him fear.

So runs the wolf smear'd with some shepherd's blood,
 And strives to gain the shelter of a wood,
 Before the darts his panting sides assail,
 And claps between his legs his shivering tail;
 Conscious of the audacious bloody deed:
 As Aruns seeks his troops stretch'd on his speed,
 Where, in their center, quaking, he attends,
 And skulks behind the targets of his friends.

She strives to draw the dart, but, wedg'd among
 Her ribs, deep to the wound the weapon clung;
 Then fainting rolls in death her closing eyes,
 While from her cheeks the chearful beauty flies.
 To Acca thus she breathes her last of breath;
 Acca that shar'd with her in all, but death:
 Ah, friend! you once have seen me draw the bow,
 But fate and darkness hover round me now.
 Make haste to Turnus, bid him bring with speed
 His fresh reserves, and to my charge succeed,
 Cover the city, and repel the foe.
 Thus having said, her hands the reins forego;
 Down from her horse she sinks, then gasping lies
 In a cold sweat, and by degrees she dies:
 Her drooping neck declines upon her breast,
 Her swimming head with slumber is oppress'd;

The

The lingering soul th' unwelcome doom receives,
And, murmuring with disdain, the beauteous body leaves.

T O M Y H E A R T.

WHAT ail'st thou, oh thou trembling thing,
To pant and languish in my breast,

Like birds that fain would try the callow wing,

And leave the downy nest?

Why hast thou fill'd thyself with thought,

Strange, new, fantastic as the air?

Why to thy peaceful empire hast thou brought

That restless tyrant, Care?

But oh! alas, I ask in vain;

Thou answer'st nothing back again,

But in soft sighs Amyntor's name.

Oh thou betrayer of my liberty,

Thou fond deceiver, what's the youth to thee!

What has he done, what has he said,

That thus has conquer'd or betray'd?

He came and saw, but 'twas by such a light

As scarce distinguish'd day from night;

Such as in thick-grown shades is found,

When here and there a piercing beam

Scatters faint spangled sun-shine on the ground,

And casts about a melancholy gleam;

But so obscure, I could not see

The charming eyes that wounded thee;

But they, like gems, by their own light

Betray'd their value through the gloom of night.

I felt thee heave at every look,
And stop my language as I spoke.
I felt my blood fly upward to my face,
While thou unguarded lay,
Yielding to every word, to every grace,
Fond to be made a prey.
I left thee watching in my eyes,
And listening in my ear,
Discovering weakness in thy sighs,
Uneasy with thy fear :
Suffering imagination to deceive,
I found thee willing to believe,
And with the treacherous shade conspire,
To let into thyself a dangerous fire.
Ah, foolish wanderer, say, what would'st thou do,
If thou should'st find at second view
That all thou fanciest now were true?
If thou should'st find by day those charms,
Which, thus observ'd, threaten undoing harms?
If thou should'st find that awful mien
Not the effects of first address,
Nor of my conversation disesteem,
But noble native fullness?
If thou should'st find that soft good-natur'd voice
(Unus'd to insolence and noise)
Still thus adorn'd with modesty,
And his mind's virtues with his wit agree?
Tell me, thou forward lavish fool,
What reason could thy fate control,
Or save the ruin of thy soul?

Cease

Cease then to languish for the coming day,
 That may direct his wandering steps that way,
 When I again shall the lov'd form survey.

CATO'S ANSWER TO LABIENUS,

FROM THE NINTH BOOK OF LUCAN*,

“ Quid quæri, Labiene, jubes, &c.”

BY MR. WOLSELEY †.

WHAT should I ask my friend, which best would be,
 To live enslav'd, or thus in arms die free!

If any force can Honour's price abate?

Or Virtue bow beneath the blows of Fate?

If Fortune's threats a steady soul disdains?

Or if the joys of life be worth the pains?

If it our happiness at all import

Whether the foolish scene be long or short?

If when we do but aim at noble ends,

Th' attempt alone immortal fame attends?

If for bad accidents, which thickest press

On merit, we should like a good cause less;

Or be the fonder of it for success?

All this is clear, wove in our minds it sticks,

Nor Ammon, nor his priests, can deeper fix;

* See another imitation of this passage of Lucan, by lord Lyttelton, English Poets, vol. LVI. p. 96. N.

† See vol. I. p. 138. His father published a religious treatise in 1691, called “The Mount of Spirits.” N.

Without the clergy's venial cant and pains,
God's never-frustrate will holds ours in chains,
Nor can we act but what th' All-wise ordains:
Who needs no voice, nor perishing words, to awe
Our wild desires, and give his creatures law.
Whate'er to know, or needful was or fit,
In the wise frame of human souls 'tis writ;
Both what we ought to do, and what forbear,
He, once for all, did at our births declare.
But never did he seek out desert lands,
To bury truth in unfrequented sands:
Or to a corner of the world withdrew,
Head of a sect, and partial to a few.
Nature's vast fabrick is his house alone,
This globe his foot-stool, and high heaven his throne.
In earth, air, sea, and in whoe'er excels,
In knowing heads and honest hearts he dwells.
Why seek we then among these barren sands,
In narrow shrines, and temples built with hands,
Him, whose dread presence does all places fill?
Or look but in our reason for his will?
All we e'er saw is God! in all we find
Apparent prints of the eternal mind.
Let doating fools their course by prophets steer,
And always of the future live in fear;
No oracle, or dream the croud is told,
Can make me more or less resolv'd and bold:
But surer Death, which equally on all,
Both on the coward and the brave must fall.
This said, and turning with disdain about,
He left scorn'd Ammon to the vulgar rout.

ON THE PRINCE'S GOING TO ENGLAND,

WITH AN ARMY TO RESTORE THE GOVERNMENT,

1688.

BY THE SAME.

“ Hunc saltem everfo juvenem succurrere fæclo

“ Ne prohibete —” Virg. Georg. lib. i. 500.

ONCE more a **FATHER** and a **SON** fall out,
The world involving in their high dispute;

Remotest India's fate on theirs depends,

And Europe, trembling, the event attends.

Their motions ruling every other state,

As on the sun the lesser planets wait.

Power warms the father, Liberty the son,

A prize well worth th' uncommon venture run.

Him a false pride to govern unrestrain'd,

And by mad means, bad ends to be attain'd;

All bars of property drives headlong through,

Millions oppressing to enrich a few.

Him Justice urges, and a noble aim

To equal his progenitors in fame,

And make his life as glorious as his name.

For Law and Reason's power he does engage,

Against the reign of Appetite and Rage.

There, all the license of unbounded might;

Here, conscious honour, and deep sense of right,

Immortal enmity to arms incite.

Greatness the one, glory the other fires;

This only can deserve, what That desires.

This

This strives for all that e'er to men was dear,
 And he for what they most abhor and fear.
 Cæsar and Pompey's cause, by Cato thought
 So ill adjudg'd, to a new trial's brought,
 Again at last Pharsalia must be fought.
 Ye fatal sisters ! now to right be friends,
 And make mankind for Pompey's fate amends.
 In Orange's great line, 'tis no new thing
 To free a nation and uncrown a king.

SONG, BY THE SAME.

Freedom is a real treasure,
 Love a dream, all false and vain;
 Short, uncertain is the pleasure,
 Sure and lasting is the pain.
 A sincere and tender passion
 Some ill planet over-rules;
 Ah, how blind is inclination !
 Fate and women dote on fools.

ANSWERED BY MR. WHARTON.

When wits from fighting turn to railing,
 Ill success pleads some excuse;
 Always trying, ever failing,
 Will provoke the dullest Muse.
 Cupid a revengeful God is,
 Woe be to the poet's heart,
 Flannel shirts and whale-bone bodice
 Are not proof against his dart.

A PRO.

A PROLOGUE TO SATYR.

TO that prodigious height of vice we're grown,
 Both in the court, the theatre, and town,
 That 'tis of late believ'd, nay fix'd a rule,
 Whoever is not vicious, is a fool:
 Hiss'd at by old and young, despis'd, oppress'd,
 If he be not a villain like the rest.
 Virtue and Truth are lost: search for good men,
 Among ten thousand you will scarce find ten.
 Half wits, conceited coxcombs, cowards, braves,
 Base flatterers, and the endless fry of knaves,
 Fops, fools, and pimps, we every where may find;
 And not to meet them is to shun mankind.
 The other sex too, whom we all adore,
 When search'd, we still find rotten at the core,
 An old dry bawd, or a young juicy whore:
 Their love all false, their virtue but a name,
 And nothing in them constant but their shame.
 What satyrist then that's honest can sit still,
 And unconcern'd see such a tide of ill
 With an impetuous force o'erflow the age,
 And not strive to restrain it with his rage;
 On Sin's vast army seize, wing, rear, and van,
 And, like impartial Death, not spare a man?
 For where, alas! where is that mighty he,
 That is from pride, deceit, and envy free,
 Or rather is not tainted with all three?

Man-

110 MISCELLANY POEMS.

Mankind is criminal, their acts, their thoughts;
 'Tis charity to tell them of their faults,
 And shew their failings in a faithful glass:
 For who won't mend who sees himself an ass?
 And this design 'tis that employs my Muse,
 That for her daily theme she's proud to chuse,
 A theme that she'll have daily need to use.
 Let other poets flatter, fawn, and write,
 To get some guineas and a dinner by 't:
 Such mercenary wretches, should they starve,
 They meet a kinder fate than they deserve.
 But she could ne'er cringe to a lord for meat,
 Or praise a prosperous villain, though he's great:
 Quite contrary her practice shall appear,
 Unbrib'd, impartial, pointed, and severe:
 That way my nature leads, compos'd of gall,
 I must write sharply, or not write at all.

Though Thyrsis wings the air in towering flights,
 And to a wonder panegyrick writes,
 Though he is still exalted and sublime,
 Scarce to be match'd by past or present time;
 Though smooth and lofty all his lines appear,
 The thoughts all noble, the expression clear,
 With judgement, wit, and fancy, shining every where;
 Yet what instruction can from hence accrue?
 'Tis flattery all; too fulsome to be true.
 Urge not, for 'tis to vindicate the wrong,
 It causes emulation in the young,
 A thirst to fame, while some high act they read,
 That prompts them to the same romantic deed.

PROLOGUE TO SATYR. 21

As if some powerful magick lay in rhimes,
 That made them braver than at other times.
 'Tis false and fond ; heroes may huff and fight ;
 But who can merit so as he can write ?
 To say a glow-worm is the morning-star,
 And that it may with ease be seen as far,
 Were most ridiculous ; so far from truth,
 It justly would deserve a sharp reproof.
 That slave is more to blame, whose hireling pen
 Calls knaves and coxcombs wise deserving men ;
 Says the rank bawds are all with sweetnesss grac'd,
 Courtiers all just, and all court-strumpets chaste.
 If to be prais'd does give a man pretence
 To glory, learning, honesty, and sence,
 Cromwell had much to say in his defence :
 Who, though a tyrant, which all ills comprize,
 Has been extoll'd and lifted to the skies.
 Whilst living, such was the applause he gave,
 Counted high, princely, pious, just, and brave ;
 And with encomiums waited to his grave.
 Who then would give this for a poet's praise,
 Which rightly understood does but debase,
 And blast the reputation it would raise ?
 Hence 'tis, and 'tis a punishment that's fit,
 They are contemn'd and scorn'd by men of wit.
 'Tis true some Scots may nibble at their praise,
 And think it great to stand i' th' front of plays ;
 Though most to that stupidity are grown,
 They waive their patron's praise to write their own :

And

MISCELLANY POEMS.

And yet they never fail of their rewards ;
 And faith in that I cannot blame the bards.
 If coxcombs will be coxcombs, let them rue ;
 If they love flattery, let them pay for't too.
 'Tis one sure method to convince the elves,
 They spare my pains, and satirize themselves.

In short, nought helps like Satyr to amend.
 While in huge volumes motley priests contend,
 And let their vain disputes ne'er have an end :
 They plunge us in those snares we else should shun ;
 Like tinkers, make ten holes in mending one.
 Our dearest friends too, though they know our faults,
 For pity, or for shame, conceal their thoughts ;
 While we, who see our failings, not forbid,
 Loosely run on in the vain paths we did.
 'Tis Satyr then that is our truest friend ;
 For none, before they know their faults, can mend :
 That tells us boldly of our foulest crimes,
 Reproves ill-manners, and reforms the times,
 How am I then to blame, when all I write
 Is honest rage, not prejudice or spite ?
 Truth is my aim, with truth I shall impeach ;
 And I'll spare none that comes within its reach.
 On then, my Muse — the world before thee lies —
 And lash the knaves and fools that I despise.

SONG

SONG OF BASSET.

BY SIR GEORGE ETHEREGE.*

LET equipage and dress despair,
 Since Basset is come in,
 For nothing can oblige the fair
 Like Money and Morine.

Is any countess in distress,
 She flies not to the beau,
 'Tis only Cony can redress
 Her grief with a Rouleau.

By this bewitching game betray'd,
 Poor Love is bought and sold;
 And that which should be a free trade
 Is now ingross'd by gold.

Ev'n sense is brought into disgrace,
 Where company is met;
 Or silent stands, or leaves the place,
 While all the talk 's Basset.

Why, ladies, will you stake your hearts,
 Where a plain cheat is found?

You first are rook'd out of those darts
 That gave yourselves the wound.

The time, which should be kindly lent
 To plays and witty men,
 In waiting for a Knave is spent,
 Or wishing for a Ten.

* See vol. I. p. 122.

Stand in defence of your own charms,
 Throw down this favourite,
 That threatens with his dazzling arms
 Your beauty and your wit.

What pity 'tis, those conquering eyes,
 Which all the world subdue,
 Should, while the lover gazing dies,
 Be only on Alpue.

TO THE EARL OF MIDDLETON*.

BY THE SAME; FROM RATISBON.

SINCE love and verse, as well as wine,
 Are brisker where the sun does shine,
 'Tis something to lose two degrees,
 Now age itself begins to freeze:

Yet

* Charles Middleton, the second earl of that title, and baron Clairmont, was secretary of state for Scotland from the year 1684 to the Revolution; when he followed king James into France, and was attainted by the Scots parliament in 1695. He married lady Catharine daughter of Robert earl of Cardigan, by whom he had two sons, John lord Clairmont, and Charles Middleton, esq; who were both taken at sea by admiral Byng, in the descent which the French intended upon Scotland in 1708; but, by the queen's orders, they were soon released, and died in France without issue. Their father was also aboard in that armament. He had two daughters; lady Elizabeth, wife of Edward, son of James earl of Perth; and lady Mary, wife of sir John Gifford,

TO THE EARL OF MIDDLETON.

115

Yet this I patiently could bear,
 If the rough Danube's beauties were
 But only two degrees less fair
 Than the bright nymphs of gentle Thames,
 Who warm me hither with their beams †:
 Such power they have, they can dispense
 Five hundred miles their influence.
 But hunger forces men to eat,
 Though no temptation's in the meat.
 How would the ogling sparks despise
 The darling damsel of my eyes;
 Should they behold her at a play,
 As she's trick'd-up on holy-day;

Gifford, knight.—“He is one of the pleasantest companions
 “in the world.” Macky.—“Sir William Temple told me,
 “he was a very valuable man; and a good scholar I once saw
 “him.” SWIFT, MS.—In Harl. MSS. are several of his
 letters to the earl of Oxford; in one of which, 1729, he thus
 recommends the chevalier Ramsay: “To a great deal of
 “erudition he joins as many and great good qualities as I
 “ever met in any man.” In another, he tells lord Oxford,
 who wished to exchange some literary curiosities with the
 French king, “You are too modest; and that is not the
 “way to deal with the people of *this* country.”—An affecting
 story of the honourable Charles Middleton (second son of the
 earl) is related by the countess of Pomfret, in Duncombe's
 collection of Letters, vol. II. p. 125. 2d edit. N.

† See Dryden's Letters to sir G. Etherege at Ratibon,
 English Poets, vol. XIV. p. 131. N.

When the whole family combine
 For public pride to make her shine ?
 Her locks, which long before lay matted,
 Are on this day comb'd out and platted :
 A diamond bodkin in each tress,
 The badges of her nobleness ;
 For every stone, as well as she,
 Can boast an ancient pedigree.
 These form'd the jewel erst did grace
 The cap of the first Grave o' th' race ;
 Preferr'd by Graffin Marian
 T' adorn the handle of her fan ;
 And, as by old record appears,
 Worn since in Renigunda's years :
 Now sparkling in the frokin's hair,
 No rocket breaking in the air
 Can with her starry head compare.
 Such ropes of pearl her arms incumber,
 She scarce can deal the cards at Ombre.
 So many rings each finger freight,
 They tremble with the mighty weight.
 The like in England ne'er was seen,
 Since Holbein drew Hal and his Queen.
 But, after these fantastic flights,
 The lustre's meaner than the lights.
 The thing that bears this glittering pomp
 Is but a tawdry ill-bred romp,
 Whose brawny limbs and martial face
 Proclaim her of the Gothic race,
 More than the mangled pageantry
 Of all the father's heraldry.

But there's another sort of creatures,
 Whose ruddy look and grotesque features
 Are so much out of nature's way,
 You'd think them stamp'd on other clay;
 No lawful daughters of old Adam.
 'Mongst these behold a city madam,
 With arms in mittins, head in muff,
 A dapper cloak and reverend ruff:
 No farce so pleasant as this maukin,
 And the soft sound of High-dutch talking.
 Here, unattended by the Graces,
 The Queen of Love in a sad case is.
 Nature, her active minister,
 Neglects affairs, and will not stir;
 Thinks it not worth the while to please,
 But when she does it for her ease.
 Ev'n I, her most devout adorer,
 With wandering thoughts appear before her;
 And, when I'm making an oblation,
 Am fain to spur imagination
 With some sham London inclination:
 The bow is bent at German dame;
 The arrow flies at English game.
 Kindness, that can Indifference warm,
 And blow that calm into a storm,
 Has in the very tenderest hour
 Over my gentleness a power,
 True to my country-women's charms,
 When kiss'd and press'd in foreign arms.

TO THE EARL OF MIDDLETON.

BY THE SAME.

FROM hunting whores, and haunting play,
 And minding nothing else all day
 (And all the night too, you will say);
 To make grave legs in formal fetters,
 Converse with fools, and write dull letters;
 To go to bed 'twixt eight and nine,
 And sleep away my precious time,
 In such a sneaking idle place,
 Where Vice and Folly hide their face,
 And in a troublesome disguise,
 The wife seems honest, husband wise.
 For Pleasure here has the same fate
 Which does attend affairs of state,
 The plague of ceremony infects,
 Even in love, the softer sex;
 Who an essential will neglect,
 Rather than lose the least respect,
 In regular approach we storm,
 And never visit but in form;
 That is, sending to know before
 At what a clock she'll play the whore.
 The nymphs are constant, gallants private,
 One scarce can guess what 'tis they drive at.
 This seems to me a scurvy fashion,
 Who have been bred in a free nation,
 With liberty of speech and passion.

Yet

Yet I cannot forbear to spark it,
 And make the best of a bad market.
 Meeting with one by chance kind-hearted,
 Who no preliminaries started,
 I enter'd beyond expectation
 Into a close negotiation:
 Of which hereafter a relation.
 Humble to Fortune, not her slave,
 I still was pleas'd with what she gave;
 And with a firm and chearful mind
 I steer my course with every wind
 To all the ports she has design'd.

THE CUP, FROM ANACREON,

BY MR. JOHN OLDHAM*.

MAKE me a bowl, a mighty bowl,
 Large as my capacious soul,
 Vast, as my thirst is; let it have
 Depth enough to be my grave;
 I mean the grave of all my care,
 For I intend to bury 't there.

Let

* John Oldham (son of a Nonconforming minister, who, at the time of the Usurpation, was rector of Shipton in Gloucestershire) born Aug. 9, 1653, was a bachelor of Edmund Hall, Oxford; A. B. in 1674, and soon after usher to the free school at Croydon. In this situation, some of his poetry having been handed about, he was honoured with a visit by the earls of Rochester and Dorset, Sir Charles Sedley,

Let it of silver fashion'd be,
 Worthy of wine, worthy of me;
 Worthy to adorn the spheres,
 As that bright cup among the stars;
 That cup which heaven deign'd a place;
 Next the sun its greatest grace.
 Kind cup! that to the stars did go,
 To light poor drunkards here below:
 Let mine be so, and give me light,
 That I may drink and revel by 't:

and other persons of distinction. In 1678 he was tutor to the son of Judge Thurland, and in 1681 to a son of Sir William Hickes. By the advice of Sir William and the assistance of Dr. Lower, he applied, for about a year, to the study of physic; but, poetry being predominant, he hastened to London, and became a perfect votary to the bottle, yet without sinking into the debauchery of his contemporary wits. As he was of a very different turn from his father, the character of the old parson, at the end of his works, is supposed to have been designed for him. It is perhaps the most extravagant caricature that ever was drawn. He was patronized by the earl of Kingston, who would have made him his chaplain if he would have qualified himself. He lived with the earl, however, till his death, which was occasioned by the small-pox, Dec. 9, 1683. He was particularly esteemed by Mr. Dryden; who has done him great justice in "Verses to his Memory," (English Poets, vol. XIV. p. 161.) His works have been frequently printed in one volume, 8vo; in 1722 in two volumes 12mo. with the Author's Life; and very lately, under the inspection of Captain Thompson, in three volumes, 12mo. N.

Yet

Yet draw no shapes of armour there,
No cask, nor shield, nor sword, nor spear,
Nor wars of Thebes, nor wars of Troy,
Nor any other martial toy :
For what do I vain armour prize,
Who mind not such rough exercise ;
But gentler sieges, softer wars,
Fights, that cause no wounds or scars ?
I'll have no battles on my plate,
Lest fight of them should brawls create ;
Lest that provoke to quarrels too,
Which wine itself enough can do.
Draw me no constellations there,
No Ram, nor Bull, nor Dog, nor Bear,
Nor any of that monstrous fry
Of animals, which stock the sky :
For what are stars to my design ;
Stars, which I, when drunk, out-shine,
Out-shone by every drop of wine ?
I lack no pole-star on the brink,
To guide in the wide sea of drink,
But would for ever there be tost ;
And wish no haven, seek no coast.
Yet, gentle artist, if thou 'lt try
Thy skill, then draw me (let me see) :
Draw me first a spreading vine,
Make its arms the bowl entwine
With kind embraces, such as I
Twist about my loving she,
Let its boughs o'erspread above
Scenes of drinking, scenes of love :

Draw

Draw next the patron of that tree,
 Draw Bacchus, and soft Cupid by;
 Draw them both in toping shapes,
 Their temples crown'd with cluster'd grapes:
 Make them lean against the cup,
 As 't were to keep the figures up:
 And when their reeling forms I view,
 I'll think them drunk, and be so too:
 The Gods shall my examples be,
 The Gods thus drunk in effigy.

ODE ON ST. CECILIA'S DAY.

BY THE SAME.

I.

BEGIN the song, your instruments advance,
 Tune the voice, and tune the flute,
 Touch the silent sleeping lute,
 And make the strings to their own measures dance.
 Bring gentlest thoughts that into language glide,
 Bring softest words that into numbers slide:
 Let every hand and every tongue
 To make the noble concert throng.
 Let all in one harmonious note agree
 To frame the mighty song,
 For this is Music's sacred jubilee.

II.

Hark how the waken'd strings resound,
 And break the yielding air!
 The ravish'd sense how pleasingly they wound,
 And call the listening soul into the ear!
 Each pulse beats time, and every heart
 With tongue and fingers bears a part.

By

By Harmony's entrancing power,
When we are thus wound up to extasy;
Methinks we mount, methinks we tour,
And seem to antedate our future bliss on high.

III.

How dull were life, how hardly worth our care,
But for the charms that Music lends !
How faint its pleasures would appear,
But for the pleasure which our art attends !
Without the sweets of melody,
To tune our vital breath,
Who would not give it up to death,
And in the silent grave contented lie !

IV.

Music's the cordial of a troubled breast,
The softest remedy that grief can find ;
The greatest spell that charms our care to rest,
And calms the ruffled passions of the mind.
Music does all our joy refine,
It gives the relish to our wine,
'Tis that gives rapture to our love,
And wings devotion to a pitch divine ;
'Tis our chief bliss on earth, and half our heaven above.

C H O R U S.

Come then, with tuneful throat and string,
The praises of our art let's sing ;
Let's sing to blest CECILIA's fame,
That grac'd this art, and gave this day its name ;
With music, wine and mirth conspire
To bear a concert, and make up the choir !

A P A S.

A P A S T O R A L
ON THE DEATH OF MR. OLDHAM,

BY AN UNKNOWN WRITER.

ON the remains of an old blasted oak,
Unmindful of himself, Menalcas lean'd ;
He sought not now in heat the shade of trees,
But shunn'd the flowing river's pleasing bank.
His pipe and hook lay scatter'd on the grass,
Nor fed his sheep together on the plain,
Left to themselves they wander'd out at large.
In this lamenting state young Corydon
(His friend and dear companion of his hours)
Finding Menalcas, asks him thus the cause.

C O R Y D O N.

Thee have I sought in every shady grove,
By purling streams, and in each private place
Where we have us'd to sit and talk of love.
Why do I find thee leaning on an oak,
By lightning blasted, and by thunder rent ?
What cursed chance has turn'd thy chearful mind ?
And why wilt thou have woes unknown to me ?
But I would comfort, and not chide my friend ;
Tell me thy grief, and let me bear a part.

M E N A L C A S.

Young Astrophell is dead, dear Astrophell,
He that could tune so well his charming pipe ;
To hear whose lays, nymphs left their crystal spring,

The Fawns and Dryades forsook the woods,
 And, hearing, all were ravish'd—swiftest streams
 With-held their course to hear the heavenly sound,
 And murmur'd when by following waves prest on;
 The following waves forcing their way to hear.
 Oft the fierce wolf pursuing of the lamb,
 Hungry and wildly certain of his prey,
 Left the pursuit, rather than lose the sound
 Of his alluring pipe. The harmless lamb
 Forgot his nature, and forsook his fear,
 Stood by the wolf, and listen'd to the sound. [obey.
 He could command a general peace, and nature would
 'This youth, this youth is dead! The same disease
 That carry'd sweet Orinda from the world
 Seiz'd upon Astrophell.—Oh, let these tears
 Be offer'd to the memory of my friend,
 And let my speech give way a-while to sighs.

C O R Y D O N.

Weep on, Menalcas; for his fate requires
 The tears of all mankind; general the loss,
 And general be the grief. Except by fame,
 I knew him not; but surely this is he
 Who sung learn'd * Colin's and great † Ægon's praise;
 Dead ere he liv'd, yet have new life from him.
 Did he not mourn lamented ‡ Bion's death,
 In verses equal to what Bion wrote?

* Spenser. † "Ode on the works of Ben Jonson, 1678." N.

‡ Lord Rochester, in "A Pastoral, in imitation of Moschus." N.

M E N A L C A S.

Yes this was he, (oh that I say he was !)
 He that could sing the shepherds deeds so well,
 Whether to praise the good he turn'd his pen,
 Or lash'd th' egregious follies of the bad,
 In both he did excel—
 His happy genius bade him take the pen,
 And dictated more fast than he could write :
 Sometimes becoming negligence adorn'd
 His verse, and nature shew'd they were her own ;
 Yet art he us'd where art could useful be,
 And sweated not to be correctly dull.

C O R Y D O N.

Had fate allow'd his life a longer thread,
 Adding experience to that wondrous freight
 Of youthful vigour, how would he have wrote !
 Equal to mighty * Pan's immortal verse ;
 He that now rules with undisputed sway,
 Guide of our pens, crown'd with eternal bays.

M E N A L C A S.

We wish for life, not thinking of its cares ;
 I mourn his death, the loss of such a friend :
 But for himself he dy'd in the best hour,
 And carry'd with him every man's applause.
 Youth meets not with Detraction's blotting hand,
 Nor suffers aught from Envy's canker'd mind.
 Had he known age, he would have seen the world
 Put on its ugliest, but its truest face ;
 Malice had watch'd the droppings of his pen,

* Dryden.—This and the two following lines are wanting
 in the copy prefixed to Oldham's Remains. N.

And

And ignorant youths, who would for critics pass,
 Had thrown their scornful jests upon his vein,
 And censur'd what they did not understand.
 Such was not my dear Astrophell: he's dead,
 And I shall quickly follow him. What's death,
 But an eternal sleep without a dream?
 Wrapt in a lasting darkness, and exempt
 From hope and fear, and every idle passion!

C O R Y D O N.

See, thy complaints have mov'd the pitying skies;
 They mourn the death of Astrophell in tears.
 Thy sheep, return'd from straying, round thee gaze,
 And wonder at thy mourning. Drive them home,
 And tempt thy troubled mind with easing sleep;
 To-morrow's chearful light may give thee comfort.

R E M E D Y O F L O V E.

BY JOHN EVELYN*, ESQ.

WOULD you be quite cur'd of love?
 From your mistress' sight remove.
 To the open fields repair;
 Cool'd with absence, and with air,
 You will soon be eas'd of care.

Seck

* Son of the great natural philosopher, and born at Sayes-
 Court near Deptford, upon the 14th of January 1654, and
 was there educated with great care. He was sent to Oxford
 in the year 1666, where he remained in the house of Dr.

Bathurst,

Seek out in another place
 Something fit for your embrace;
 Perhaps in a less charming face
 You may find a pleasing grace,
 Wit, or motion, dress, or art,
 Thousand things that may divert
 The torments of your throbbing heart.

If

Bathurst, then president of Trinity-college, before he was admitted a gentleman-commoner, which was in Easter-term 1688. It is not clear at what time he left Oxford; but Mr. Wood seems to be positive that he took no degree there, but returned to his father's house, and prosecuted his studies under his directions. It is supposed, however, that, during his residence in Trinity-college, he wrote that elegant Greek poem, which is prefixed to the second edition of the Sylva; and is a noble proof of the strength of his genius and wonderful progress in learning in the early part of his life. He discovered his proficiency soon afterwards, both in the ancient and modern languages, by his elegant translations; as well as his intimate acquaintance with the Muses, in some original poems, which were much admired. His works will be mentioned presently. He married Martha, daughter and co-heiress of Richard Spencer, esq; and, having a head as well turned for business as study, became one of the commissioners of the revenue in Ireland. He would probably have been advanced to higher employments, if he had lived; but he died at his house in London, upon the 24th of March 1698, in the 45th year of his age. He was father of the late sir John Evelyn, who was born at Sayes-Court

upon

If in this no ease you find,
But constant love still plagues your mind,
To your former flame return,
See if still her eyes do burn
With equal force; you'll find, perchance,
Less warmth in every amorous glance:
Seeing oft what we desire
Makes us less and less admire,
And will in time put out the fire.
Visit her betimes each morn,
Stand by her when she does adorn

upon the 2d of March 1681, and created a baronet by letters patent, bearing date July 30th, 1713. This gentleman's productions in the literary way were, 1. "Of Gardens, four books, first written in Latin verse by Renatus Rapinus, and now made English by John Evelyn, esq;" 1673, 8vo. Considering how much he must have been obliged to hear of gardens and plantations, we need not wonder that he should employ himself upon this subject. His father annexed the second book of this translation to his *Sylva*. 2. "The life of Alexander the Great, translated from the Greek of Plutarch." This was printed in the fourth volume of Plutarch's Lives by several hands. 3. "The history of the grand visiers, Mahomet and Achmet Coprogli; of the three last grand seigniors, their sultanas, and chief favourites; with the most secret intrigues of the seraglio." 1677, 8vo. This was a translation from the French, and has been esteemed an entertaining and instructive history. He was also author of several occasional poems, the best of which are here preserved. N.

Her head ; perhaps some borrow'd hair,
 Some ill-contriv'd, affected snare,
 Lewd song on table found, or prayer
 Nonfensical, may let you see,
 That what you thought divinity
 Is but a piece of puppetry.
 If still thy passion does remain,
 And unseen charms thy heart inchain,
 If she break thy sleep by night,
 Fly again the witch's fight ;
 Opium take, that may invite
 The gentle god to calm thy soul ;
 Peaceful slumbers Love control.
 Have a care of purling brooks,
 Of silent groves, and awful shade,
 They but to thy torment add,
 Love does there with ease invade.
 No music hear, no dying looks
 Behold, read no romantic books ;
 Books and music turn the head,
 Fools only sing, and madmen read :
 They with false notions fill the brain,
 Are only fit to entertain
 Women, and fops that are more vain.
 Love and folly still are found
 In those to make the deepest wound,
 Who think their passions to allay,
 By giving of them leave to sway
 A-while ; but they like winter torrents grow,
 And all our limits overflow.

II Never

ON VIRTUE, TO MR. S. G.

BY THE SAME.

FAIR Virtue, should I follow thee,
I should be naked and alone;

For thou art not in company,

And scarce art to be found in one.

Thy rules are too severe and cold,

To be embrac'd by vigorous youth;

And Fraud and Avarice arm the old

Against thy justice and thy truth.

He who, by light of reason led,

Instructs himself in thy rough school,

Shall all his life-time beg his bread,

And, when he dies, be thought a fool.

Though in himself he's satisfied

With a calm mind and chearful heart,

The world will call his virtue pride,

His holy life design and art.

The reign of Vice is absolute,

While good men vainly strive to rise;

They may declaim, they may dispute,

But shall continue poor and wise.

Honours and wealth are made by Fate

To wait on fawning Impudence,

To give insipid coxcombs weight,

And to supply the want of sense.

Mighty Pompey, whose great soul
Design'd the liberty of Rome,
In vain did Cæsar's arms control,
And at Pharfalia was o'ercome.

His virtue, constant in distress,
In Ptolemy no pity bred,
Who, barely guided by success,
Secur'd his peace with his friend's head.

Brutus, whom the gods ordain'd
To do what Pompey would have done,
The generous motion entertain'd,
And stabb'd the tyrant on his throne.

This god-like Brutus, whose delight
Was Virtue, which he had ador'd,
Haunted by spectres over-night,
Fell the next day on his own sword.

If, when his hope of victory lost,
This noble Roman could exclaim,
Oh Virtue, whom I courted most,
I find she's but an empty name!

In a degenerate age like this,
We with more reason may conclude,
That Fortune will attend on Vice,
Misery on those who dare be good.

T O E N V Y.

OVID, AMOR. BOOK I. ELEG. XV.

BY THE SAME.

ENVY, how dar'st thou say that I in vain
Have spent my years, or with false names profane
The sacred product of my fertile brain?

'Tis true, in th' art of war I am not skill'd,
No trophies did I e'er attempt to build
By gaining grinning honour * in the field.

I never try'd to learn the tedious laws,
Or fought, in pleading of a desperate cause,
To sell my breath for interest or applause.

Such little things I scorn; I nobly aim
At that which may secure a lasting fame,
And through the world immortalize my name.

Old Chaucer shall, for his facetious style,
Be read and prais'd by warlike Britons, while
The sea enriches, and defends their isle.

While the whole earth resounds Elisa's fame,
Who aw'd the French, and did the Spaniard tame,
The English will remember Spenser's name.

While flatterers thrive and parasites shall dine,
While commonwealths afford a Catiline,
Laborious Jonson shall be thought divine.

* "I like not such *grinning honour* as Sir Walter hath."
Shakspeare, 1 Henry IV. vol. V, p. 416. ed. 1778. N.

Thee, Shakspeare, poets ever shall adore;
Whose wealthy fancy left so vast a store,
They still refine thy rough but precious ore.

So long shall Cowley be admir'd above
The crowd, as David's troubles pity move,
Till women cease to charm, and youth to love.

While we the fall of our first parents grieve,
And worship him who did that fall retrieve,
Milton shall in majestic numbers live.

Dryden will last as long as wit and sense,
While judgement is requir'd to excellence,
While perfect language charms an audience.

As long as men are false, and women vain,
While gold continues to be Virtue's bane,
In pointed satire Wicherley shall reign.

When the aspiring Grecian in the East,
And haughty Philip is forgot i' th' West,
Then Lee and Otway's works shall be suppress'd.

While fathers are severe, and servants cheat,
Till bawds and whores can live without deceit,
Sedley and easy Etherege shall be great.

Stones will consume, age will on metals prey,
But deathless verse no time can wear away;
That stands the shock of years without decay.

When kingdoms shall be lost in sloth and lust,
When treasures fail, and glorious arms shall rust,
Verse only lifts itself above the dust.

Come, bright Apollo! then, let me drink deep
Of that blest spring thou dost for poets keep,
While in ignoble ease the world's asleep.

Let wreaths of tender myrtle crown my head,
Let me be still by anxious lovers read,
Envy'd alive, but honour'd when I'm dead.

Till after death, desert was never crown'd,
When my ashes are forgotten under ground,
Then my best part will be immortal found.

MARTIAL, BOOK VIII. EPIG. LVI.

BY THE SAME.

ALL other ages since our age excels,
And conquering Rome to so much greatness swells,
You wonder what's become of Maro's vein,
That none write battles in so high a strain.
Had Wit its patrons, Flaccus, now-a-days,
As once it had, more would contend for praise,
Thy villa would a mighty genius raise.
When Virgil was oppress'd by civil hate,
Robb'd of his flocks, and stripp'd of his estate,
In Tityrus' dress beneath a beech he fate.
Weeping in shades thus was the poet found,
Till brave Mæcenas rais'd him from the ground;
Knowing that Want would greatest minds betray,
He fear'd a Muse so God-like should decay,
And drove malicious Poverty away.

Freed

Freed from the want that now oppresses thee,
 Thou shalt for ever prince of poets be.
 In all my pleasures thou a part shalt bear,
 Thou shalt with me my dear Alexis share.
 The charming youth stood by his master's board,
 And with his ivory hands black Falern pour'd;
 With rosy lips each cup he first assay'd,
 Of such a draught Jove would himself be glad,
 And for Alexis change his Ganymed. }
 Down go the rude Bucolicks on the floor,
 Of bees and harvest now he writes no more, }
 Whose humble Muse had sung the great when poor. }
 Straight he exalts his voice to arms and kings,
 The Roman story and his hero sings.
 Mean thoughts upon a narrow fortune wait,
 The fancy is improv'd by an estate, }
 Favour and pension make a Laureat. }

HORACE, BOOK I. ODE VIII.

BY THE SAME.

LYDIA, I conjure you, say,
 Why haste you so to make away
 Poor Sybaris with love?
 Why hates he now the open air?
 Why heat, and clouds of dust to bear,
 Does he no more approve?
 Why leaves he off his martial pride?
 Why is he now afraid to ride
 Upon his Gallic steed?

Why

Why swims he not the Tyber o'er?

Or wrestles as he did before?

Whence do his fears proceed?

Why boasts he not his limbs grown black

With bearing arms, or his strong back

With which he threw the bar?

Is he like Thetis' son conceal'd,

And from all manly sports with-held,

To keep him safe from war?

THE PUNISHMENT.

BY THE SAME.

ON Hebrus bank as Orpheus fate,
Mourning Eurydice's hard fate,
The birds and beasts did on his music wait,
And trees and stones became compassionate;
Yet he, who all things else could move,
Was quite insensible to love.
Therefore, ye Gods, ye justly did ordain,
That he, who love and women did despise,
To the fair sex should fall a sacrifice,
And, for contempt of pleasure, suffer pain.

PART OF AJAX'S SPEECH.

OVID, METAM. BOOK XIII.

BY THE SAME.

THE princes fate, whom martial throngs inclose,
 When Ajax lord o' th' sevenfold shield arose.
 With just disdain and untam'd passion swell'd,
 Sigæum and the navy he beheld.
 Then lifting up his hands, Oh Jove! said he,
 Before this fleet, can my right question'd be?
 And dares Ulysses too contend with me?
 He, who, when Hector all our ships had fir'd,
 Far from the danger cowardly retir'd;
 While I alone the hostile flame sustain'd,
 And sav'd the burning navy with this hand?
 He'll therefore find it much his safest course,
 To trust to tropes and figures, not to force.
 His talent lies in prating, mine in war;
 And yet you so unequal judges are,
 That you prefer his pedantry and art,
 Before my conquering arm and generous heart.
 Of my exploits I nothing need to say,
 For they were all perform'd in open day,
 You saw them; his, if any, were all done
 By night, told of himself, but seen by none.

OUT

OUT OF SANNAZARIUS.

BY THE SAME.

NEPTUNE saw Venice on the Adria stand,
Firm as a rock, and all the sea command.
Think'st thou, O Jove! said he, Rome's walls excel?
Or that proud cliff whence false Tarpeia fell?
Grant Tyber best, view both; and you will say,
That men did those, Gods these foundations lay.

WRITTEN ON A LADY'S MASK.

BY THE SAME.

WELL may'st thou, envious mask, be proud,
That dost such killing beauties shroud!
Not Phœbus, when behind a cloud,
Of half those glories robs our eye,
As behind thee concealed lie.
I would have kept thee; but I find
My fair Elisa so unkind,
Thou wilt better service do
To keep her charms from human view:
For she is so strangely bright,
So surprizing, so divine,
That I know her very sight
Soon will make all hearts like mine.

ELEGY

ELEGY ON JOHN CROFTS, D. D. *

BY MATTHEW STEVENSON †.

HERE let his reverend dust in silence sleep ;
 I could add tears, were 't not a sin to weep ;
 Which heathens wont : what else in grief should we,
 But doubt, or envy his felicity ?
 Death, as in duty, came and snuff'd the light,
 As who should say to make it shine more bright.
 As to the shutting-in of nature's day,
 His evening red was, but his morning grey.
 The elements disputed Death's control,
 Nature was loath to part with such a soul.

As to his quality he doubly owes ;
 But which, to birth, or breeding more, who knows ?

The

* A younger son of sir John Crofts of Teddington in Bedfordshire ; at first a commoner of Lincoln College, Oxford ; afterwards fellow of All Souls, and M. A. and beneficed ; but, suffering for the royal cause, retired to Oxford, where he was created D. D. June 23, 1646. After the Restoration, by the interest of his brother, William lord Crofts of Sexham (an extinct title), he obtained the deanry of Norwich, where he was installed, Aug. 7, 1660 ; he died July 27, 1670 ; and was buried in the cathedral. N.

† Author of " Norfolk Drollery ; or, a compleat collection of the newest songs, jovial poems, and catches, &c. 1673." His head was engraved by Gaywood, with
 the

The first has him among the great ones reckon'd;
 And in the second he to none was second.
 But some have troubled at his passion been,
 Why should they so? a fly will have her spleen.
 He could be angry; and who lives but can?
 For could he not, he should be less than man.
 True, he was hasty at some cross event,
 But was again as hasty to repent.
 And be his choler at the worst believ'd,
 Whom his right hand depress'd, his left reliev'd.
 His strictness at the church's gates did well,
 No gates stand always ope, but those of hell.
 And since the lord his vineyard did restore,
 'Twas zeal, not choler, to keep out the boar.

Should I forbear a trophy here to raise him,
 (With reverence to the text) his works would praise him.

the following inscription, preserved in Mr. Walpole's Catalogue of engravers:

"The printer's profit, not my pride,
 Hath this idea signified;
 For he push'd out the merry play,
 And Mr. Gaywood made it gay."

These lines have misled Mr. Granger, who too hastily concluded that the facetious author must of course have been a *dramatic* writer. His "Merry Play" was evidently no other than his "Norfolk Drollery." Though very possibly he possessed a "share of that vanity which adheres to human nature," his poems are certainly introduced by two modest dedications; one, to the most virtuous and ingenious Madam Mary Hunt, of Sharington Hall; the other, to his noble friend Thomas Brown, esq; of Elsing Hall. N.

Impartial

Impartial eyes, survey what he has done;
 And you'll not say church-work went slowly on.
 Whose elegy each grateful stone presents,
 From th' humble base, to th' highest battlements.
 Others themselves wrap up in lasting lead,
 But he wrapt up the church in his own stead;
 Whose pinnacle he rear'd so high, it even
 Climbs up the clouds to reach his alms to heaven;
 Upon whose top, St. Peter may behold
 His monitor in characters of gold.
 Not but in this others pretend a share,
 But the dead challenge what the living spare.
 Now then for epitaph, this let him take:
 Here lies the temple's great Jehojada*,
 Who for the sums he, to repair it, spent,
 Has the whole church to be his monument.

A P R O L O G U E,

B Y M A J O R A S T O N †.

GENTLE reproofs have long been try'd in vain,
 Men but despise us while we but complain:
 Such numbers are concern'd for the wrong side,
 A weak resistance still provokes their pride;
 And cannot stem the fierceness of the tide.

Laugh-

* Whose history is given in 2 Kings, c. xi. N.

† Possibly James Aston of St. John's College, Oxford, whom Wood and Walker describe as "a captain in the king's army, and afterwards as a sufferer for his majesty's cause;"
but

Laughers, buffoons, with an unthinking crowd
 Of gaudy fools, impertinent and loud,
 Insult in every corner : want of sense,
 Confirm'd with an outlandish impudence,
 Among the rude disturbers of the pit,
 Have introduc'd ill breeding and false wit ;
 To boast their lewdness here young scourers meet,
 And all the vile companions of a street
 Keep a perpetual bawling near that door,
 Who beat the bawd last night, who bilk'd the whore :
 They snarl, but neither fight nor pay a farthing :
 A play-house is become a mere bear-garden ;
 Where every one with insolence enjoys
 His liberty and property of noise.
 Should true sense, with revengeful fire, come down,
 Our Sodom wants ten men to save the town :
 Each parish is infected ; to be clear,
 We must lose more than when the plague was here :
 While every little thing perks up so soon,
 That at fourteen it hectors up and down
 With the best cheats and the worst whores i' th' town ;
 Swears at a play who should be whipt at school,
 The foplings must in time grow up to rule,
 The fashion must prevail to be a fool.
 Some powerful Muse, inspir'd for our defence,
 Arise, and save a little common sense :

but who, after the Restoration, became well beneficed, and
 in April 1682 canon of Wells. He is certainly, however,
 "the little Aston" of Lord Mulgrave's satirical "Epistle to
 "Julian," English Poets, vol. XIV. p. 157. N.

In such a cause let thy keen satire bite,
 Where indignation bids thy genius write:
 Mark a bold leading coxcomb of the town,
 And single out the beast, and hunt him down;
 Hang up his mangled carcase on the stage,
 To fright away the vermin of the age.

OVID, DE TRIST. BOOK I. EL. XI.

COMPLAINING OF THREE YEARS BANISHMENT.

BY AN UNKNOWN WRITER.

CONDEMN'D to Pontus, tir'd with endless toil,
 Since banish'd Ovid left his native foil,
 Thrice has the frozen Ister stood, and thrice
 The Euxine sea been cover'd o'er with ice.
 Ten tedious years of siege the Trojans bore;
 But count my sorrow, I have suffer'd more:
 For me alone old Chronus stops his glass,
 For years, like ages, slowly seem to pass:
 Long days diminish not my nightly care,
 Both night and day their equal portion share.
 The course of nature sure is chang'd with me,
 And all is endless as my misery.
 Do Time and Heaven their common motion keep?
 Or are the Fates, that spin my thread, asleep?
 In Euxine Pontus here I hide my face,
 How good the name! but, oh, how bad the place!
 The people round about us threaten war,
 Who live by spoils, and thieves or pirates are:

No living thing can here protection have,
 Nay scarce the dead are quiet in their grave,
 For here are birds as well as men of prey,
 That swiftly snatch, unseen, the limbs away.
 Darts are flung at us by the neighbouring foe,
 Which oftentimes we gather as we go.
 He who dares plough (but few there are who dare)
 Must arm himself as if he went to war.
 The shepherd puts his helmet on, to keep,
 Not from the wolves, but enemies, his sheep :
 While mournfully he tunes his rural Muse,
 One foe the shepherd and his sheep pursues.
 The castle, which the safest place should be,
 Within from cruel tumults is not free.
 Oft dire contentions put me in a fright,
 The rude inhabitants with Grecians fight.
 In one abode amongst a barbarous rout
 I live, but when they please they thrust me out :
 My hatred to these brutes takes from my fear,
 For they are like the beasts whose skins they wear.
 Ev'n those who as we think were born in Greece
 Wrap themselves up in rugs and Persian frize ;
 They easily each other understand,
 But I, alas, am forc'd to speak by hand !
 Ev'n to these men (if I may call them so)
 Who neither what is right or reason know,
 I a Barbarian am ; hard fate to see,
 When I speak Latin, how they laugh at me !
 Perhaps they falsely add to my disgrace,
 Or call me wretched exile to my face.

Besides,

Besides, the cruel sword 'gainst Nature's laws
Cuts off the innocent without a cause.
The market-place, by lawless arms possess'd,
Has slaughter-houses both for man and beast.
Now, O ye Fates, 'tis time to stop my breath,
And shorten my misfortunes by my death.
How hard my sentence is, to live among
A cut-throat, barbarous, and unruly throng!
But to leave you, my friends, a harder doom,
Though banish'd here, I left my heart at Rome,
Alas, I left it where I cannot come * !

* After having continued long in favour at the court of Augustus, he fell under that Emperor's displeasure in the fiftieth year of his age. He says, in several parts of his works, the causes of his misery were two: his having composed books on the Art of Love, and his having *seen something*. He does not tell what it was he saw; but gives us to understand, that his books contributed less to his disgrace than that did: and on his complaining to Love, that, after labouring to enlarge *his* empire, he obtained nothing for his reward but banishment, Love answers,

“ Utque hoc, sic utinam defendere cætera posses:

“ Scis aliud, quod te læserit, esse magis.”

De Ponto, l. iii. ep. 3.

And in his second book De Tristibus, l. ii. ver. 103, he compares himself to unfortunate Actæon, who had undesignedly seen Diana naked, and suffered for it. Various attempts have been made to conjecture what he *saw*; but it still remains an uncertainty. N.

To be forbid the city, I confess,
 That were but just, my crime deserves no less.
 A place so distant from my native air
 Is more than I deserve, or long can bear.
 Why do I mourn ! the fate I here attend
 Is a less grief than Cæsar to offend !

ELEGY ON DR. WHITAKER*.

BY MR. JOSEPH HALL†.

BINDE ye my browes with mourning cyparisse,
 And palish twigs of deadlie poplar tree,
 Or if some sadder shades ye can devise,
 Those sadder shades vaile my light-loathing eie :
 I loath the laurel-bandes I loved best,
 And all that maketh mirth and pleasant rest.

If

* King's professor, and master of St. John's College, Cambridge ; he died in 1595. This elegy was annexed to the "Carmen Funcbre Caroli Horni, 1596." N.

† The reader is here presented with a beautiful poem, at present entirely unknown, by the ingenious and learned divine who early in life distinguished himself by his "Virgidemiarum, Satires in six books, 1597" (reprinted at Oxford 1753, 8vo). He was born and educated at Ashby-de-la-Zouch ; and at 15 was sent to Emanuel College, Cambridge, where he regularly obtained his degrees and a fellowship, and read the rhetoric lecture in the public schools for two years with great applause. In the prologue to the "Virgidemiarum," he calls himself the first satyrift in the English language ;

"I first

If ever breath dissolv'd the world to teares,
 Or hollow cries made heavens vault resound:
 If ever shrieks were sounded out so cleare,
 That all the worlds wast might heare around:
 Be mine the breath, the teares, the shrieks, the cries,
 Yet still my griefe unseene, unfounded lies.

Thou

“ I first adventure ; follow me who list,

“ And be the second English satyrift.”

About 1596 he was presented to the rectory of Halsted in Suffolk, and soon after married a wife with whom he lived happily 49 years. In 1605, he accompanied sir Edward Bacon to the Spa, where he composed his second “ Century of Meditations.” In 1612, he took the degree of D. D. obtained the donative of Waltham Holy Cross in Essex, and a little before had been made chaplain to prince Henry ; was made a prebendary of the collegiate church of Wolverhampton ; dean of Worcester, whilst absent in France on an embassy with lord Hay, in 1616 ; attended the king into Scotland as chaplain in 1617 ; and was sent to the synod of Dort in 1618, where he preached an admired Latin sermon. He refused the bishoprick of Gloucester in 1624 ; accepted that of Exeter in 1627 ; and in November 1641 was translated to Norwich. He was committed to the Tower on the 30th of January, whence in June 1642 he was released on giving 5000l. bail. Withdrawing to Norwich, he lived there in tolerable quiet till April 1643. But then, the order for sequestering notorious delinquents being passed, in which he was included by name, all his rents were stopped, and he had nothing to live on but what the parliament allowed him ; all the while suffering the greatest inconveniences, which he has given an

Thou flattering Sun, that ledst this loathed light,
 Why didst thou in thy saffron-robes arise?
 Or foldst not up the day in drierie night?
 And wakst the westernne worldes amazed eies?

And never more rise from the ocean,

To make the morn, or chase night-shades again.

Heare we no bird of day, or dawning morne,
 To greet the sun, or glad the waking eare:
 Sing out ye scrich-owles lowder then aforne,
 And ravens blacke of night; of death of driere:

And all ye barking foules yet never feene,

That fill the moonlesse night with hideous din.

account of in a piece, intituled his "Hard Measure." In the year 1647, he retired to a little estate, which he rented at Higham near Norwich; and in this retirement he ended his life on the 8th of September 1656, in the 82d year of his age. He was buried in the church-yard of that parish without any memorial: for in his will he has this passage, "I do not hold God's house a meet repository for the dead bodies of the greatest saints." He is universally allowed to have been a man of great wit and learning, and of as great meekness, modesty, and piety. He was so great a lover of study, that he earnestly wished his health would have allowed him to do it even to excess. His works, besides the Satires above-mentioned, make in all five volumes in folio and quarto; and "are filled, says Mr. Bayle, with fine thoughts, excellent morality, and a great deal of piety." His writings shew, that he was very zealous against popery; neither was he more favourable to those who separated from the mother-church without an extreme necessity. He lamented the divisions of protestants, and wrote something with a view of putting an end to them. N.

Now

Now shall the wanton Devils daunce in rings
 In everie mede, and everie heath hore :
 The Elvish Faeries, and the Gobelins :
 The hoofed Satyres silent heretofore :
 Religion, Vertue, Muses, holie mirth
 Have now forsworne the late forsaken earth.

The Prince of Darknesse gins to tyrannize,
 And reare up cruel trophees of his rage :
 Faint earth through her despairing cowardice
 Yeelds up herselfe to endlesse vassalage :
 What Champion now shal tame the power of Hell,
 And the unrulie spirits overquell ?

The worlds praise, the pride of Natures prooffe,
 Amaze of times, hope of our faded age :
 Religions hold, Earths choice, and Heavens love,
 Patterne of Vertue, patron of Muses sage :
 All these and more were Whitakers alone,
 Now they in him, and he and all are gone.

Heaven, Earth, Nature, Death, and every Fate
 Thus spoild the carelesse world of woonted joy :
 Whiles each repin'd at others pleasing state,
 And all agreed to work the worlds annoy :
 Heaven strove with Earth, Destiny gave the doome,
 That Death should Earth and Nature overcome.

Earth takes one part, when forced Nature fendes
 The soule, to flit into the yeelding skie :
 Sorted by death into their fatal ends,
 Foreseene, foresett from all eternitie :
 Destinie by Death spoyl'd feeble Natures frame,
 Earth was despoyl'd when Heaven overcame.

Ah, coward Nature, and more cruell Death,
Envyng Heaven, and unworthy mold,
Unweildy carkasse and unconstant breath,
That did so lightly leave your living hold :
How have ye all conspir'd our hopelesse spight,
And wrapt us up in Griefes eternall night.

Base Nature yeeldes, imperious Death commaundes,
Heaven desires, durst lowly dust denie ?
The Fates decreed, no mortall might withstand,
The spirit leaves his load, and lets it lie.

The fencelesse corpes corrupts in sweeter clay,
And waytes for worms to waste it quite away.
Now ginne your triumphes, Death and Destinies,
And let the trembling world witnesse your wast :
Now let blacke Orphney raise his gallly neighes,
And trample high, and hellish some outcast :
Shake he the earth and teare the hollow skies,
That all may feele and feare your victories.

And after your triumphant chariot,
Drag the pale corpes that thus you did to die,
To shew what goodly conquests ye have got,
To fright the world, and fill the woondring eie :
Millions of lives, of deathes no conquest were,
Compared with one onely Whitakere.

But thou, o soule, shalt laugh at their despite,
Sitting beyond the mortall mans extent,
All in the bosome of that blessed spright :
Which the great God for thy safe conduct sent,
He through the circling spheares taketh his flight,
And cuts the solid skie with spirituall might.

Open ye golden gates of Paradise,
 Open ye wide unto a welcome ghost:
 Enter, O soule, into thy boure of blisse,
 Through all the throng of Heavens hoast:

Which shall with triumph gard thee as thou go'st

With psalmes of conquest and with crownes of cost.

Seldome had ever soule such entertaines,

With such sweet hymnes, and such a glorious crowne.

Nor with such joy amidst the heavenly traines,

Was ever led to his Creators throne:

There now he lives, and sees his Saviours face,

And ever sings sweet songs unto his grace.

Meanwhile, the memorie of his mightie name,

Shal live as long as aged earth shal last:

Enrolled on berill walles of fame,

Ay ming'd, ay mourn'd: and wished oft in wast:

Is this to die, to live for evermore.

A double life: that neither liv'd afore?

JOS. HALL, Imman.

AD CAROLUM REGEM*.

JO. COTTON, FIL. & HERES THO. COTTON, BARONET.

TE, Rex, felicem numerosa propago coronat,

Atque tuas reliquas illa CORONA beat;

Augebitque tuum Diadema CORONA nepotum,

Addidit ut titulis Juno secunda tuis.

* See "Carmen Natalitium ad Cunas illustrissimæ Principis
 "Elizabethæ decantatum per humiles Cantabrigiæ Musas,
 "1635." N.

Quàm verè regnas, duplici redimite coronâ!

Insignit regem prima, secunda patrem.

JOANNES COTTON*, MAGD. CGLL. CANT.

ON MR. H. DICKINSON'S TRANSLATION
OF PERE SIMON'S CRITICAL HISTORY †.

OF all heaven's judgments, that was sure the worst,
When our bold fathers were at Babel curst:
Man, to whose race this glorious orb was given,
Nature's lov'd darling, and the joy of heaven,
Whose powerful voice the subject world obey'd,
And gods were pleas'd with the discourse he made;
He, who before did every form excel,
Beneath the most ignoble creature fell:
Every vile beast through the wide earth can rove,
And, where the sense invites, declare his love!
Sounds inarticulate move through all the race;
And one short language serves for every place:
But such a price did that presumption cost,
That half our lives in trifling words are lost.
Nor can their utmost force and power express
The soul's ideas in their native dress.
Knowledge, that godlike orn'ment of the mind,
To the small spot where it is born's confin'd.

* Sir John Cotton bart. of Landwade and Maddingley, of whom see vol. I. p. 139. He was grandfather to the present Sir John. In the printed Baronettage, the poet's father (the first baronet of the family) is called Sir *John*; in the Cambridge Verses he is called *Thomas*. N.

† See a poem by Otway, English Poets, vol. XI. p. 137. N.

But he, brave youth, the toilsome fate repeals,
 While his learn'd pen mysterious truth reveals.
 So did, of old, the cloven tongues descend;
 And Heaven's commands to every ear extend.
 And 'twas but just that all th' astonish'd throng
 Should understand the Galileans tongue,
 God's sacred law was for all Israel made;
 And in plain terms, to every tribe display'd.
 On marble pillars, his Almighty hands,
 In letters large, wrote the divine commands:
 But scarce they were so much in pieces broke,
 When Moses' wrath the people did provoke,
 As has the sacred cowl been torn and rent,
 T' explain what the All-wise Dictator meant.
 But now, t' our Egypt the great Prophet's come;
 And eloquent Aaron tells the joyful doom.
 From the worst slavery at last we're freed,
 And shall no more with stripes from error bleed;
 The learned Simon has th' hard task subdued;
 And holy tables the third time renew'd.
 Sinai be bless'd, where was receiv'd the law
 That ought to keep the rebel world in awe;
 And bless'd be he that taught us to invoke
 God's awful name, as God to Moses spoke.
 Nor does he merit less, who could so well
 From foreign language his great dictates tell:
 In our cold clime the pregnant soul lay hid;
 No virtual power mov'd the prolific seed,
 Till his kind genial heat preserv'd it warm;
 And to perfection wrought the noble form.

Never

Never did yet arrive so vast a store
 Of solid learning on the British shore :
 T' export it thence has been the greatest trade ;
 But he, at last, a full return has made.
 Raise up, ye tuneful bards, your voices raise,
 And crown his head with never-dying praise :
 And all ye Nimrod's mighty sons rejoice,
 While ev'ry workman knows the builder's voice.
 In Shinar's plain the lofty tower may rise,
 Till its vast head sustain the bending skies :
 In its own nature Truth is so divine,
 No sacred powers oppose this great design ;
 So dark a veil obscur'd her reverend head,
 The wisest travellers knew not where to tread,
 Blind zeal and mad enthusiasts shew'd the way,
 While wandering meteors led their eyes astray ;
 Through the dark maze without a clue they ran,
 And at best ended where they first began :
 But now at last we're brought so near her throne,
 At the next step the glorious crown's our own.

HORTI ARLINGTONIANI.

AD CL. DOM. HENRICUM COMITEM ARLINGTONIÆ.

AUCTORE C. DRYDEN*.

Magnificos propter saltus, & avita Jacobi
 Mœnio, quæ faciunt commercia duplicis aulae,
 Ac Ducis ac Divi nomen commune tuetur,
 Surgunt coëtilibus succincta palatia muris :

* Of whom, see vol. I. p. 56.

Quæ posita ad Zephyrum, radiis sol igneus aureis,
Illustrat moriente die, nascente salutatur.

Eximiam interea molem mirantur euntes,

Vulgusque, procereque: caducos plorat honores
Aulicus, & rerum fastigia lubrica damnat;

Felicemque vocat Dominum, cui tempora vitæ
Labuntur variis aulæ inconcussa procellis.

Et quamvis procul haud absint, tum plebis iniquæ

Improba garrulitas, tum clamor & ambitus aulæ,

Circumfusa quies, & pax incognita Magnis

Hic placidè regnant; & verum simplice cultu,

Propositique tenax virtus, & pectus honestum.

Namque ubi prima diem surgens Aurora reducit,

Et matutinæ sudant sub roribus herbæ,

Nulla volans fumante viam rota turbine versat,

Crebra putres sonitu nec verberat ungula glebas:

Hinc procul imbelles persultant pabula damæ,

Atque piâ placidos curant dulcedine foetus;

Inde, loquax ripas & aquosa cubilia linquens

Fertur anas, madidis irroram æthera pennis.

Vos O Pierides molli testudine Musæ,

Dicite pulchricomis depictum floribus hortum:

Nullus abest cui dulcis honos, quem mille pererrant

Formosæ Veneres, pharetrâque Cupido tuetur.

Non illum Alcinoi floreta, aut Thessala Tempe

Exuperant, quanquam hæc qui fingunt omnia, Vates

Mendaci sublime ferant ad sidera cantu.

Areaque in medio est multum spectabilis horto,

Ordinibus raris palorum obducta, tuentum

Lætificans oculos ac dona latentia prodens:

Nempe

Nempe hæc per spatia flores transmittit iniqua
 Distinctos variis maculis, & suave rubentes.
 Non illic violæ, neque candida lilia defunt:
 Parva loquor: quicquid nostro Deus invidet orbi.
 Hic viget, & quicquid tepidi vicinia solis
 Lætior Hesperiiis educit germen in arvis.
 Qualia sæpe inter moriens floreta Cupido
 Conjugis æterno jacuit devinctus amore;
 Te solam cupiens, in te pulcherrima Psyche
 Arsit, & heu propriis fixit præcordia telis!

Nec sine nomine erunt myrteta, nec aurea poma;
 Quæ quoniam calido nascuntur plurima cælo
 Et brumas indocta pati nimbosque ruentes,
 Nec fas hic teneras ramorum effundere fœtus:
 Protinus hybernis clauduntur ab æthere tectis,
 Spirantesque premunt animas, ne poma caduca
 Vel glacies lædat, teneras vel frigora myrtos:
 Tum vero, æstate in mediâ, stabula alta relinquunt,
 Scilicet, & tutas de cortice trudere gemmas,
 Inque novos soles audent se credere, molles
 Ut captent Zephyros impune, ac lumen amicum.

Nec te præteream, tenebris quæ dives opacis
 Sylva vires, vento motis peramabilis umbris:
 Hic magnus labor ille & inextricabilis error,
 Per quem mille viis errantem Thesea duxit,
 Ah nimis infelix per fila sequentia virgo!
 Securi hic tenero ludunt in gramine amantes;
 Nec reperire viam curant, ubi lumina vesper
 Deficiente die accendit; sed longius ipsam
 Hic secum placidè cupiunt consumere noctem:

Dum

Dum super arboreos modulans lusciniâ ramos,
Dulce melos iterat, tenerosque invitat amores.

Quinetiam extremo surgit conterminus horto
Mons felix, albis quem circum gessamis ornat
Floribus, ac lætas dat prætereuntibus umbras.
Hunc super ascendit turbâ comitante virum Rex
Augustus, proceresque caput supereminet omnes;
Atque pedem properans graditur, visticgia volvens
Grandia, nec feræ meminit decedere nocti.
Omnibus ante oculos divini ruris imago,
Et sincera quies operum, rerumque nitescit
Incorruptus honos, & nescia fallere vita.

Nec non hic solus placidi super ardua montis,
Clare Comes, tecum meditaris, mente ferenâ
Munera Dædaleæ naturæ; animusque recedit
In loca sacra, fugitque procul contagia mundi.
Despicere unde queas miseros, passimque videre
Mortales, vitæ subeuntes mille pericla;
Continuò inter se niti præstante labore,
Divitiis inhiare & habenas fumere rerum;
Deturbare throno Regem, magnasque aliorum
Fortunas ambire, ac nigris fervere curis.
Dum Tu, magne Comes, minimâ sine parte doloris,
Prospicis ex alto viridantes gramine saltus:
Undique confluxam hinc turbam, lautisque crepantes
Sub pedibus cochleas, teneras queis fibula dives
Connectit soleas, gemmis imitantibus ignes:
Inde lacus lustras, puroque canalialia rivo
Lucida, magnificam neque lumen niçtat ad aulam.

Inter purpureos, Regi gratissime, patres,
O Dium,

O Dium, fidumque caput, venerabile gentis
 Præsidium ! O magnos jamdudum exute labores !
 Sæpius hic tecum placido spatieris in horto,
 Traducens faciles, sed non inglorius annos ;
 Et vitam studiis florentem nobilis otî !
 Dum timor omnis abest, curæque incendia luctus,
 Nec tibi vel telis audet fortuna nocere,
 Vel struere infidias canis. Tibi libera transis
 Tempora, & accedis tantum non hospes ad aulam.
 O felix animi, quem non ratione relictâ,
 Spes elata trahit laudumque arrecta cupido ;
 Nec miserè insomnes cogunt disperdere noctes !
 At secura quies, animæ divina voluptas,
 Mitiaque emeritam solantur fata senectam.

Unica Regali connubit filia stirpi,
 Anglia quas habuit pulchris prælata puellis.
 Quæ posses meliora Deos ? quæ pondere vasto
 Corruit usta domus, flammæ secura minacis
 Ecce stat, è tantis major meliorque ruinis !

Scilicet hanc rerum alma Parens, ut vidit ab alta
 Nube Verus ; circum divini colla Mariti
 Fusa super, roseoque arridens suaviter ore,
 Sic Divum alloquitur : nostros delectat ocellos
 Pulchra domus, sævis olim consumpta favillis :
 En hujus (si fata finant) celebrabitur Hæres
 Herois divina, & me dignissima cura !
 Pallas & hoc poscit (proprio favet illa Ministro ;)

Qui Divam colit, ac similes assurgit ad artes.

Vincitur illecebris Deus ; & jubet omine læto
 Stare diu, longosque domum superesse per annos.

TRANS-

TRANSLATED BY MR. SAM. BOYSE*.

NEAR to those domes th' indulgent powers assign
The sacred seat of Stuart's majestic line;
(Those rising towers, that, known to ancient fame,
Bear both the Monarch's and the Martyr's name);
Near those fair lawns, and intermingled groves,
Where gentle Zephyrs breathe and sporting Loves;

A

* Son of Joseph Boyse, a Dissenting minister of great eminence in Dublin (who was one of the 16 children of Mr. Matthew Boyse of Leeds) well known by his controversial writings against Abp. King.—Samuel was born in 1708, and received his education at Dublin; at 18, he was sent to the university of Glasgow; and, marrying before he was 20, returned to Dublin with his wife, where the conduct of neither was commendable. The husband, who had no graces of person and fewer still of conversation, passed his time in abject trifling; the wife, in intrigue: and their extravagance reduced his father to indigence. In 1731 young Boyse resided at Edinburgh, where he published a volume of poems, addressed to the countess of Eglington, the patroness of all men of wit. Here also Mr. Boyse particularly distinguished himself by an elegy, called “The Tears of the Muses,” on the death of the viscountess Stormont; which introduced him to the noble viscount; and also to the duchess of Gordon, who had engaged for him an office in the customs, which he lost by an unpardonable remissness. The duchess sent him to London with recommendations to Mr. Pope and the lord chancellor King. He went to Twickenham; but, the poet

A frame there stands, that rears its beauteous height,
 And strikes with pleasing ravishment the sight.
 Full on the front the orient sun displays
 His chearful beams; and, as his light decays,
 Again adorns it with his western rays.
 Here wondering crowds admire the owner's state,
 And view the glories of the fair and great;
 Here falling statesmen Fortune's changes feel,
 And prove the turns of her revolving wheel;

Then

not being at home, he never repeated the visit; by the peer he was most graciously received. From this period he wrote many poems; but those, though excellent in their kind (and sufficient, it is said, to have filled at least six volumes) were lost to the world, by being introduced with no advantage. He had so strong a propensity to groveling, that his acquaintance were generally of such a cast as could be of no service to him; and those in higher life he addressed by letters, not having sufficient confidence or politeness to converse familiarly with them; a freedom to which he was intitled by the power of his genius. His genius was not confined to poetry only; but he had a taste for painting, music, and heraldry, with the latter of which he was well acquainted. Many of his poems are in the Gent. Mag. signed Y. and Alceus. In 1743 he published his "Albion's Triumph," an ode on the battle of Dettingen; and in or about 1745 wrote an admirable poem called "The Deity," which Mr. Pope declared, on its publication, contained many lines of which he should not be ashamed. It was also commended by the late Henry Fielding, who gave a quotation from it, (see Tom Jones, B. vii. C. 1.) and at the same time very justly styled it *a noble one*.

This

Then envy, mighty Arlington, thy life
 That feels no tempest, and that knows no strife.
 Whence every jarring sound is banish'd far,
 The restless vulgar, and the noisy bar;
 But heavenly Peace that shuns the courtier-train,
 And Innocence, and conscious Virtue, reign.

Here when Aurora brings the purple day,
 And opening buds their tender leaves display;
 While the fair vales afford a smiling view,
 And the fields glitter with the morning dew;
 No rattling wheel disturbs the peaceful ground,
 Or wounds the ear with any jarring sound;

This unfortunate man, by addicting himself to low vices, among which were gluttony and extravagance, rendered himself so contemptible and wretched, that he frequently was without the least subsistence for days together. After squandering away in a dirty manner any money which he acquired, he has been known to pawn all his apparel; and in that state was frequently confined to his bed, sitting up with his arms through holes in a blanket, writing verses in order to procure the means of existence. It seems hardly credible, but it is certainly true, that he was more than once in that deplorable situation, and to the end of his life never derived any advantage from the experience of his past sufferings. A late collector of poems (Mr. Giles) says, he was informed by Mr. Sandby the bookseller, that this unhappy man at last was found dead in his bed, with a pen in his hand, and in the act of writing, in the same manner as above described. He died in Shoe-Lane, in May, 1749, and was buried at the expence of the parish. See Gent. Mag. 1779, p. 32; and Cibber's Lives of the Poets, vol. V. p. 160. N.

Th' unwearied eye with ceaseless rapture strays,
 And still variety of charms surveys *.
 Here watch the fearful deer their tender fawns,
 Stray through the wood, or browse the verdant lawns :
 Here from the marshy glade the wild-duck springs,
 And slowly moves her wet incumber'd wings :
 Around soft Peace and Solitude appear,
 And golden Plenty crowns the smiling year.

Thy beauteous gardens charm the ravish'd sight,
 And surfeit every sense with soft delight ;
 Where-e'er we turn our still transported eyes,
 New scenes of Art with Nature join'd arise ;
 We dwell indulgent on the lovely scene,
 The lengthen'd vista or the carpet green ;
 A thousand graces bless th' enchanted ground,
 And throw promiscuous beauties all around.

Within thy fair parterres appear to view
 A thousand flowers of various form and hue.
 There spotless lilies rear their sickly heads,
 And purple violets creep along the beds ;
 Here shews the bright jonquil its gilded face,
 Join'd with the pale carnation's fairer grace ;
 The painted tulip and the blushing rose
 A blooming wilderness of sweets compose.

In such a scene great Cupid wounded lay,
 To Love and Psyche's charms a glorious prey ;
 Here felt the pleasing pain and thrilling smart,
 And prov'd too well his own resistless dart.

* The house and gardens were situated at the North East corner of the Green Park, where Arlington-street stands. N. High

High in the midst appears a rising ground,
 With greens and ballustrades inclos'd around :
 Here a new wonder stops the wandering sight,
 A dome * whose walls and roof transmit the light ;
 Here foreign plants and trees exotic thrive,
 And in the cold unfriendly climate live ;
 For when bleak Winter chills the rolling year,
 The guarded strangers find their safety here ;
 And, fenc'd from storms and the inclement air,
 They sweetly flourish ever green and fair ;
 Their lively buds they shoot, and blossoms show,
 And gaily bloom amidst surrounding snow.

But when the genial Spring all Nature cheers,
 And Earth renew'd her verdant honours wears ;
 The golden plants their wonted station leave,
 And in the milder air with freedom breathe :
 Their tender branches feel th' enlivening ray,
 Unfold their leaves, and all their pomp display ;
 Around their fragrant flowers the Zephyrs play,
 And waft the aromatic scents away.

Not far from hence a lofty wood appears,
 That, spite of age, its verdant honours wears,
 Here widely spread does ample shade display,
 Expel the sun, and form a doubtful day.
 Here thoughtful Solitude finds spacious room,
 And reigns through all the wide-extended gloom ;
 Beneath the friendly covert lovers toy,
 And spend the flying hours in amorous joy ;

* The Green-house.

Unmindful of approaching night they sport,
While circling pleasures new attention court;
Or through the Maze forgetfully they stray,
Lost in the pleasing sweetly-winding way:
Or, stretch'd at ease upon the flowery grass,
In tales of love the starry night they pass;
While the soft nightingale through all the groves
His song repeats, and soothes his tender loves;
Whose strains harmonious and the silent night
Increase the joy, and give compleat delight.

A curious terrace stops the wandering eye,
Where lovely jasmines fragrant shade supply;
Whose tender branches, in their pride array'd,
Invite the wanderer to the grateful shade:
From hence afar a various prospect lies,
Where artless Nature courts the ravish'd eyes;
The sight at once a thousand charms surveys,
And, pleas'd, o'er villages and forests strays:
Here harvests grow, and lawns appear, and woods,
And gently rising hills, — and distant floods.

Here, Arlington, thy mighty mind disdains
Inferior earth, and breaks its servile chains,
Aloft on Contemplation's wings you rise,
Scorn all below, and mingle with the skies;
Where, rais'd by great Philosophy, you soar,
And worlds remote in boundless space explore;
There from your height divine with pity view
The various cares that busy men pursue;
Where each by different ways aspires to gain
Uncertain happiness with certain pain:

While

While you, well pleas'd, th' exalted raptures know,
That do from conscious truth and virtue flow;
And, blessing all, by all around you blest,
You take the earnest of eternal rest.

You, who have left the public cares of state,
Another Scipio in retirement great,
Have chang'd your royal master's * gentle smiles,
For solitude divine, and rural toils;
In vain the call of Glory sounds to arms;
In vain Ambition shews her painted charms;
While in the happy walk, or sacred shade,
No anxious cares thy soul serene invade;
Where all the heavenly train thy steps attend,
Sooth every thought, from every ill defend:
Such was the lot th' immortal Roman chose;
Great in his triumphs, greater in repose!

Thus blest with smiling Heaven's indulgent store,
Canst thou in wishes lavish ask for more?
Yet more they give — thy good old age to bless,
And fill the sum of mortal happiness:
Thy only daughter, Britain's boasted grace,
Join'd with a hero of the royal race †;
And that fair fabrick which our wondering eyes
So lately saw from humble ruins rise,

* The earl had been lord chamberlain to K. Charles the Second, who made him a baron in 1661, and an earl in 1672. He died in 1685. N.

† Henry Fitzroy the first duke of Grafton married lady Isabella, the earl of Arlington's only child and heir. N.

And mock the rage of the devouring flame !
 A nobler structure, and a fairer frame !
 Whose beauties long shall charm succeeding days,
 And tell posterity the founder's praise.

When from divine Olympus' towering height,
 All-beauteous Venus saw the pleasing sight,
 In dimpled smiles and looks enchanting drest,
 Thus powerful Jove the charming queen addrest :
 " Behold the lovely feat, and let thy care
 " Indulgent bless th' united happy pair ;
 " Here long their place their happy race assign,
 " By Virtue still distinguish'd may they shine ;
 " In the request immortal Pallas joins,
 " (Long has the patriot offer'd at her shrines)
 " With love of arts his God-like bosom glows,
 " And treads those paths by which the Goddess rose."
 The awful father gave the gracious sign,
 And fix'd the fortunes of the glorious line.

T O T H E N I G H T I N G A L E

• C O M I N G I N T H E S P R I N G ; T O I N V I T E C H L O E
 F R O M T H E T U M U L T S O F T H E T O W N T O T H E
 I N N O C E N T R E T R E A T I N T H E C O U N T R Y .

W R I T T E N B Y A P E R S O N O F Q U A L I T Y , 1 6 8 0 .

L I T T L E songster, who dost bring
 Joy and music to the Spring,
 Welcome to our grateful swains,
 And the nymphs that grace the plains.
 How the youths thy absence mourn !
 What their joy at thy return !

For

For their mirth and sports are done
All the year that thou art gone :
But at thy approach their joys
Take new date from thy dear voice.
Every shepherd chooses then
Some fair nymph for Valentine,
While the maid with equal love
Does the happy choice approve :
Underneath some shade he sits,
Where soft silence Love begets ;
And in artless sighs he bears
Untaught passion to her ears.
No deceit is in his tongue,
Nor she fears, nor suffers wrong ;
But each other's faith believe,
And each hour their loves revive.

Often have I wish'd to be,
Happy Damon, blest as thee ;
Not that I for Sylvia pine,
Sylvia, who is only thine ;
But that Chloe cannot be
Kind, as Sylvia is to thee.

Thou, dear bird, whose voice may find
Charms perhaps to make her kind,
Bear a message to her breast,
And make me happy as the rest,
In the place * where tumult dwells,
Treasons lurk, ambition swells,

* London, in the Plot-time.

Pride erects her monstrous head,
And Perjury swears the guiltless dead,
Power oppresses, Envy pines,
Friends betray, and Fraud designs,
Fears and Jealousy surprize
Rest and slumber from our eyes,
And where Vice all ill contains,
And in gloomy glory reigns ;
Where the loyal, brave and just,
Are victims to fanatic lust,
Where the noble Stafford's blood
Calls from Heaven revenge aloud,
In this place there lives a maid,
Bright as Nature ever made,
Fair beyond dull beauty's name
Can express her lovely frame.
In her charming eyes reside
Love, Disdain, Desire, and Pride.
Such, we know not which to call,
But has the excellence of all.
The first blushes of the day
Or the new-blown rose in May,
Or the aich Sidonian dye
Wrought for Eastern majesty,
Is not gayer than the red
Nature on her cheeks has spread.
Her soft lips still feed new wishes
Of a thousand fancy'd kisses.
Gently swelling, plump and round,
With young Smiles and Graces crown'd ;

Her

Her round breasts are whiter far
Than the backs of ermins are,
Or the wanton breast of Jove,
When a swan for Leda's love.
Eyes that charm whene'er they dart,
And never miss the destin'd heart.
Would'st thou have me tell thee more,
And describe her beauties o'er;
I perhaps might make a rape
On my Idea's naked shape:
Therefore fly, you'll quickly see
By this picture which is she.
Tell her, the loud winds are dumb,
Winter's past, and Spring is come,
The delightful Spring! that rains
Sweets and plenty o'er the plains,
And with shady garlands crown'd
All the woods and groves around.

If she see the winged quire
Chuse this season to retire
To the shelter of the grove,
'Tis by instinct (say) of Love.

If she see the herds and flocks
Wanton round the meads and rocks,
Thus their wishing males to move,
'Tis the instinct (say) of Love.

If she see the bull among
Crowds of females sleek and young,
Fight his rival of the drove,
'Tis by instinct (say) of Love.

If

If she see the blooming vines,
In their season, fold their twines
Round the oak that near her grows,
Say, 'tis Nature mix'd their boughs:
Then, if instinct these do move,
We by reason ought to love.

Tell the fair-one, every day
Youth and beauty steal away,
And within a little space
Will destroy her charming face.
Every grace and smile, that lies
Languishing in lips and eyes,
First he'll make his prey, and then
Leave to Death what does remain:
Who old Time does only send
To begin what he must end,
If she ask what hour and place,
Where and when, Time wounds the face;
Say, it is not in the night,
Nor when day renews her light,
In the morning, or at noon,
Or at evening when alone,
Or when entertain'd at home,
Or abroad this hour will come;
But swift Time is always by,
First to perfect, then destroy:
And in vain you seek a cure
Since his wounds are every hour.
Bid her view Aurelia's brow,
Naked of her glories now,

Yet

Yet she once could charm the throng,
Conquering with her eyes and tongue.
Now, only 's left this weak relief,
(To support her years and grief):
When she could she us'd her prime,
And enjoy'd the fruits of time:
And where-ever she profess'd
Love or hate, she kill'd or blest:
While the neighbouring plains were fill'd
With their names she lov'd and kill'd.

Oh, when youth and beauty's past,
That poor pleasure that does last
Is to think they were admir'd,
And by every youth desir'd,
While the dotage of each swain
She return'd with scorn again.

Oh, then let my Chloe know,
When her youth is faded so,
And a race of nymphs appears,
Gay and sprightly in their years,
Proud and wanton in their loves,
While the shepherds of the groves
Strive with presents who shall share
Most the favours of the fair;
And herself she does behold
Like Aurelia now grown old,
Sighing to herself she'll say,
I was once ador'd, as they!
Yet with pleasure think, that she
Lov'd and was belov'd by me.

Therefore bid her haste and prove,
 While she may, the joys of Love.
 I will lead her to a foil
 Where perpetual Summers smile,
 Without Autumn, which bereaves
 Fairest cedars of their leaves ;
 Where she shall behold the meads
 Ever green, the groves with shades :
 Lasting flowers the banks shall wear,
 And birds shall warble all the year.
 Where the rustic swain does owe
 Nothing to the spade and plow ;
 For their harvest, Nature's care,
 Without toil relieves them there,
 And no differing seasons bring
 Changes to the constant Spring.
 In the morn she shall awake
 With the noise the shepherds make,
 Chearing, with the echoing sounds
 Of their horns, the eager hounds.
 Nymphs, as well as shepherds too,
 In these groves the chace pursue.
 While at their backs their flowing hair
 Loosely wantons in the air ;
 Gilded quivers on their thighs,
 With darts less fatal than their eyes.
 Each the other's sloth does blame,
 While they seek the hart for game ;
 Who, poor fool, his feet employs,
 And through woods and dales he flies,

Over

Over plains and rivers bounds,
And out-flies the winds and hounds.
When perhaps some nymph, whose eyes
Makes both men and beast her prize,
Swifter than Camilla's pace
Soon o'er-takes the winged race,
And with one bright glance she wounds,
And his fancy'd hope confounds;
Who, reflecting his faint eyes
On her face, with pleasure dies.

When the sports are done, they rest
Underneath some shade, and feast
On sweet beds of violets, crown'd
With sweet roses on the ground.
Where they garlands weave, and poses
Of green myrtle, pinks, and roses:
For which grace the ravish'd swains
Pay soft kisses for their pains.
Thus they dally till the light
Falls behind the scene of night.

S O N G.

I.

GO tell Amynta, gentle swain,
I would not die, nor dare complain:
Thy tuneful voice with numbers join,
Thy words will more prevail than mine.
To souls oppress'd and dumb with grief,
The Gods ordain this kind relief;

That

That music should in sounds convey,
What dying lovers dare not say.

II.

A sigh or tear perhaps she'll give,
But Love on Pity cannot live.
Tell her that hearts for hearts were made,
And Love with Love is only paid.
Tell her my pains so fast encrease,
That soon they will be past redress;
But ah! the wretch that speechless lies,
Attends but Death to close his eyes.

ON THE KING'S HOUSE,

BUILDING AT WINCHESTER*.

AS soon as mild Augustus could assuage
A bloody civil war's licentious rage,
He made the blessing that he gave increase,
By teaching Rome the softer arts of peace.

* On or near the scite of King Arthur's Castle, king Charles II. in 1683 laid the foundation of a magnificent royal palace, only the shell of which was finished. A cupola was designed 30 feet higher than the roof, which would have been seen at sea; and a street was intended leading from the West end of the cathedral to the centre of the front. The length of the whole is 328 feet. A park was also projected ten miles in circumference; but the death of the king prevented the progress and execution of this noble plan. The palace is at present converted into a commodious prison for French prisoners of war. See Warton's Description of Winchester, p. 11. N.

The

The sacred temples, wanting due repair,
Had first their wounds heal'd with a pious care;
Nor ceas'd his labour till proud Rome outvy'd
In glory all the subject world beside.
Thus Charles, in peace returning to our isle,
With building did his regal cares beguile.
London, almost consum'd but to a name,
He rescues from the fierce devouring flame;
Its hostile rage the burning town enjoy'd,
For he restor'd as fast as that destroy'd:
'Twas quickly burnt, and quickly built again,
The double wonder of his halcyon reign.
Of Windsor castle (his belov'd retreat
From this vast city troublesomely great)
'Twas Denham only with success could write,
The nation's glory, and the king's delight.
On Winchester my Muse her song bestows,
She that small tribute to her country owes.
To Winchester let Charles be ever kind,
The youngest labour of his fertile mind.
Here ancient kings the British sceptre sway'd,
And all kings since have always been obey'd.
Rebellion here could ne'er erect a throne,
For Charles that blessing was reserv'd alone.
Let not the stately fabric you decree,
An immature, abortive palace be,
But may it grow the mistress of your heart,
And the full heir of Wren's stupendous art!
The happy spot on which its sovereign dwells,
With a just pride above the city swells,

That like a loyal subject chose to lie
 Beneath his feet with humble modesty;
 Fast by a reverend church extends its wings,
 And pays due homage to the best of kings.
 Nature, like Law, a monarch will create,
 He's situated head of Church and State.
 The graceful Temple that delights his eye
 (Luxurious toil of former piety)
 Has vanquish'd envious Time's devouring rage,
 And, like Religion, stronger grows by age:
 It stems the torrent of the flowing years,
 Yet gay as youth the sacred pile appears.
 Of its great rise we no records have known,
 It has out-liv'd all memory but its own*.
 The monumental marbles us assure,
 It gave the Danish monarchs sepulture.
 Here Death himself inthrones the crowned head,
 For every tomb's a palace to the dead.
 But now my Muse, nay rather all the nine,
 In a full chorus of applauses join
 Of your great Wykeham!
 Wykeham, whose name can mighty thoughts infuse,
 But nought can ease the travail of my Muse;

* About the year 1079, bishop Walkelyne began the present edifice, on the site of an older; and finished the tower, the choir, the transept, and probably the West end. The whole was nobly improved by William of Wykeham (the munificent founder of New College, Oxford) in 1394; and by bishop Fox, the pious founder of Corpus Christi College in Oxford, who was bishop of Winchester from 1502 to 1528. See Warton, p. 69, & seqq. N.

Press'd

Press'd with her load, her feeble strength decays,
 And she's deliver'd of abortive praise.
 Here he for youth erects a nursery,
 The great coheirefs of his piety * ; [trace,
 Where they through various tongues coy knowledge
 This is the barrier of their learned race,
 From which they start, and all along the way
 They to their God and for their sovereign pray,
 And from their infancies are taught t' obey. }
 Oh ! may they never vex the quiet nation,
 And turn apostates to their education !
 When with these objects Charles has fill'd his sight,
 Still fresh provoke his seeing appetite.
 A healthy country opening to his view,
 The chearful pleasures of his eyes renew.
 On neighbouring plains the courfers, wing'd with speed,
 Contend for plate, the glorious victor's meed.
 Over the course they rather fly than run,
 In a wide circle like the radiant sun.
 Then fresh delights they for their prince prepare,
 And hawks (the swift-wing'd courfers of the air)
 The trembling bird with fatal haste pursue,
 And seize the quarry in their master's view.
 Till, like my Muse, tir'd with the game they've found,
 They stoop for ease, and pitch upon the ground.

* The first stone was laid March 26, 1387, near a school in which Wykeham, when a boy, was educated; and the building was completed March 28, 1393. By the first charter a warden and 70 scholars were established; by a second, 10 fellows and the officers of the choir. See Warton, p. 68. N.

ON THE DEATH OF MELANTHA.

WEEP, all ye virgins, weep o'er this sad hearse,
And you great goddesses of immortal verse,

Come here a while and mourn :

Weave not with rosy crowns your hair,

Let tears be all the gems you wear,

And shed them plentifully on this urn.

For 'tis Melantha, 'tis that lovely fair,

That lies beneath this weeping marble here.

But would you know, why she has took her flight

Into the bosom of eternal night,

Before her beauties scarce had shew'd their light :

Hark, and lament her fate :

As the young God of Love one day

Sat on a rock at play,

And wantonly let fly his darts

Among the nymphs and shepherds hearts,

Melantha by unhappy chance came by.

Love jesting cry'd, I'll make her prove

The godhead, she contemn'd, of Love.

In scorn she bade him strike, and did his shaft defy.

While the boy slightly threw a dart

To wound, but not destroy, her heart.

But greedy Death, fond of this beauteous prey,

Caught the swift arrow as it flew,

And added to 't his own strength too,

Which made so deep a wound, that, as she lay,

In silent sighs she breath'd her soul away.

Then

Then all the little gods began to weep,
 Oh, let your sighs with theirs due measure keep—
 For fair Melantha she is dead,
 Her beautiful soul to Death's dark empire's fled.
 Flora, the bounteous goddess of the plains,
 Who in fresh groves and sweetest meadows reigns,
 Hearing the fair Melantha dead,
 Brought all her odorous wealth, to spread
 Over the grave where she was laid.
 Then straight the infant spring began to fade,
 And all the fields where she did keep
 And fold her bleating flocks of sheep,
 Their influence lost, with her fair eyes decay'd;
 For fair Melantha, by whose cruel pride
 So many sad despairing swains had dy'd,
 Felt love at last; but death she rather chose
 Than own she lov'd, or the hid flame disclose.
 Speak, Muses, for ye hold immortal state
 With gods, and know the mysteries of Fate;
 You all, whatever's past or present, see,
 And read th' unwritten pages o'er
 Of Time's great chronicle, before
 Events, and Time, had writ what Fate resolv'd should be.
 Tell me, what Beauty is, whose force controls
 Reason and power, and over mankind rules:
 Kings stoop to Beauty, and the crowns they wear
 Shine not with so much lustre as the Fair.
 Beauty a larger empire does command
 Than the great monarch of the seas and land.

She can the coldest anchorites inflame,
Cool tyrants' rage, and stroke their passions tame.
She can call youth to her forsaken seat
In wither'd veins, and give new life and heat.
She can subdue the fierce, the proud, and strong,
Give courage to the weak, the fearful, and the young.
Beauty, the only deity we know,
With fear and awe we to her altars go,
And there our purest zeal of prayers and vows bestow.
Sure then it only seems to die,
And, when it leaves us, mounts above
To the eternal roof of Jove,
To be a constellation, and enrich the sky.
But, should I search the spangled sphere
For metamorphos'd beauty there,
Nothing of Helen now is seen,
Nor the fair Egyptian queen;
Or thou, whose eyes were constellations here:
Oh then thy fate we can't enough deplore,
With thee thy beauty dy'd, and 'tis no more.
Then let us give Melantha's fate its due;
Strew cypresses on her hearse, and wreaths of yew,
For fair Melantha, poor Melantha's dead,
Her fighting soul to Death's eternal empire's fled.

THE COURT-PROSPECT.

BY MR. CHARLES HOPKINS *.

TO THE DUTCHESS OF ORMOND, 1699.

MADAM, that your Grace has been pleased to speak favourably of what I have already writ, is

* Son of Ezekiel bishop of Londonderry (who married the lady Araminta one of the 4 daughters of John lord Robartes of Truro afterwards earl of Radnor). He was born at Exeter; but, his father being taken chaplain to Ireland by lord Robartes when lord lieutenant in 1669, our poet received the early part of his education at Trinity College, Dublin; and afterwards was a student at Cambridge. On the rebellion in Ireland in 1688, he returned thither, and exerted his early valour in the cause of his country, religion, and liberty. When public tranquillity was restored, he came again into England, and fell into an acquaintance with gentlemen of the best wit, whose age and genius were most agreeable to his own. In 1694 he published some "Epistolary Poems and Translations," which will all be inserted in this volume; and in 1695 he shewed his genius as a dramatic writer by "Pyrrhus king of Egypt," a tragedy, to which Mr. Congreve wrote the prologue (see English Poets, vol. XXIX. p. 84). He published that year "The History of Love," a connexion of select fables from Ovid's Metamorphoses, 1695; which, by the sweetness of his numbers and easiness of his thoughts, procured him considerable reputation. With Mr. Dryden in particular he became a great favourite. He afterwards published the "Art of Love," which, Jacob says, "added to his fame, and happily brought him acquainted with the earl of Dorset and other persons of distinction,

is encouragement sufficient for a poet to boast of to the world, and to embolden him to dedicate to your Grace.

But

“who were fond of his company, through the agreeableness
 “of his temper and the pleasantry of his conversation. It
 “was in his power to have made his fortune in any scene
 “of life; but he was always more ready to serve others than
 “mindful of his own affairs; and, by the excesses of hard
 “drinking, and a too passionate fondness for the fair sex, he
 “died a martyr to the cause in the 36th year of his age.”
 I shall preserve in this collection an admirable Hymn “writ-
 “ten about an hour before his death, when in great pain.”
 His “Court-Prospect,” in which many of the principal nobility are very handsomely complimented, is called by Jacob
 “an excellent piece;” and of his other poems he adds,
 “that they are all remarkable for the purity of their diction,
 “and the harmony of their numbers.” Mr. Hopkins was
 also the author of two other tragedies; “Boadicea Queen
 “of Britain,” 1697; and “Friendship improved, or the
 “Female Warrior,” with a humorous prologue, comparing
 a poet to a merchant, a comparison which will hold in most
 particulars except that of accumulating wealth. Our author,
 who was at Londonderry when this tragedy came out, inscribed it to Edward Coke of Norfolk, esquire, in a dedication, dated Nov. 1. 1699, so modest and pathetic that I am persuaded I shall stand excused if I print it at full length:

“The greatest, and indeed almost the only, advantage a poet reaps from what he writes, is the opportunities he meets with of making himself known to the best and greatest men of his age. A play is first made public in the theatre; and when it comes to the press, if any one has spoken kindly and favourably of it in the representation, the poet chooses him
 for

But I have more particular, both obligations and excuses; your illustrious consort's family having been the constant

for his patron, he having before (according to the author's construction) chosen him for his poet. The distance I am at from the city, and even from the kingdom too, will keep me ignorant for some time what success this play (which I humbly offer to your patronage) may meet with. If the town is pleased with it, I shall be pleased with myself for pleasing them; if they condemn it, I shall be apt to conclude so many in the right, rather than my single self. You saw it in manuscript; and I have this early and auspicious advantage, that you approve of it. Boadicea pleased them; and I received a very great additional satisfaction, when I understood how particularly it pleased you. I will not go to compare that play and this together, nor follow the custom of reckoning the last performance best, and shewing the greatest fondness of the youngest brat. The rhyme was the only thing that recommended that; and, for aught I know, the only thing too that can recommend this. I could wish for something distinguishing in it, because it is sacred to you, and I should desire to be known to you at advantage. If the pains in writing will endear it to you, it cost me much more than the former. It has some sort of design besides (such as it is); but I was never very guilty of plotting. I can hardly keep the characters in my play from being as honest and sincere as I would be myself in a dedication. A vicious character disturbs me while I draw it, and it grates me to delineate a villain. 'Tis certain no poet can excite any passion in another, if he does not feel it first in himself. Who then will choose to describe discontent, envy, or revenge, when they may

constant patrons of ours, which, now depress'd by the late wars, and the chief pillar of it fallen, must depend
for

may have such fair fields as honour and virtue to range in? All there is bright before them, and the flight the Muse takes thence is heavenwards. Such characters, artfully and justly drawn, will excite the good and great to be patrons; and such patrons as you, Sir, will soon teach poets to draw such characters. You are endowed with all the blessings of Nature and Fortune; and you are as liberal of the gifts of the latter to others, as she has been to you. So great is your estate, it would be unwieldy to have it more; and such good use is made of it, that Envy does not wish it less. It is not consumed in vain and superfluous equipage; but laid out in maintaining the old, open English hospitality. Desert in want is supplied; and Honesty in distress is succoured and sustained; great without titles, and good above greatness; rich, rather to others than yourself; and seeming only as your own steward. Your inclinations and endeavours are the general good of mankind; and none ever went from you dissatisfied; delighted in obliging others, and pleased to see them pleased with your bounty. Wishing the welfare of all men, and speaking well of all men, is a sure way to meet with an universal return of good will and good wishes. He doubly enjoys his fortune, who has it wished double by all that know him. Among the prayers of others, accept of the praises of the poet; humbly and heartily, though feebly, offered. I now begin to experience how much the mind may be influenced by the body. My Muse is confined, at present, to a weak and sickly tenement; and the winter season will go near to over-bear her, together with her household. There are storms

for support on the first founders *. Thus the thanks for past favours are only petitions for more ; as some men pay storms and tempests to beat her down, or frosts to bind her up and kill her ; and she has no friend on her side but youth to bear her through ; if that can sustain the attack, and hold out till spring comes to relieve me, one use I shall make of farther life shall be to shew how much I am, Sir, your most devoted humble servant, CHARLES HOPKINS."

His feelings were prophetic ; he died, I believe, in the course of that winter. N.

* The fate of this eminent (but unfortunate) prelate was extremely singular. He was born at Sandford in Devonshire ; became choirister of Magdalen College, Oxford, in 1649, at the age of about 16 ; was educated under Presbyterian and Independent discipline ; and about the time of the Restoration became assistant to Dr. Spurstow of Hackney. He was afterwards elected preacher at one of the city churches ; but the bishop of London refused to admit him, as he was a popular preacher among the Fanatics. He then obtained St. Mary's church at Exeter, was countenanced by bishop Ward, and much admired for the comeliness of his person and elegance of preaching. The lord Robartes in particular was so pleased with him that he gave him one of his daughters in marriage, took him chaplain to Ireland in 1669, gave him the deanry of Raphoe, and recommended him so effectually to his successor lord Berkeley, that he was consecrated bishop of Raphoe October 27, 1671, and translated to Londonderry in 1681. Driven thence by the forces under the earl of Tyrconnel in 1688, he retired into England, and was elected minister of Aldermanbury in September 1689, where he died on

pay off old debts in hopes to run deeper in for new. I dare not hope the ensuing essay can merit your Grace's approbation; let it (if possible) please others; if it meets with your pardon, it will abundantly satisfy the ambition of your Grace's most devoted, most humble servant,

CHARLES HOPKINS.

TO THE READER.

SOME writers perhaps may expect the thanks and favour of the nobility, after attempting their praise; but I am rather afraid of having incurred their displeasure; they whom I have mentioned, I doubt, may with more reason find fault with me, than they whom I have omitted; for it is better not to be drawn at all, than to be drawn imperfectly and lamely. The poet, however, has the same excuse with the painter; that art cannot equal nature; nor the pencil, nor the pen, present a copy that comes up to her original. The business of a poet is to please; and he is very unhappy who gives offence where he designs acknowledgments or respects. The whole body of the nobility of England would be a boundless subject; painters own they find it more difficult to give a true and lively air and posture to a picture; to place the legs, and duly proportion all the parts, than to draw the face, and take the likeness: but this piece was only intended for an half-length, and that too is only a rough draught, and in miniature. Though the following lines may want an excuse with the cri-

on the 19th of June 1690. He published expositions on the Lord's Prayer and Ten Commandments, and five single Sermons. N.

ticks, I will not despair of pardon from the nobles to whom it was designed; and if I have failed in describing their greatness, I have at the same time given them an opportunity of shewing their goodness.

A B O V E that bridge, which lofty turrets crown,
Joining two cities, of itself a town;
As far as fair Augusta's buildings reach,
Bent, like a bow along a peaceful beach;
Her gilded spires the royal palace show,
Towering to clouds, and fix'd in floods below.
The silver Thames washes her sacred sides,
And pays her prince her tributary tides.
Thither all nations of the earth resort,
Not only England's now, but Europe's court.
Bless'd in the warriors which its walls contain,
Bless'd most in William's residence and reign;
Where, in his royal robes and regal state,
He meditates, and dictates Europe's fate;
His heroes and his nobles standing round,
Better by them than his gold circle crown'd.
O! could I represent that glorious show;
You, whose great deeds form poets, tell me how.
But lest my Muse (which much I fear) should faint,
What Dryden will not write, let Dauly* paint.

Haste then, and spread abroad thy canvass sheets,
Wide as the full-blown sails that wing our fleets.

* From the manner in which this painter is mentioned, he appears to have been a person of eminence in his profession. His name, however, occurs neither in Mr. Walpole's valuable work, nor in Mr. Pilkington's. N.

Paint

Paint William first on an imperial throne,
 Large share of earth and all the seas his own;
 O'er land and ocean let his realm extend,
 And, like his fame, his empire never end.
 Give him that look, which monarchs ought to have,
 Give him that awful look, which nature gave.
 Mix majesty with mildness, while he shows
 Dear to his friends, and dreadful to his foes.
 Seat him furrounded by his British peers,
 And make them seem his strength, as he is theirs.
 No poet here dares sing the noble tribe,
 Which you can better draw, than he describe.
 You can plant each in his peculiar place,
 Give each the noblest features in his face,
 Each has his charms, and all some certain grace.

Let England's Chancellor * the foremost stand,
 That is his due, whose laws support the land;
 Who governs, influenc'd by his sovereign lord,
 And holds the balance, as the king the sword.

Give the good Shrewsbury the second seat,
 In trust, in secrecy, and council, great.

Great as the best will the great Ormond seem,
 But in the field thou must delineate him;
 Born with auspicious stars and happy fate,
 But more in merit, than in fortune, great.
 On higher things he bends his nobler aim,
 And in fierce wars has fought and purchas'd fame.
 Here could my grateful willing Muse have sung
 Sweet as Cham flows, when first her harp was strung;

* The great lord Somers. N.

Here, Somerset, should she thy praise proclaim,
 And give thee, what thou giv'st our Cambridge *, Fame.
 Let youthful Grafton there his station find,
 Grown man in body now, but more in mind.
 His looks are in the mother's beauty drest,
 And all the father has inform'd his breast.
 Why wilt thou then to distant shores convey
 Our hopes in thee? Why trust the faithless sea?
 Why view the changing climates of the earth,
 And bless all realms but that which gave thee birth?
 Thy country, lovely youth, thy stay demands,
 And fears to venture thee in foreign lands;
 All thou hast seen, and all thou goest to see,
 Will not improve, but be improv'd in thee.

A manly beauty is in Dev'nshire seen,
 And true nobility in Dorset's mien.
 But here, great artist, is thy skill confin'd,
 Thou canst not paint his nobler Muse and mind.
 No pen the praise he merits can indite;
 Himself, to represent himself, must write.

Next let young Burlington receive his place,
 Adorn'd with every beauty, every grace.
 Happy in fortune, person, and in parts,
 Himself, not wanting them, promoting arts.

With him let Kingston be for ever join'd,
 Alike in quality, alike in mind:
 For court, or camp, for love, or glory fit,
 Possessing both, both patronizing wit.

* The duke of Somerset was chancellor of Cambridge. N.
 Hither

Hither let Montague the treasures bring,
 Which, while he offers, let his Muses sing.
 The patron of the rest so justly grown,
 Who serv'd so well a nation with his own;
 Who, seated on the sacred mountain's brow,
 Inspires and cherishes the train below.

Draw Russel yonder, order'd to maintain
 The power and honour of the British main.
 Wrap him in curling smoak and circling flames,
 Yet unconcern'd as on his sovereign's Thames;
 While his loud cannon thunders through the deep,
 Makes seas attention give, and silence keep.
 Then, as he coasts the Mauritanian shores,
 Paint pale the faces of th' astonish'd Moors.
 Whence England gives surrounding nations law,
 And from the centre keeps the world in awe.

No more let Poets name inconstant seas,
 For Neptune knows his sovereign, and obeys.
 Fled from that fatal field, the watery plain,
 No foe dares venture there, our force again.
 Fierce Gallia challenges to Belgian fields,
 But still her chosen plain small harvest yields.

The warlike Cutts the welcome tidings brings,
 The true brave servant of the best of kings;
 Cutts, whose known worth no herald need proclaim,
 His wounds and his own verse can speak his fame.

The dreadful news moves William with delight,
 Gladly he hears, and gladly hastes to fight.
 Leaving his faithful substitutes behind,
 He trusts himself to his own seas and wind.

The

The royal fleet a thousand heroes grace,
 And Mars in triumph rides o'er Neptune's face.
 Now out of sight of land they plough the main,
 And in some rolling tides make land again;
 Now fight of hostile tents their valour warms,
 And each encourages his mate to arms;
 "Fancy can scarce so swift and eager run,
 Their lines are drawn, and the camp-work is done,
 The word is given, and battle is begun.

They who have seen an ocean lash its shore,
 When billows tumble, and begin to roar,
 When from all quarters clouds and tempests fly,
 And from despairing sailors hide the sky;
 Such as have seen those elements at war,
 May guess what well-disputed battles are.

DESCRIPTION OF A BATTLE.

Hark! 'tis at hand, drums beat, and trumpets found,
 The horsemen mount, the mounted horses bound;
 The soldiers leap transported from the ground.
 When such harmonious sounds invite to arms,
 'Tis sure that valiant men feel secret charms.
 Such William's is, when from his foaming horse
 He views the foe, rejoicing at their force.
 Never so full of spirit and delight,
 Never so pleas'd, as when prepar'd to fight.
 Paint him then yonder spurring from afar,
 Giving the charge, guiding the raging war.
 Paint to the field party on party sent;
 Himself not waiting for the vast event.

Now mingled in the war engage the whole,
And of his martial troops make him the soul.

Now from all parts death and destruction fly,
The cries of grappling squadrons rend the sky,
Mars rages, and the rolling war runs high. }

Here horses rear at horses, chest to chest,
There desperate men encounter breast to breast.
Here, trampled under foot, fall'n soldiers groan,
For help they call, but with unpitied moan, }

For every one now minds himself alone.
The cannons roar, and flaming balls fly round,
Men fall, and die, and hardly feel the wound.
Stones from the ground that nourish'd them are cast,
And all the fashion of the field is lost.

Mortars shoot flaming meteors through the air,
And such as have not seen them fly would fear
The stars dissolv'd, and the last judgement near. }

Death through the broken battle makes a lane,
And horror and confusion fill the plain.
Horses in troops without their riders run,
Wild as were those of old that drew the sun:
Madly they drag their reins, and champ their bit,
And bear down all before them whom they meet;
Sol's offspring, and their master's fate, the same,
All lost, like him, in thunder, smog, and flame.

As seamen fear, yet struggle with a storm,
The soldiers start at what themselves perform.
Paint then a fear in every face, and make
Ev'n William fear;—but fear for Ormond's sake:
Ormond, who spurr'd amidst the thundering war,
But, to his sovereign's sorrow, spurr'd too far.

Dis-

Dismounted, make him ev'n in falling great,
 Wounded, half dying, yet despising fate.
 Make William view him with excess of grief,
 And strive, but strive in vain, to send relief.
 Till heaven inspires his very foes to save
 A life as strangely fortunate as brave,
 Who for that life may to more praise aspire,
 Than if the day had been their own intire.

Proud of their prize, more furious than before,
 Make them press on; make English fury more.
 Make shatter'd squadrons rally on the plain;
 And make enrag'd battalions charge again.
 Again, make horses beat the suffering ground,
 And toss with restless hoofs the dust around.
 Again, their riders couch their ready lance,
 And spurring them to warmth and foam advance;
 Foam, which your pencil need not owe to chance.
 Make sheets of flame from smoking culverins fly,
 And clouds of mounting smoak obscure the sky.
 Now draw beneath the dying and the dead,
 And deluges of blood in battle shed,
 O'erflowing Flanders in her waters stead.
 And now let clouds like feeble curtains fall,
 Protecting those that live, and hiding all.
 Cast the black veil of night about the slain,
 Covering the purple horror of the plain,
 And now with solid darkness shut the scene.

As tempests make the skies serene and clear,
 As thunder serves to purify the air,
 On rain as sunshine, storms on calms attend,
 Peace is War's necessary certain end.

DESCRIPTION OF THE GODDESS OF PEACE
AND HER PALACE.

Pardon the Muse, if here she cannot hold;
The sight of her own goddess makes her bold.
She comes—o'er fields of standing corn she walks,
Not crush'd the tender ears, nor bent the stalks;
Her march attended with a numerous train,
Yet with such discipline that none complain.
Grass springs where-e'er she goes; the flowery mead
Receives new flowers where she vouchsafes to tread.
Her blooming beauties teeming earth displays,
The lover's myrtle, and the poet's bays,
From every touch of her a perfume flows,
The lovely hyacinth, the blushing rose,
And spreading jessamine fresh sweets disclose.
Thick palaces, as she approaches, rise,
And royal piles amaze beholders' eyes:
Built on a sudden, they the sight confound,
And seem to start as from enchanted ground.
None this or that can her apartment call,
For she promiscuously resides in all;
At home in every one, and all she keeps
Silent, but splendor, than that of Sleep's*.

Her spacious halls with useless arms are hung,
With arrows broken, and with bows unstrung.
No murmurs through her numerous train are heard,
She knows no danger, and her court no guard.
Secure as shades, as skies unclouded, bright,
As active, yet as noiseless, as the light.

* Which the reader will find described in a future poem. N.

No widows here their husbands deaths deplore,
 None hears the drum, or thundering cannon roar:
 Only Love sighs, which serves to lull her more. }

Plenty, her best-lov'd favourite, duly waits,
 And Pleasure enters at her palace gates;

Roses and myrtles, mingled, make her bed,

And heaps of flowers support her sacred head.

Inspir'd by her, the Muse around her sings,

And Cupids fan her with expanded wings.

No grief or anxious cares her peace molest, }

She folds her arms above her quiet breast;

Delightful are her dreams, and soft her rest. }

All at her rise their adoration pay,

The Persians worship less the springing day.

Sweet is her temper, easy is her mien, }

Not the least frown in all her aspect seen, }

But gracious as our late lamented queen. }

Nor are her blessings to her court confin'd,

But flow through nobles to the labouring hind.

All they can wish her own domesticks share,

Bestowing still, yet has she still to spare.

The grateful soil the jocund peasants plow,

And with a certainty of reaping sow;

Not now, as heretofore, with fears perplext,

Tilling these fields, and armies in the next.

Now Spring comes on;—

And night and day in equal measures run,

And mounting larks salute the morning sun.

Then ripening fruits the loaded trees adorn,

And laughing fields are crown'd with lofty corn.

The Summer, so accustom'd to alarms,
 Wonders she hears no more the sounds of arms,
 No trumpets echo through the spacious plain,
 Nor earth-born brethren by themselves are slain.
 The sun shines freely through the flowery field,
 And suffers no reflection from the shield.
 Men to the date of nature draw their breath,
 For nothing now, but sickness, causes death.
 Secure the merchants trade abroad for gain,
 And sailors unmolested sweep the main.
 Unrolling waves steal softly to the shore,
 They know their sovereign, and they fear to roar.
 The conscious winds within their caverns keep,
 Like them, the seas are hush'd, and seem asleep,
 And halcyon Peace broods o'er the boundless deep.

How are these blessings thus dispens'd and given?
 To us from William, and to him from Heaven.
 Delight in blood let other heroes boast;
 Our ease and safety please our monarch most.
 For that he fought, for that was all his care,
 He places all his pomp and glory there.

Hail! Peace of all things in confusion hurl'd,
 Hail! thou Restorer of the Christian world.
 Thou to the world art Heaven's chief blessing given,
 And thou hast render'd back the world to Heaven.
 Thus in old times, at our blest Saviour's birth,
 An universal calm was known on earth:
 GOD to his SON did the first gift assign,
 And lets the second miracle be thine*.

* This compliment, it must be acknowledged, is extended
 to the verge of indecency. N.

How

How shall we thank thee for thy royal toil,
 Thou strength and glory of the British isle?
 What trophies shall thy grateful subjects raise?
 And what ambitious poets sing thy praise?
 Thy greatness surely is the stars' design,
 Thy hands our noblest palaces refine,
 On all our metals all the stamp is thine.
 Draw his triumphant entry, Dauly *, draw
 Him and his allies free —
 And all the rest of the whole world in awe.

But see! all peaceable our hero comes,
 No sound of trumpet, nor alarm of drums.
 Long kept from rest by no inglorious foes,
 He goes to take, what he has brought, repose.
 His softer triumphs then prepare to grace,
 Prepare a train fit to attend on Peace.
 Chuse them from all that breathe the British air,
 And, like the Goddess whom they wait on, fair.

Make beauteous Grafton † with the first advance,
 Charming at every step with every glance.
 Sweet as her temper, paint her heavenly face;
 Draw her but like, you give your piece a grace.
 Blend for her all the beauties e'er you knew,
 For so his Venus fam'd Apelles drew.
 But hold—to make her most divinely fair,
 Consult herself, you'll find all beauty there.

* This painter (see p. 189.) is twice called by Dryden, *Dabel*. He died Oct. 22, 1743, at the age of 90. N.

† To this accomplished lady Mr. Hopkins inscribed his *History of Love* (see p. 222). She has been already mentioned, p. 167, as daughter of the earl of Arlington. N.

Whom shall we think on now? there's scarce beside
 Any that can compare with her, but Hyde;
 Hyde, who like her has beauties without blame,
 Hyde, who like her is every poet's theme;
 Hyde, by all eyes admir'd, all hearts ador'd,
 Courteous to all, kind only to her lord;
 Hyde, who so many powerful charms commands,
 As will not shame the piece where Grafton stands.

And now, to make thy lasting fame renown'd,
 Let all be with illustrious Ormond crown'd;
 Sum all in her, that's fair, and good, and great,
 Place her in Beauty's, and in Virtue's seat.
 Paint sweetness in her eyes, at once, and awe,
 And make her looks give languishing, and law.
 O! if my Muse to her wish'd height could climb,
 Sweet as her subject, as her theme sublime,
 The noble Ormond should engross her praise,
 Great Ormond's name should sanctify her lays.
 Hers, and her most illustrious consort's blood,
 Takes pleasure still, like Heaven, in doing good.
 Ormond, to whom fair lots on earth are given,
 Ormond who has her seat secur'd in Heaven.

Stop here—though others may attract the sight,
 Your pencil, and my pen—
 Dare not attempt to do so many right.
 Who strives to sing a patron or a friend,
 Though he omit some whom he should commend,
 Cannot be thought in justice to offend.—

And now you've finish'd so renown'd a piece,
 Boast safely—challenge either Rome or Greece.

TO CHARLES EARL OF DORSET*.

BY THE SAME.

AS Nature does in new-born infants frame, [name;
 With their first speech, their careful fosterer's
 Whose needful hands their daily food provide,
 And by whose aid they have their wants supply'd;
 You are, my lord, the Poet's earliest theme,
 And the first word he speaks is Dorset's name.
 To you the praise of every Muse is due,
 For every Muse is kept alive by you.
 Their boasted stream from your rich ocean pours,
 And all the Helicon they drink is yours.
 What other subject can the Muses chuse?
 Or who besides is worthy of a Muse?
 They shall to future ages make you known,
 Their verse shall give you fame; but more, your own.
 Immortal Wit shall its great patron boast,
 When others, of an equal rank, are lost.
 While eating Time all other tombs devours,
 No Mausoleum shall endure but yours.

* "Of the earl of Dorset the character has been drawn so
 "largely and so elegantly by Prior [English Poets, vol. XXX.
 "p. 9.] to whom he was familiarly known, that nothing
 "can be added by a casual hand.—He was a man whose
 "elegance and judgement were universally confessed, and
 "whose bounty to the learned and witty was generally
 "known." Dr. JOHNSON.—To this short but comprehensive
 eulogy, it would be presumption to think of adding. N. Life

Life to yourself by your own verse you give,
 And only you, and whom you please, shall live.
 Thus you must Nassau's god-like acts proclaim,
 And farther than his trumpets sound his Fame;
 Whose hundred mouths of nothing else shall tell,
 But him who fought, and him who sung, so well.
 Ev'n after death, you shall your honours share,
 You, for improving Wit; and He, for War.

TO WALTER MOYLE*, ESQ.

BY THE SAME.

TO you, dear youth, in these unpolish'd strains
 And rural notes, your exil'd friend complains.
 With pain this tedious banishment I bear
 From the dear town, and you the dearest there.

* This ingenious writer was born in Cornwall, 1672. After passing some years at Oxford, he was removed to the Temple, where he entered deeply into the nobler parts of the law; ("for there was a drudgery, says Mr. Hammond, in the law-lucrative, which he could not submit to.") Here first he formed an intimacy with Dryden, Hammond, Hopkins, and other contemporary wits. He was for some time a member of parliament, where he always acted a very honourable and disinterested part; and afterwards retired to his seat at Bake in Cornwall, where he applied himself very diligently to study; and died June 9, 1721. Two volumes of his posthumous writings were published in 1726; and those he had printed in his life-time were collected in 1727 by his friend Mr. Hammond, who wrote his Life. N.

Hourly

Hourly my thoughts present before my view
Those charming joys, which once, alas! I knew,
In wine, in love, in friendship, and in you. }
Now Fortune has withdrawn that pleasing scene,
We must not for a while appear again.
Here, in its stead, unusual prospects rise,
That dull the fancy, and disgust the eyes;
Bleak groves of trees shook by the northern winds,
And heavy aspects of unthinking hinds;
No beauteous nymph to fire the youthful heart,
No swain instructed in the Muses' art;
Hammond alone is from this censure free,
Hammond, who makes the same complaint with me;
Alike on both the want of you does strike,
Which both repine at, and lament alike;
While here I stay, condemn'd to desert fields,
Deny'd the pleasures which the city yields,
My fortunes, by the chance of war deprest,
Lost at these years when I might use them best.
To crown your youth, conspiring Graces join,
Honour and bounty, wealth and wit, are thine.
With charms united, every heart you move;
Esteem in men; in vanquish'd virgins, love.
Though clogg'd with cares I drag my restless hours,
I envy not the flowing ease of yours;
Still may they roll with circling pleasures on,
Nor you neglect to seize them as they run!
Time hastes away with an impetuous flight,
And all its joys soon vanish from our sight,
Which we shall mourn we us'd not while we might. }

In

In full delights let sprightly Southerne live,
 With all that women and that wine can give !
 May generous Wycherley, all sufferings past,
 Enjoy a well-deserv'd estate at last !
 Fortune with Merit and with Wit be friends,
 And sure, though slowly, make a large amends !
 Late, very late, may the great Dryden die,
 But, when deceas'd, may Congreve rise as high !
 To him my service and my love commend,
 The greatest wit, and yet the truest friend.

Accept, dear Moyle, a letter writ in haste,
 Which my impatient friendship dictates fast ;
 Friendship, like Love, imperfectly exprest,
 Yet, by their being so, they 're both shown best.
 Each no cold leisure for our thoughts affords,
 But at a heat strikes out our eager words.
 The soul's emotion most her truth assures,
 Such as I feel while I subscribe me **YOURS.**

TO ANTHONY HAMMOND*, ESQ.

BY THE SAME.

AS when a prophet feels the God retir'd,
 By whom he had a long time lain inspir'd,
 His eyes no more with sacred fury roll,
 No more divine impulses move his soul :

The

* To this gentleman Mr. Hopkins inscribed his " Epistolary Poems and Translations," in a dedication worth preserving : " The following verses ought in justice to be yours, since

The fires, that warm'd him, with the God are gone ;

The Deity with-drawn, the charm is done.

So
since not only the best part of them were made at your house,
but they were made designedly for you, so that this is not a de-
dication written to a book, but a book written to a dedication ;
which, however, is the nicest part a writer has to manage ;
for the most deserving men are the most averse to be told so,
and what would please all their friends and acquaintance
would displease themselves ; which makes the poet at a loss
whether to dissatisfy one or many, his readers or his patron.
But, since I have already found it easier to you to oblige,
than to receive thanks for an obligation ; to do no violence to
your modesty, I must do one to my own justice, and desist
from a theme which I could so willingly enlarge upon, but
you so unwillingly read. I shall say little of the following
essays, either of the originals I translated them from, or the
translations : one thing in general I find from my own experi-
ence ; that where there is most life and spirit in the author,
the translator is carried on with the greater vigour and vi-
vacity, as a man swims faster in a stream than a standing
water ; but where the original is flat and low, the translator
must be at the pains to raise him ; so that the best things are
the easiest to be done, and the dullest the most difficult. It
were presumption in one of my years, to pretend to give an
account of the authors whom I have chosen, or their works ;
to commend their excellences, or condemn their faults : and
of the two, I dare venture to say the least of Ovid ; when he
himself, and all that he has written, have been already so
well and so fully treated of in Mr. Dryden's preface before
his epistles. But I cannot choose but wonder, that a book so
extremely delightful, so soft and sweet, as Tibullus, has lain
so long unattempted ; but there is a friend of ours, whom I
hope

So now my Muse can no more rapture boast ;
 Since you went hence, her inspiration's lost.

Hope he has been all along reserved for, and then he will be in the best hands he could have fallen into. Of the three elegies that I have ventured on, the first, from toward the middle to the end, and the whole third, pleased me infinitely ; the second I did merely for the sake of the last ten or twelve lines. Tibullus must, certainly, have felt all he wrote, for he could never have feigned so much passion so well ; and I am apt to believe it was not his poetry made him so fond and tender a lover, but rather his love that made him so sweet and excellent a poet. Were it not that I should take him out of better hands, I would have attempted to have englished him all ; for I flatter myself with a fancy, that, in some things, I am somewhat of his temper ; and how far short forever I come of him in his poetry, I resemble him but too nearly in some other circumstances. I was almost running into a complaint, that would have been both unjust and ingrateful ; for, since I knew you, all occasion of complaint has been taken from me. Your acquaintance would have been of itself sufficient to endear you to any man ; but your favours to me began with, and even out-ran, your acquaintance. I dare not proceed, though on a subject which I am very loth to leave ; permit me to add only this, that since most who ever wrote have sometimes stood in need of favours from other men, and since the same fortune has attended me, I am glad, however, that it threw me on you to receive them, than whom I know none I could have been more willingly obliged to for them. I am, Sir, your most affectionate, obliged, humble servant, CHARLES HOPKINS."

Of Mr. Hammond as a poet, I shall have occasion to speak hereafter ; of his son, the incomparable author of the "Love Elegies," much may be hoped for from Dr. Johnson. N.

Robb'd of her flame, all languishing she lies,
 And, swan-like, only sings before she dies.
 But you, my friend, to different fortune move,
 And crown your days with wine your nights with love:
 In endless blifs, unbounded time you waste;
 Your ravishing delights for ever last.
 Long, long ere this, you've often been possess'd
 Of all your wish could frame to make you blest.
 When you, and Southerne, Moyle, and Congreve meet,
 The best good men, with the best-natur'd wit;
 Good wine, good company, the better feast,
 And whene'er Wycherley is present, best.
 Then, then your joys are perfectly compleat,
 And sacred Wit is at the noblest height.
 Oh! how I long to be allow'd to share,
 And gain a fame, by mingling with you there.

The country now can be no longer borne,
 And since you first are gone, I must return;
 I come, I come, dear Hammond, to pursue
 Pleasures I cannot know, depriv'd of you.
 Restless as lovers till we meet I live,
 And envy this because 'twill first arrive.
 With joy I learnt, Dryden designs to crown
 All the great things he has already done:
 No loss, no change of vigour, can he feel;
 Who dares attempt the sacred Mantuan still*.
 Adieu——

And yet methinks I owe too much to you,
 To part so coldly with a bare adieu.

* See Gent. Mag. 1779, p. 231. N.

But what requital can I make you more?
 You 've put all recompence beyond my power.
 Fain would my working thoughts contrive a way,
 For every generous man's in pain to pay.
 'Tis not a suitable return I give,
 Yet what it is, my best-good friend, receive;
 Take the best wishes of a grateful soul;
 Congreve, and Moyle, and you, possess it whole.
 Take all the thanks a country Muse can send;
 And, in accepting this, oblige your friend.

TO C. C. * ESQ. BY THE SAME.

IN vain, my friend, so often I remove,
 I find that absence still increases Love;
 The barbarous foe, like an ingrateful guest,
 Too strongly lodg'd, possesses all my breast.
 Gladly I suffer'd him to share my soul,
 But now the traitor has usurp'd it whole,
 I burn with pains too great to be endur'd,
 And yet I neither can, nor would be cur'd;
 In other ills, all remedies we try,
 But, fond of this, we grow content to die.
 For all were useless here to help my grief,
 And I should strive in vain to find relief.
 In vain I rush'd amidst the thundering war,
 Endeavour'd all in vain to meet it there;
 In all the heat of fight I thought on her.
 If conquering camps refus'd to give me ease,
 The town at my return affords me less.

* The above initials I have not been able to discover. N.

Without concern its wealth and pomp I see,
And all its pleasures are but lost on me.
If, with my friends, I should to plays resort,
Without a smile I see the comic sport;
I mingle no applauses with the pit,
Nor mind the action, nor the author's wit:
I see the shining beauties sit around,
But have no room left for another wound.
I fly for refuge to the country now;
But that is savage, and denies it too.
Retirement still foment the raging fire,
And trees, and fields, and floods, and verse, conspire }
To spread the flame, and heighten the desire. }
Wildly I range the woods, and trace the groves;
To every oak I tell my hopeless loves:
Torn by my passion, to the earth I fall,
I kneel to all the Gods, I pray to all.
Nothing but Echo answers to my prayer,
And she speaks nothing, but despair, despair.
I give relentless Heaven this last reply,
I do despair, and will resolve to die.

TO MRS. MOHUN, ON HER RECOVERY.

BY THE SAME.

AS when the Queen of Love, engag'd in war,
Was rashly wounded with a Grecian spear;
All parties were concern'd to see her bleed,
And he himself did first repent the deed:
He left th' inglorious field with grief and shame,
Where his late conquest had destroy'd his fame.

So Sickness flies from you with such a grief,
 Asham'd that ever she began the strife.
 Better than Venus in the fight you fare,
 For, though more wounded, you're without a fear.
 All claim to you th' invader has resign'd,
 And left no marks of hostile rage behind.
 No signs, no tracks of tyranny, remain,
 But exil'd Beauty is restor'd again.
 Fix'd in a realm, which was before her own,
 More firm than ever, she secures the throne.
 Mildly, ah! mildly then, your power maintain,
 And take example from Maria's reign.
 Wide may your empire, under hers, be seen,
 The fair Vicegerent of the fairest Queen!
 Through you may all our prayers to her be heard,
 Our humble verse be all by you preferr'd!
 No blessing can the pious suppliant want,
 Where she the Goddess is, and you the Saint.

TO A LADY. BY THE SAME.

MUST all my life in fruitless love be spent?
 And never, never will your heart relent?
 Too well, my charming dear, your power you know,
 And that which makes you play the tyrant so.
 For ever be the fatal moment curst,
 When fondly I confess'd my passion first,
 Oh! that my flames had never been reveal'd!
 Oh! that I now could keep the fire conceal'd!
 Resistless Love your victory secures,
 And you already know my soul is yours.

It shews itself through all the forc'd disguise,
Breaks through my lips, and trembles at my eyes.
My blood boils high, and rages to be blest;
My fluctuating thoughts will never rest,
And know no calm till harbour'd in your breast.

Relent, at last, my cruel Fair, relent,
And listen kindly to my just complaint.
Think on the passion that's already past,
Think that the passion will for ever last.
O see with what impatient fires I burn,
And let your pitying heart make some return.
My flames are so sincere, my love is such,
Some you should shew—you cannot shew too much.
How blest should I in your possession be!
How happy might you make yourself in me?
No Mistress ever led so sweet a life,
As you should in th' exploded thing—a Wife;
Years should roll round on years, and ages move
In circles crown'd in everlasting love.
Our mutual joys should like your charms be new,
And all my business be to merit you.
What shall I say? Lines after lines rehearse
Nought but the fondness in the former verse.
On the dear theme I could for ever dwell;
For while I speak to you —
My faltering tongue can never speak farewell.
In your cold breast let Love an entrance find,
And think, oh! quickly think, of growing kind.
My flames no more with dull indifference treat,
Indifference is the Lover's hardest fate;

But, if my ruin is your fix'd intent,
 Urge it, I beg you, with a closer bent.
 All glimmerings of the faintest hope remove,
 Say, that you do not, will not, cannot love.
 Extremely kind, or in extremes severe,
 Make sure my bliss, or mad me with despair.
 Forbid me, banish me your charming sight,
 Shut from my view those eyes that shine so bright,
 Shut your dear image from my dreams by night.
 Drive them somewhere, as far as Pole from Pole,
 Let winds between us rage, and waters roll;
 In distant climes let me my fate deplore,
 In some lone island, on a desert shore,
 Where I may see your fatal charms no more.

TO THE SAME LADY.

I Thought in silence to suppress my pain,
 And never shew my fond concern again,
 Whate'er you shew'd—indifference, or disdain.
 But Love's great God the vain resolve withstands,
 At once inspires my breast, and guides my hands.
 My soul flows out in every line I write,
 And rolls in numbers in my own despite.
 Then let me in poetic fury break,
 For I can write the things I dare not speak.
 My tongue still falters as I move my suit,
 And awful Love confounds and keeps me mute.
 Out of your sight I can my wrongs proclaim,
 And with unfetter'd words confess my flame.
 Why do you use me thus, ingrateful fair?
 Oppress'd with doubts, yet bury'd 'bove despair.

Like

Like wounded fowl upon the flood I lie,
Floating on wings with which they us'd to fly,
Who would find ease could they but drown and die.

Such still has been your conquering Beauty's spight,
Cruel to wound, not kind to kill outright;
Be merciful and save, or sink me quite.

Toss not 'twixt hope and fear my labouring heart,
Let us for ever join, or ever part.

You know I love you, and you love me too,
Which you have kindly let me know you do;
All this I know; oh! there will be the fall
From heaven to hell —

Should I be doom'd to lose you after all.

But be not by mistaken notions led,
Nor think that riches bless the nuptial bed.

This shall my only consolation be,
No Fool of Fortune can your merit see,
Nor have the wit and sense to love like me.

Oh! would that you had been but meanly born,
Naked of friends, abandon'd, and forlorn;
Left to the world! — then should this wish ensue,
Oh! would I had a world to offer you!

You know this is no false poetic flight,
You know I feel more than the Muse can write.

Too well, my cruel dear, you keep the field,
Too long hold out; 'tis now high time to yield;
Consent at last, to mutual joys resign,
And let the smallest share of bliss be mine:
Unalterable love your part secures;
My interest, humour, all my soul, is yours.

I beg you, let me know my doom at last,
 Nought worse than death can come, then all is past.
 But think, and do not make a rash decree;
 O! think you never were, nor e'er can be,
 So truly lov'd as you have been by me.

TO DOCTOR GIBBONS*.

BY THE SAME.

THE fires, that fell in ages past from Heaven,
 Were to the charge of Priests and Augurs given.
 Life, the most active, most exalted fire
 The great creating Godhead could inspire,
 Breath'd into man while yet the world was new,
 Is now committed to the care of you :
 How you discharge your trust, maintain your post,
 Though you are silent, I have cause to boast.
 Again, the rising Muse expands her wings,
 Again prepares to mount, and mounting sings :
 Again would celebrate some sacred name,
 And chuses you, who rais'd her, for her theme †.

* This is, I believe, Dr. W. Gibbons, who died March 25, 1728. He succeeded Ratcliffe in his attendance on queen Anne when she was disgusted by the behaviour of the latter. He is characterized in the Dispensary, under the name of *Mirmillo*. See what Ratcliffe said of him, *Life of Ratcliffe*, p. 32. R.

† There are two poems expressive of gratitude to this physician in the "Works of the Muses," by Mr. John Hopkins. N.

Ye conscious Poets, be no longer vain,
 Confess your weakness, and your pride contain;
 Quit your bold claim, and end your idle strife;
 It is not yours to give immortal life.
 Ev'n you to him on all occasions fly,
 Without whose aid you and your Muses die.
 His succour is implor'd where Wit declines,
 Where Lovers languish, and where Beauty pines;
 Where Monarchs faint beneath the weight of crowns,
 And sick'n in their robes on silver thrones:
 His sacred art their sacred lives sustains,
 And strengthens them again to guide the reins.
 As Iris enter'd with her golden beams
 The cave of Sleep, and chac'd away the dreams;
 Diseases seem to fly at his approach,
 And circling blood keeps measure at his touch.
 So leaps the Lover's heart, so beats and moves,
 When he lies folded in her arms he loves.
 So, influenc'd by the moon, wide oceans roll:
 And so the needle trembles to the pole.

O Gibbons! I am rais'd; there's nought I see
 Above my reach, when thus reviv'd by thee.
 Now could I paint a well-disputed field,
 Or praise proud Beauties till I made them yield.
 But gratitude a different song requires;
 My breast enlarges, and dilates my fires.
 Life, the first blessing human-kind can boast,
 Life, which can never be restor'd when lost,
 Endear'd by health, from pain and sickness free,
 Is the blest gift bestow'd by Heaven and thee.

How shall I then or Heaven or you regard?
 The care of both has been beyond reward.
 But grateful Poets, offering up their lays,
 Find you content with thanks, and Heaven with praise.

O! may your stream of life run smooth, but strong;
 Long may you live—that others may live long;
 Till healing plants no more on mountains grow;
 Till mineral waters have forgot to flow,
 And paint the vallies where they glide below!
 While silver Helicon delights the taste,
 And while the Muses sacred mount shall last;
 Their songs for thee the sisters shall design,
 The grateful subject of the tuneful Nine;
 Oft shalt thou fill their songs — and always mine.

TO MR. CONGREVE, BY THE SAME.

LET other poets other patrons chuse,
 Get their best price, and prostitute their Muse;
 With flattering hopes and fruitless labour wait,
 And court the slippery friendship of the great:
 Some trifling present by my lord is made,
 And then the patron thinks the poet paid.
 On you, my surer, nobler hopes depend,
 For you are all I wish; you are a friend.
 From you, my Muse her inspiration drew,
 All she performs I consecrate to you.
 You taught me first my genius and my power,
 Taught me to know my own, but gave me more:
 Others may sparingly their wealth impart,
 But he gives noblest, who bestows an art,

Nature

T O M R. C O N G R E V E.

Nature and you alone can that confer,
 And I owe you, what you yourself owe her.
 O! Congreve, could I write in verse like thine,
 Then in each page, in every charming line,
 Should gratitude and sacred friendship shine.
 Your lines run all on easy, even feet;
 Clear is your sense, and your expression sweet:
 Rich is your fancy, and your numbers go
 Serene and smooth as crystal waters flow,
 Smooth as a peaceful sea which never rolls,
 And soft as kind consenting virgins' souls.
 Nor does your verse alone our passions move,
 Beyond the poet, we the person love.
 In you, and almost only you, we find
 Sublimity of wit, and candour of the mind:
 Both have their charms, and both give that delight;
 'Tis pity that you should, or should not write:
 But your strong genius Fortune's power defies,
 And, in despite of Poetry, you rise.
 To you the favour of the world is shown,
 Enough for any merit but your own.
 Your fortune rises equal with your fame,
 The best of poets, but above the name.
 O! may you never miss deserv'd success,
 But raise your fortunes till I wish them less!

Here should I, not to tire your patience, end;
 But who can part so soon with such a friend?
 You know my soul, like yours, without design,
 You know me yours, and I too know you mine.

I owe

I owe you all I am, and needs must mourn
 My want of power to make you some return.
 Since you gave all, do not a part refuse,
 But take this slender offering of the Muse.
 Friendship, from servile interest free, secures
 My love sincerely and entirely yours.

T O M R. Y A L D E N, I N O X O N,
 B Y T H E S A M E;

FROM LONDONDERRY, AUGUST 3, 1699.

MY labouring Muse, grown tir'd of being hurl'd
 And tost about in a tempestuous world,
 Prays for a calm, implores some quiet seat,
 And seeks what yours has found, a sweet retreat.
 Now your blest fields their summer livery wear,
 Their fruits your loaded trees in season bear;
 But Learning flourishes throughout the year:
 From your full spring o'er Britain's isle it streams,
 And spreads like Isis when she meets the Thames.
 Rear'd on her banks, the Muses' laurel grows,
 Adorn'd by yours, adorning others brows.
 Sweet are her streams, sweet the surrounding air,
 But sweeter are the songs she echoes there.
 There the great Ormond's daily praise is sung,
 There Addison's harmonious harp is strung,
 And there Lucretius * learnt the English tongue.
 Well might I here the large account pursue,
 But you have stopt me—for I write to you.

* Translated by Creech, N.

Methinks

Methinks I see the tuneful sisters ride,
 Mounted like sea-nymphs on the swelling tide;
 The silver swans are silent while they play,
 Augusta hears their notes, and puts to sea,
 Dryden and Congreve meet them half the way:
 All wafted by their own sweet voices move,
 And all is harmony—

And all that's harmony is joy and love.
 All are in all the tuneful numbers skill'd,
 And now Apollo boasts his concert fill'd.

Here listen while our English Maro sings,
 Borne like the Mantuan swan on equal wings:
 Mark the great numbers, mind the lofty song,
 The sense as clear and just, the lines as strong.

Hark yonder where the Mourning Bride complains,
 And melt with pity at the moving strains:
 Wait the conclusion, then allay your grief,
 Vice meets with ruin, Virtue with relief:
 Walk thither, and the charming musick leads
 To murmuring waters and enchanting meads:
 Mark by the river-side, along the plain,
 The dancing shepherdes and piping swain,
 Then see him take the kifs that crowns his pain.

Then hearken where the knowing poet sings
 Mysterious nature, and the seeds of things;
 How in the teeming earth hard metals grow,
 From what far distant fountains rivers flow,
 What moves the stars above, and seas below.

Now see the charming concert sail along,
 Each tunes his harp, and each prepares his song:

To

To the Museum see them all repair,
 And see them all receive their laurels there.
 A learn'd and reverend circle ready stands,
 To crown the candidates with willing hands.

Aldrich*, who can the first large portion boast,
 Knows, loves, and cherishes, the Muses most :
 Who gives ev'n Christ Church its peculiar grace,
 The first in merit, as the first in place.

O ! friend, have I not reason to complain
 Of Fate, that shut me out from such a train ?
 For that who would not shift the tragic scene ?

Though tir'd of restless rambling up and down,
 Or a more restless settlement in town ;
 Chang'd in the rest, let this my love commend,
 Yalden, believe I never chang'd my friend.

SONG, BY THE SAME.

AFTER the pangs of fierce desire,
 The doubts and hopes that wait on love,
 And feed by turns the raging fire ;
 How charming must fruition prove !

When the triumphant lover feels
 None of those pains which once he bore ;
 Or when, reflecting on his ills,
 He makes his present pleasure more.

To mariners, who long have lain
 On a tempestuous ocean tost,
 The storms, that threaten'd on the main,
 Serve only to endear the coast.

* The celebrated dean of Christ-Church. N.

S A N A-

S A N A Z A R I U S O N V E N I C E *.

B Y T H E S A M E.

AS Neptune the Venetian towers survey's,
 Rooted in floods, and ruling o'er the seas;
 "Roast now thy capitol, great Jove," he cries,
 "Boast how thy Rome's imperial ramparts rise;
 "Let to my tides thy Tyber be preferr'd,
 "But look, how each aspiring pile is rear'd:
 "View both alike, thou shalt the cause resign,
 "And own, that Men built yours, but Gods built mine."

C A T O ' S C H A R A C T E R,

FROM THE SECOND BOOK OF LUCAN.

B Y T H E S A M E.

SUCH Cato was, of such exalted kind,
 Austere his manners, and unmov'd his mind.
 He kept a mien, and follow'd Nature's laws,
 Fought, and fell bravely in his country's cause;
 Nor thought himself born for himself alone,
 But made the welfare of the world his own.
 Through cold he cloath'd himself, through hunger fed,
 His house but fenc'd the weather from his head,
 Not lust, but love of offspring, made him wed. }
 No loose desires debauch'd his noble life,
 Rome was at once his mistress and his wife.
 Just in all points, firm and resolv'd he stood,
 Despising death, when for his country's good.
 So great his soul, his actions so divine,
 Free from all self-desire, or self-design.

* See Mr. Evelyn's imitation of these lines above, p. 140. N.

THE HISTORY OF LOVE.

IN A LETTER TO A LADY.

BY THE SAME.

“Est quoque carminibus meritas celebrare puellas

“Dos mea ———

OVID.

“——— Utinam modo dicere possem,

“Carmina digna dea, certè est dea carmina digna.” Ibid.

TO THE DUTCHESS OF GRAFTON.

MADAM, Beauty, as it is both the theme and inspirer of Poetry, so it ought to be the patroness too; and a poem of Love should in justice be sacred to none but the Loveliest: it would therefore be adoring a false Deity, should I offer up this at any shrine but yours. As it is the best I can do, and written on the most pleasing subject, I was resolved to lay it at the feet of the most beautiful; and had I been myself at a loss where to fix, the universal opinion of the world would have directed me, and pointed out your Grace for the patroness; while the poem shall last (and a poem of Love ought to last longer than any other) succeeding ages shall read that your Grace was the ornament of this age. It is an innocent and harmless ambition in poets, whose only design in all they do is the pleasing others, and in doing that please themselves best; and, as Beauty is the chief object they bend their studies to delight, all poets ought to aspire to please your Grace in particular. That ambition is the best excuse I can make for my presumption in this dedication; since I am unknown to
your

your Grace, and perhaps even unheard-of yet; but what is my crime is at the same time my plea for pardon; or rather it is my merit. The Athenians, when they dedicated an altar to the Unknown God, shewed more devotion, and directed their devotion to a truer deity, than when they adored the many they knew. That I might be sure of something acceptable in this offering, and not fail to delight in a poem of Love, where all ought to be delightful, I have taken all the most moving tender things that Ovid and Tibullus said to their mistresses, to say to mine; nor will I allow it to be a theft, since I doubt not, as it was their love that inspir'd them with those thoughts, mine would have infused the same into me; and no man that thinks naturally of love can avoid running into the same thoughts with them. I have borrowed the examples to every passion from those stories which I thought the most pleasing in Ovid, where certainly the most pleasing were to be met with: some few places in every story I have translated, but for the most part I have only kept him in view; I have gone on with him and left him where I thought it proper, and by that means have avoided the absurdities of his Metamorphoses; save only that of Pigmalion's statue, but that was a Metamorphosis that pleased me. It was a delightful surprise to see life breathed into an inanimate beauty, as it would be a killing affliction to see it taken away from one already animated: it would occasion as much joy and wonder to have a Dutcheſs of GRAFTON made by Art (if Art could do it) as it would cause consternation to have the Gods unmake one. But those miracles of
Art

Art are now ceased ; and none but the Heavenly Artist could have drawn you, who has drawn you so that he has left the painter and the poet at a loss to copy you. As to the success of this poem, I hope I am secure, since it is sacred in general to the Fair Sex, and committed in particular to the protection of the Fairest. If they are once pleased, who will dare to find fault ? or disoblige them by disliking what they approve ? Under the shelter of your Grace's patronage I shall stand, like Æneas, guarded by the Goddess of Love ; and no Diomedes shall be found as desperate as the first to wound me through you. Thus, as all dedicating poets, who write more to raise their own reputation than their patrons, I have taken the most effectual means to establish mine ; and doubt not to make a strong party, since every Lover will defend what is sacred to the Lovely. Your Grace's most devoted, most humble servant,

CHARLES HOPKINS.

* YE woods and wilds, serene and blest retreats,
At once the Lovers' and the Muses' seats ;
To you I fly ; to you, ye sacred groves,
To tell my wondrous tale of wondrous Loves.
'Thee, Delia, thee, shall every shepherd sing,
With thy dear name the neighbouring woods shall ring.
No name but thine shall on their barks be found,
With none but thine shall echoing hills resound.

* " Thy forest, Windsor ! and thy green retreats,

" At once the Monarch's and the Muse's seats,

" Invite my lays." POPE.

The imitation is here extremely evident. N.

My

My verse thy matchless beauties shall proclaim,
Till thine outrival Sacharissa's fame.
My verse shall make thee live while woods shall grow,
While stars shall shine, and while the seas shall flow;
While there remains alive a tender maid,
Or amorous youth, or love-sick swain, to read.
Others may artfully the passions move,
In me alone 'tis natural to love:
While the world sees me write in such a strain,
As shews I only feel what others feign.

Thou darling of my youth, my life's delight,
By day my vision, and my dream by night;
Thou, who alone dost all my thoughts infuse,
And art at once my Mistress and my Muse;
Inspir'd from thee, flows every sacred line,
Thine is the poetry, the poet thine;
Thy service shall my only business be,
And all my life employ'd in pleasing thee.
Crown'd with my songs of thee, each day shall move,
And every listening sun hear nought but Love.
With flowing numbers every page shall roll,
Where, as you read my verse, receive my soul.
Should sense, and wit, and art, refuse to join
In all I write, and fail my great design;
Yet with such passion shall my lines be crown'd,
And so much softness in my poem found;
Such moving tendernefs the world shall see,
Love could have been describ'd by none but me.
Let Dryden from his works with justice claim
Immortal praise; I from my sacred flame
Draw all my glory, challenge all my fame.

Believe me, Delia, Lovers have their wars ;
 And Cupid has his camp, as well as Mars.
 That age which suits a soldier best will prove
 The fittest for the sharp fatigues of Love.
 None but young men the toils of war can bear,
 None but young men can serve and please the fair.
 Youth with the foe maintains the vigorous fight,
 Youth gives the longing maid the full delight :
 On either hand, like hardship it sustains,
 Great are the soldier's, great the lover's pains.
 'Th' event of war no General can foreknow,
 And that, alas ! of Love is doubtful too.
 In various fields, whatever chance shall fall,
 The soldier must resolve to bear it all.
 With the like constancy must lovers wait,
 Enduring bad, and hoping better fate.
 Through doubts and fears, desires and wishes tost,
 Undaunted, they must strain to reach the coast.
 All will a while look hideous to their eye,
 The threatening storm still thickening in the sky,
 No sight of land, no friendly harbour nigh. }
 Yet through all this the venturous lover steers,
 To reap the golden crop that Beauty bears.
 So the bold mariners the seas explore, [roar, }
 Though winds blow hard, and waves like thunder }
 Rather than live in poverty on shore.
 Embolden'd thus, let every youth set sail,
 And trust to Fortune for a prosperous gale :
 Let them launch boldly from the lazy shore,
 Nor fear a storm which will at last blow o'er ;

Set all the reins to all their passions free,
 Give wings to their desires ; and love like me.
 Happy that youth, who, when his stars incline
 His soul to Love, can make a choice like mine !

A D M I R A T I O N.

Thee, Delia, all that see thee must admire,
 And mankind in its own despoight desire.
 As a blind man, restor'd to sudden sight,
 Starts in amaze at the first flash of light ;
 So was I struck, such sudden wonder knew,
 When my eyes dazzled with the sight of you :
 I saw whatever could inflame desire,
 Parch-up the veins, and set the blood on fire ;
 From every charm the pointed lightning came,
 And, fast as they dispers'd, I caught the flame.
 Like stars your glittering eyes were seen to shine,
 And roll with motions that were all divine ;
 Where majesty and softness mingled meet,
 And shew a soul at once sublime and sweet ;
 I gaz'd, and, as I gaz'd, from every view,
 New wonders I descried, new passion drew.
 Nor were the charms less powerful of your tongue ;
 My ravish'd soul on every accent hung,
 Glow'd when you spoke, and melted when you sung. }
 Those lips unopen'd cannot fail to move,
 But silently are eloquent in Love ;
 That face and neck, those shoulders, hands, and arms,
 Each limb, each feature, has peculiar charms,
 Each of itself might singly win a soul,
 And never need th' assistance of the whole.

On this one part a poet's praise might dwell,
 Did not this other part deserve as well.
 Beauty is surely near allied to Wit,
 Of which none can the just description hit;
 By their own selves they may be shewn the best,
 And only are in being seen exprest.
 Beauty's true charms no poem can present,
 Which but imperfectly are done in paint;
 That too comes short of life, and only takes
 Faint images of those which Nature makes.

* Propitious chance led Perseus once to view
 The fairest piece that ever Nature drew;
 Chain'd on a rocky shore the virgin stood,
 Naked, and whiter than the foaming flood;
 Whom, as he cours'd the confines of the sky,
 Amaz'd he saw, and kept his wondering eye
 So fix'd, he had almost forgot to fly. }
 Had not the winds dispers'd her flowing hair,
 And held it waving in the liquid air;
 Or had not streams of tears apace roll'd down
 Her lovely cheeks; he would have thought her stone.
 Straight he precipitates his hasty flight,
 Impatient to attain a nearer sight.
 Now all at once he feels the raging fires,
 Sees all the maid, and all he sees admires.
 With awe and wonder, mixt with love and fear,
 He stands as motionless as shame made her.

* An imitation of part of the Fourth Book of Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, Book IV. N.

Urg'd-on

Urg'd-on at last, but still by slow degrees,
Loth to offend, he draws to what he sees.
“ Oh ! why, he cries, most matchless fair-one, why
Are you thus us'd ? Can you be doom'd to die ?
Have you done any guilt ? that guilt relate.
How can such beauty merit such a fate ?
I am thy champion, and espouse thy cause ;
In thy defence the Thunderer's offspring draws.
Say, if thou 'rt rescued by the son of Jove,
Say, for thy life wilt thou return thy love ? ”

The bashful virgin no return affords,
But sends ten thousand sighs instead of words :
With grief, redoubled with her shame, she mourns ;
She weeps, he joys, the blushes, and he burns.
In chains extended at her length she lay,
While he with transport took a full survey.
Fain would her hands her conscious blushes hide,
But *that* the fetters which they wore deny'd.
What could she do ? all that she could, she did ;
For, drown'd in floods of tears, her eyes she hid.
Much urg'd to speak, she turn'd her bashful look
Far as she could aside, and trembling spoke :
“ My mother, conscious of her beauty, strove
(Alas ! too conscious) with the wife of Jove ;
Who, by a cruel and unjust decree,
To punish her, takes this revenge on me.
Here am I doom'd a dreadful monster's prey,
Who now, now, now, is issuing from the sea.
Haste, generous youth, our common foe subdue ;
And, if you save my life, I live for you.”

Thus spoke the maid, half dying with her fears,
 When, lo ! the monster from the sea appears.
 The dauntless hero mounts his flying horse,
 And o'er the waves directs his airy course.
 Let him, alone, his victory pursue ;
 For dreadful war has nothing here to do.
 'This short account will love-sick swains suffice ;
 He slew his foe, and straight receiv'd his prize.
 Thrice happy youth, too fortunately blest ;
 Who only came, and conquer'd, and possess'd :
 None of the pangs of Love your bliss annoy'd ;
 You but beheld, admir'd, and so enjoy'd.
 All other lovers longer toils sustain ;
 Desires, Hopes, Jealousies, an endless train.

D E S I R E.

* How thou art envy'd, let Pigmalion prove ;
 Who by a miracle obtain'd his love ;
 Who, living in an age when women led
 The lewdest lives, all shame and honour fled,
 For a long time declin'd the nuptial-bed. }
 He saw them all debauch'd with monstrous crimes ;
 No virtuous maid, no Delia, bless'd the times.
 Had she liv'd then, his skill had ne'er been shewn,
 Nor the strange miracle, that crown'd it, known.
 There had he fix'd, not form'd his fancy'd maid ;
 Nor fondly been by his own art betray'd.
 The nymph in polish'd ivory glitter'd bright,
 So smooth, she seem'd too slippery for his sight.

* From Ovid's Metamorphoses, Book X. N.

So

So curious was her shape, so just her frame,
So quick her eyes appear'd, so full of flame,
They would have roll'd, if not restrain'd by shame. }
From his strange art the statue had receiv'd
Such lively strokes, one would have thought it liv'd.
Ev'n he himself could hardly, hardly know,
But doubted long whether it liv'd or no.
Yet, from her as she was, he gather'd fires;
And fierce and boundless were his mad desires.
He felt her flesh (his fancy thought it such),
And fear'd to hurt her with too rude a touch.
He kiss'd her with belief so strong and vain,
That he imagin'd how she kiss'd again.
Now makes his court, his mad addresses moves,
And tells a long, fond tale, how well he loves.
Presents her now with all he thought might please,
With precious gums distill'd from weeping trees;
Small singing-birds, who strain their tuneful throats,
And, hovering round, repeat their pretty notes.
With sweetest flowers he crowns her lovely head,
And lays her on the softest downy bed.
In richest robes his charming idol drest,
Bright sparkling gems adorn her neck and breast, }
And she — look'd well in all, but look'd, when
naked, best.

Now Venus kept her feast; a goodly train
Of love-sick youths frequent and fill her fane;
The snow-white heifers fall by sacred strokes,
While with rich gums the loaden'd altar smokes:

Among the rest the hopeless lover stands,
Tears in his eyes, and offerings in his hands;
More furious than before he feels his fires,
Ev'n his despair redoubles his desires.

A long, long time, his orisons deferr'd,
He durst not pray, lest he should not be heard;
Till, urg'd by Love, his timorous silence broke,
'Thus (but still timorously) at last he spoke:

"If you, ye sacred powers that rule above,
And you, great Goddess of propitious Love,
If all we want is plac'd within your power,
And you can give whatever we implore;
Exert your Godhead now, now lend your aid,
Give me the wife I wish, one like"—he said,
But durst not say, "give me my ivory maid!"

This finish'd; thrice auspicious flashes rise,
And wreaths of curling smoak ascended thrice.
Half hoping now, and yet still half afraid,
With doubtful joy he seeks his ivory maid;
Doats more than ever on her fancy'd charms,
And closely clasps her in his longing arms.
When all at once, with joy and wonder fill'd,
He feels her stubborn sides begin to yield.
Soft was her bosom grown, her throbbing breast
Heav'd with her breath, swell'd gently to be prest.
Surpriz'd and glad, he feels her oft and oft;
And more and more perceives her warm and soft.
Warm were her lips, and every pointed kiss
With melting touches met and moisten'd his.

Her

Her blood now circled, and her pulses beat,
 And life at last enjoy'd a settled seat.
 Slowly she lifts her new and fearful sight,
 And sees at once her lover and the light.
 An unborn maid both life and lover found,
 And he too had his desperate wishes crown'd :
 Desperate indeed ! what prospect could he see,
 Or how at first hope any more than me ?

H O P E.

* Hippomanes alone, with Hope inspir'd,
 Might well rejoice to find his withes fir'd,
 Since well assur'd of all his wish desir'd.
 His passion was all life, all soul, and flame,
 He dauntless to the fatal barriers came.
 With joy his vanquish'd rivals he beheld,
 Assur'd to win where all besides had fail'd.
 He saw the lovely nymph out-fly the wind,
 And leave her breathless suitors far behind ;
 Saw Atalanta swift as lightning pass,
 Yet soft as Zephyrs sweep along the grass.
 He knew the law, whose cruelty decreed,
 That every youth who lost the race should bleed :
 Yet, if like them he could not run so fast,
 He saw her worth the dying for, at last.
 Her every charm his praise and wonder mov'd,
 And still, the more he prais'd, the more he lov'd.
 Now had he view'd the last unhappy strife,
 And seen the vanquish'd youth resign his life ;

* From Ovid's Metamorphoses, Book X. N.
 When,

When, with his love transported from his place,
 Left any other first should claim the race,
 Rising he runs, regardless of their fate,
 And presses where the panting virgin fate.
 With eyes all sparkling with his hope and love,
 And such a look as could not fail to move ;
 “ Tell me, he cries, why, barbarous Beauty, why
 Are you so pleas’d to see these wretches die ?
 Why have you with my feeble rivals strove,
 Betray’d to death by their too daring love ?
 With me a less unequal race begin,
 With me exert your utmost speed to win ;
 By my defeat, you will your conquests crown,
 And in my fall establish your renown.
 Then undisturb’d you may your conquests boast,
 For none will dare to strive, when I have lost.”

Thus while the prince his bold defiance spoke,
 She eyes him with a soft relenting look ;
 Already does his distant fate deplore,
 Concern’d for him, though ne’er concern’d before.
 Doubtful she stands, and knows not what to choose,
 And cannot wish to win, nor yet to lose ;
 But murmurs to herself : “ Ye powers divine,
 How hard, alas ! a destiny is mine !
 Why must I longer such a law obey,
 And daily throw so many lives away ?
 Why must I by their deaths my nuptials shun ?
 Or else by marrying be myself undone ?
 Why must I still my cruelty pursue ?
 Why must a prince so charming perish too ?

Such

Such is his youth, his beauty, valour such,
 Ev'n to myself I seem not worth so much.
 Fly, lovely stranger, ere 'tis yet too late,
 Fly from thy too, ah! too, too certain fate.
 I would not send thee hence, I would not give
 Such a command; could'st thou but stay, and live;
 Thou with some fairer maid wilt happier be;
 The fairest maid might be in love with thee.
 So many suitors have already bled,
 Who rashly vent'red for my nuptial bed;
 I fear lest thou should'st run like them in vain,
 Should'st lose like them, and, ah! like them be slain.
 Yet why should he alone my pity move?
 It is but pity sure; it is not love.
 I wish, bold youth, thou would'st the race decline,
 Or rather with thy speed could equal mine.
 Would thou hadst never seen this fatal place;
 Nor I, alas! thy too, too charming face.
 Were I by rigorous fate allow'd to wed,
 Thou should'st alone enjoy and bless my bed.
 Were it but left to my own partial choice,
 Thou of all mankind should'st obtain my voice."

'Twas here she paus'd; when, urg'd with long delay,
 The trumpets found to hasten them away:
 Strait at the summons is the race begun,
 And side by side for some short time they run;
 While the spectators from the barriers cry,
 "Fly, prosperous youth, with all thy vigour fly,
 Make haste, make haste, thy utmost speed enforce,
 Love give thee wings to win the noble course!"

See how unwillingly the virgin flies;
Pursue, and save thy life, and seize the prize."

'Tis doubtful yet, whether the general voice
Made the glad youth or virgin most rejoice.

Oft, in the swiftest fury of the race,
The nymph would slacken her impetuous pace,
And halt, and gaze, and almost fasten on his face. }

Then fleet away again, as swift as wind,
Not without sighs to leave him so behind.

By this, he saw his strength would ne'er prevail,
But still he had a charm that could not fail.

From his loose robe a golden apple drawn,
With force he hurl'd along the flowery lawn.

Strait at the sight the virgin could not hold,
But starts aside to catch the rolling gold.

He takes the wish'd occasion, passes by,
While all the field resounded shouts of joy.

This she recovers with redoubled haste,
'Till he far off the second apple cast.

Again the nymph diverts her near pursuit,
And, running back, secures the tempting fruit:

But her strange speed recovers her again,
Again the foremost in the flowery plain.

Now near the goal he summons all his might,
And prays to Venus to direct him right, }

With his last apple to retard her flight.

Though sure to lose if she the race declin'd,
For such a bribe the victory she resign'd.

Pleas'd that she lost, to the glad victor's arms

She gives the prize, and yields her dear-bought charms.

He

He by resistless gold the conquest gain'd,
 In vain he ran, till that the race obtain'd.
 Possess'd of that, he could not but subdue,
 For gold, alas! would conquer Delia too.
 Yet oh! thou best-belov'd, thou loveliest maid,
 Be not by too much avarice betray'd.
 Prize thyself high, no easy purchase prove,
 Nor let a fool with fortune buy thy love.
 Like Atalanta's conqueror let him be,
 Prave, generous, young, from every failing free,
 And, to compleat him, let him love like me. }
 What pains against my wretched self I take?
 Ev'n I myself my jealousies awake.
 Such men there are, blest with such gifts divine,
 Who if they knew thee would be surely thine.

JEALOUSY.

How wretched then, alas! should Daphnis grow!
 Gods! how the very thought distracts him now!
 Ev'n now, perhaps, some youth with happier charms
 Lies folded in the faithless Delia's arms.
 Ev'n now the favours you denied me seem,
 To be too prodigally heap'd on him.
 Close by your side, all languishing he stands,
 And on your panting bosom warms his hands.
 Straight in your lap he lays his envied head,
 And makes the shrine of Love his sacred bed.
 Then glows his ravish'd soul with pointed flames,
 And thoughts of heavenly joys fill all his dreams.
 Let not your passion be to me reveal'd,
 But, if you love, keep him you love conceal'd.

From

From Cephalus's tragic story read
 What fatal mischiefs jealousy may breed.
 Hear that unhappy wretched huntsman tell,
 How by his hands his much-lov'd Procris fell ;
 Hear him, lamenting his mischance, complain
 In the soft Ovid's sadly charming strain :

* Happy a while, thrice happy was my life,
 Blest in a beautiful and virtuous wife.
 Love join'd us first, and Love made life so sweet,
 We prais'd the gods, that 't was our lot to meet.
 Our breasts glow'd gently with a mutual flame ;
 The same were our desires, our fears the same.
 Whate'er one did, the other would approve ;
 For one our liking was, as one our love.
 Then happy days were crown'd with happier nights,
 And some few months roll'd on in full delights.
 Joys crouded to appear, and pleasures ran,
 A while in circles, ere our woes began ;
 Till I one fatal morn the chace pursu'd,
 Of a wild boar through an adjacent wood ;
 Where, as I hunted eager on my prey,
 Aurora stopp'd me in my hasty way.
 You may believe I do not, dare not feign
 (For misery never made a man so vain).
 She, though a goddess, straight began to move
 A fruitless suit, and vainly talk'd of Love.
 Though she look'd bright as when she shines on high
 In all the glories of a morning sky ;

* From Ovid's Metamorphoses, Book X. N.

I

Though

Though earlier than the sun's her beams display,
 And shew the first approaches of the day ;
 I told her, " Procris all my soul possesse,
 That she alone reign'd sovereign of my breast,
 Which never would admit another guest." }

" Enjoy thy Procris then, the goddess cry'd,
 Whom thou shalt one day wish th' hadst ne'er enjoy'd."

Stung with her words, with doubts and fears oppress'd,

A sudden jealousy destroys my rest,
 Mads all my brain, and poisons all my breast. }

I thought the sex all false, ev'n Procris too ;
 Again I thought, she could not but be true.

Her youth and beauty kindled anxious cares,
 But her known chastity condemn'd my fears.

But then my absence does again revive,
 And keep the torturing fancy still alive.

I thought her faith too firmly fix'd to fall,
 Yet a true lover is afraid of all.

I knew not what to think ; but straight I go,
 Resolv'd to cure, or to compleat my woe :

An habit different from my own I took,
 While with curst aid Aurora chang'd my look.

To Athens straight, unknown by all, I came ;
 Ev'n to myself I scarce could seem the same.

Hardly I got admission to my house,
 But far, far harder, to my weeping spouse.

The house itself from aught of blame was free,
 And every place express'd its grief for me.

A dismal silence reign'd through every room,
 To mourn my loss, already safe at home.

Ev'n

Ev'n that sad pomp of woe some charms could boast,
But, when my Procris came, the charm'd me most.
Black were her robes, her solemn pace was slow ;
Her dress was careless, yet becoming too.

A virtuous grief dwelt deeply in her face,
But matchless beauty gave that grief a grace.

Whole showers of tears her streaming eyes let fall,
Yet something wondrous lovely shone through all.

Scarce could I at the charming sight forbear
From running to embrace my mournful fair,
Scarce hold, from telling whom she saw (though
alter'd) there. }

But yet at length my first design pursued,
With words I flatter'd, and with gifts I woo'd.

All the most moving arguments I us'd,
Oft pray'd and press'd, but was as oft refus'd.

She said, another had before engross'd

All her affection, and my suit was lost.

Would any but a mad-man farther try?

But ah ! that mad, that desperate fool was I.

I grew the more industrious to destroy

Her matchless truth, and ruin all my joy.

Redoubled presents and redoubled vows

I made and offer'd, to betray my spouse.

At last, her staggering faith began to yield,

And I 'ad just won the long disputed field.

"Thy falsehood, straight I cried, too late I see,

False to thy Cephalus, for I am he.

Since you are perjur'd, since my Procris grew

Forsworn and false, what woman can be true ?"

She

She at these words, almost of sense bereav'd,
 With sad confusion found herself deceiv'd.
 Fix'd on the ground she kept her downcast eye,
 And, silent with her shame, made no reply.
 But to the mountains like an huntress hies,
 And for my sake from all mankind she flies.
 Which when I found, abandon'd and alone,
 My dearer half through my own folly gone,
 Love fiercer than before began to burn,
 Till I was raging for my wife's return.
 My prayers, dispatch'd with eagerness and haste,
 That she would pardon all offences past,
 Found her as kind as she was truly chaste.
 She came, and crown'd my joys a second time,
 Forgot my jealousy, forgave my crime.
 'Twas then I thought my greatest miseries o'er,
 But Fate, it seems, had worse, far worse in store.
 Soon as each early sun began to rise,
 To glad th' enlighten'd earth, and gild the skies,
 I with his first appearance rise, and trace
 The woods and hills, that yielded game to chase.
 Alone I hunt a long and tedious way,
 And seldom fail to kill sufficient prey;
 Then, spent with toil, to cooler shades retreat,
 And seek a refuge from the scorching heat.
 Where pleasant valleys breathe a freer air,
 For my refreshment I address this prayer:

* "Come, Air, I cry, joy of o'erlabour'd swains,
 Come, and diffuse thyself through all my veins;

* See this burlesqued, English Poets, vol. XX. p. 332. N.

Breathe on my burning lips and feverish breast,
 And reign at large an ever-grateful guest;
 Glide to my soul and every vital part,
 Distill thyself upon my panting heart.
 By chance I other blandishments bestow,
 Or Destiny decreed it should be so.

As, O thou greatest Pleasure of the plains;
 Thou who assuagest all my raging pains.
 Thou, who dost Nature's richest sweets excite,
 And mak'st me in these desert woods delight;
 Breathless and dead without thee should I be,
 For all the life I have I draw from thee."

While this I sung, some one who chanc'd to hear
 Thought her a nymph to whom I made my prayer,
 And told my Procris of her rival Air. }
 She, kind good soul, half dying at the news,
 Would now condemn me, now again excuse.
 Now hopes 'tis all a falsehood, now she fears,
 Suspects my faith, as I suspected hers :
 Resolv'd at last to trust no busy tongue,
 But be herself the witness of her wrong;

When the next day with fatal haste came on,
 And I was to my lov'd diversion gone,
 She rose, and sought the solitary shade,
 Where after hunting I was daily laid.
 Close in a thicket undiscern'd she stood,
 When I took shelter in the shady wood.
 Then, stretching on the grass my fainting weight,
 "Come, much-lov'd Air, I cry, oh! come abate
 With thy sweet breath this most immoderate heat!" }
 Af

At this a sudden noise invades my ear,
 And rustling boughs shewed something living there.
 I, rashly thinking it some savage beast,
 Threw my unerring dart with heedless haste,
 Which pierc'd, oh Gods! my Procris through the breast. }
 She at the wound with fearful shriekings fell;
 And I, alas! knew the dear voice too well.
 Thither, distracted with my grief, I flew,
 To give my dying Love a sad adieu.
 All bloody was her lately snowy breast,
 Her soul was hastening to eternal rest.
 With rage I tore my robe, which close I bound,
 To stop the blood about the gaping wound.
 What pardons did I beg! what curses frame,
 For my damn'd fate, that was alone in blame!
 When, weakly raising up her dying head,
 With a faint voice these few sad words she said:
 "Draw nearer yet, dear author of my death,
 Hear my last signs, and snatch my parting breath.
 But, ere I die, by all that's sacred swear,
 That you will never let my rival, Air, }
 Prophane my bed, or find reception there.
 This I conjure you by your nuptial vow;
 The faith you gave me then, renew me now.
 By all your love, if any love remain,
 And by that love which dying I retain,
 Assure me but of this before I go,
 And I shall bless thee for the fatal blow."

To her sad speech abruptly I replied,
 In haste to shew her error ere she died.

Quickly I ran the tragic story o'er,
Which made her pleas'd, amidst the pangs she bore:
That done, she rolls in death her dizzy eyes,
And with a sigh, which I receiv'd, she dies.

Here did the youth his doleful tale conclude,
A tale too doleful to be long pursued.
But this ill-chosen instance will not do,
Unless my Delia could be jealous too.
But she, whene'er I wone some other fair,
Shews no resentment, and betrays no care.
She sees me court another, as unmov'd
As she has always seen herself belov'd.
That dreadful thought redoubles all my fear,
That drowns my hopes, and drives me to despair.

DESPAIR.

No foreign instance need of this be shown,
To draw it best, I must describe my own.
Though of this kind all ages can produce
Examples proper for the mourning Muse;
Yet all to me must the first place resign,
None ever was so just, so deep as mine.
All day and night I sing, and all day long,
"I love, and I despair," makes all my song.
Revolving days the same sad music hear
Unchang'd those notes, "I love, and I despair."
To me, as to the echo, Fate affords
No power of speech but for those doleful words.
Some glimpse of fun, some chearful beams appear,
Ev'n through the gloomiest season of the year.

My

My clouded life admits no dawn of light,
 No ray can pierce through my eternal night.
 All there is dismal as the shades beneath,
 And all is dark as hell, and sad as death.
 My anxious hours roll heavily away,
 Depriv'd of sleep by night, and peace by day.
 My soul no respite from her sufferings knows,
 And sees no end of her eternal woes.
 In a long line they run for ever on,
 And still increase and lengthen as they run.
 By flight to lose my ills in vain I try,
 From my despairing self I cannot fly.
 Where-e'er I go, I bear about my flame,
 In cities, countries, seas, 'tis still the same.
 Scorch'd with my burning pains, I shun my house,
 And strive in open air to seek repose.
 My flames, like torches shook in open air,
 Grow with dilated heat more furious there.
 Now to the most retir'd remotest place,
 Ev'n to obscurity, I fly for ease.
 Retirement still foment's the raging fire,
 And trees, and fields, and floods, and verse, conspire }
 To spread the flame, and heighten the desire.
 Wildly I range the woods, and trace the groves,
 To every oak I tell my hopeless loves.
 Torn by my passion, to the earth I fall,
 I kneel to all the Gods, I pray to all.
 Nothing but Echo answers to my prayer,
 And she speaks nothing but Despair, Despair.

From woods and wilds I no relief receive,
 But wander on, to try what seas can give.
 Deep through the tide, not knowing where, I walk;
 To the deaf winds, not knowing what, I talk.
 Mad as the foaming main, aloud I rave,
 While every tear keeps time with every wave.

* So in old times the mournful Orpheus stood;
 Drowning his sorrows in the Stygian flood,
 Whose lamentable story seems to be
 The nearest instance of a wretch like me.
 Already had he pass'd the courts of Death,
 And charm'd with sacred verse the powers beneath;
 While Hell with silent admiration hung
 On the soft music of his harp and tongue,
 And the black roofs restor'd the wondrous song;
 No longer Tantalus essay'd to sip
 The springs that fled from his deluded lip;
 Their urn the fifty maids no longer fill,
 Ixion lean'd and list'ned on his wheel,
 And Syfiphus's stone for once stood still;
 The ravenous vulture had forsook his meal,
 And Titius felt his growing liver heal;
 Relenting Fiends to torture souls forbore,
 And Furies wept, who never wept before;
 All Hell in harmony was heard to move,
 With equal sweetness as the spheres above.
 Nor longer was his charming prayer deny'd,
 All Hell consented to release his bride.

* From Ovid's Metamorphoses, Book X. N.

Yet

Yet could the youth but short possession boast;
 For what his poem gain'd, his passion lost.
 Ere they restor'd her back to him and life,
 They made him on these terms receive his wife :
 If till he quite had pass'd the shades of night,
 And reach'd the confines of æthereal light.
 He turn'd to view his prize; his wretched prize
 Again was doom'd to vanish from his eyes.
 Long had he wander'd on, and long forborn
 To look, but was at last compell'd to turn.
 And now arriv'd where the sun's piercing ray
 Struck through the gloom, and made a doubtful day,
 Backwards his eyes th' impatient lover cast
 For one dear look, and that one look his last.
 Straight from his sight flies his unhappy wife,
 Who now liv'd twice, and twice was robb'd of life.
 In vain to catch the fleeting shade he sought,
 She too in vain bent backwards to be caught.
 Gods ! what tumultuous raging passions toss'd
 His anxious heart, when he perceiv'd her lost !
 How wildly did his dreadful eye-balls roll !
 How did all Hell at once oppress his soul !
 To what sad height was his distraction grown !
 How deep his just despair ! how near my own !
 In vain with her he labour'd to return,
 All he could do was to sit down and mourn.
 In vain (but ne'er before in vain) he sings
 At once the saddest and the sweetest things.

“ Stay, dear Eurydice, he cries, ah ! stay;
 Why fleets the lovely shade so fast away ?

Why am not I permitted to pursue ?
 Why will not rigorous Hell receive me too ?
 Already has she reach'd the farther shore,
 And I, alas ! allow'd to pass no more ;
 Imprison'd closer in the dismal coast,
 She's now for ever, ever, ever lost.
 No charms a second time can set her free,
 Hell has her now again ; would Hell had me !
 From all his pains let Titius be releas'd,
 And in his stead unhappier Orpheus plac'd :
 He feels no torture I'll refuse to bear,
 Her loss is worse than all he suffers there.
 Is this your bounty then, ye Powers below !
 And these the short-liv'd blessings you bestow ?
 Why did you such a cruel covenant make,
 Which you but too well knew I needs must break ?
 Ah ! by this artifice too late I find
 Your envious nature never was inclin'd
 To be intirely good, or thoroughly kind. }
 Had you persisted to refuse the grant,
 I should not then have known the double want.
 This was contriv'd by some malicious power,
 To swell my woes, and make my miseries more ;
 Plung'd in despair far deeper than at first,
 And blest a short, short while, to be for ever curs'd !
 Ah ! yet again relent, again restore
 My wretched bride, be bounteous as before.
 Ah ! let the force of verse as powerful be
 O'er you, as was the force of love o'er me.

And

And the dear forfeit once again resign,
Which but for too much love had still been mine.
By that immense and awful sway you bear,
That silent horror that inhabits here ;
By these vast realms, and that unquestion'd right
By which you rule this everlasting night.
By these my tears and prayers, which once could move;
Once more I beg you to release my Love.
Let her a little while with me remain,
A little while, and she is yours again.
The date of mortal life is finish'd soon,
Swift is the race, and short the time to run :
Inevitable Fate your right secures ;
And she, and I, and all, at last are yours."

So sung the charming youth in such a strain;
But sung and charm'd the second time in vain.
No longer could he move the Powers below,
Lost were his numbers then, as mine are now.
Torn with despair, he leaves the Stygian lakes,
And back to light a loathsome journey takes.
No light could cheer him in his cruel woes,
Who bears about his grief where-e'er he goes.
In sacred verse his sad complaints he vents,
And all the day and all the night laments.
Incessantly he sings, whose moving song
Draws trees, and stones, and listening herds along.
The Sylvan Gods and Wood-nymphs stood around,
And melting maids were ravish'd at the sound.
All heard the wondrous notes ; and all that heard
With utmost art address'd the mournful bard.

Not all their charms his constancy could move,
 Who fled the thoughts of any second love.
 When, mad to see him slight their raging fire,
 To mortal hate converting fierce desire,
 With their own hands, they made the youth expire.
 Such proofs, my Delia, would I gladly give,
 For thee I'd die, without thee will not live.
 I've felt already the severest smart
 Death can inflict; for it was death to part.

THE PARTING.

What souls about to leave their bodies bear,
 Forc'd to forsake their long-lov'd mansions there,
 The dying anguish, the convulsive pain,
 And all the racking tortures they sustain,
 And, most of all, the doubt, the dreadful fear,
 When thrust out thence, to go they know not where;
 My soul such pangs, such sad distractions knew,
 Forc'd by despairing love to part with you:
 Fix'd on that face where I could ever dwell
 Charm'd into silence by some magic spell,
 I sigh'd, and shook, and could not say farewell;
 Down my sad cheeks did tears in torrents roll,
 And death's cold damp fate heavy on my soul;
 My trembling eyes swam in a native flood,
 As fast as they wept tears, my heart wept blood;
 All signs of desperate grief possess'd my face,
 My sinking feet seem'd rooted to their place,
 And scarce could bear me to the last embrace.

Gods ! where was then my soul ? that parting kiss
Was both the last and dearest taste of bliss.

Ah ! since that fatal time I could not boast
Of love, or life, or soul ; all, all is lost.

When the last moment that I had to stay
Call'd me, like one condemn'd to death, away ;

With staggering steps I did my path pursue,
Yet oft I turn'd to take another view,

Oft gaz'd and sigh'd, and murmur'd out adieu.

Thus young Achilles in Bithynia's court
Had made a private and a long resort ;

Dress'd like a maid, the better to improve
With his fair princess, undiscover'd love ;

Where hours and days he might secure receive
The mighty bliss that mutual love could give ;

Where in full joys the youthful pair remain'd,
And nought a while but laughing Pleasures reign'd ;

Till at the last the Gods were envious grown,
To see the bliss of man surpass their own.

All Greece was now with Helen's rape alarm'd,
And all its princes to revenge her arm'd ;

When spiteful powers foretold them, their descent
Would be in vain, unless Achilles went ;

In vain they might the Phrygian coasts invade,
Scale Troy in vain, no onset could be made,

That should succeed without that hero's aid.
And now Ulysses, by a crafty flight,

Had found him out, in his disguise's spite ;
Who, though betray'd by his unhappy fate,

Had too much sense of honour to retreat.

Which when his charming Deidamia knew,
 She to her late-discover'd * lover flew :
 On his dear neck her snowy arms she hung,
 And streaming tears awhile restrain'd her tongue.
 But at the last her dismal silence broke,
 These mournful words the weeping princess spoke :

“ Whither, ah ! whither would Achilles flee ?
 From all he's dearest to, from love and me ?
 Are not my charms the same ? the same their power ?
 Have I lost mine ? or has Bellona more ?
 Oh ! let me not so poorly be forsook,
 But view me, view me with your usual look.
 Would you, unkind, from these embraces break ?
 Is glory grown so strong ? or I so weak ?
 Glory is not your only call ; I fear
 You go to meet some other mistress there.
 Go then, ingrateful, though from me you fly,
 You'll never meet with one so fond as I ;
 But some camp-mistress, lavish of her charms,
 Devoted to a thousand rival arms ;

* Achilles had a long time lain disguised like a woman, in the court of Nicomedes king of Bithynia, making use of that habit the better to carry on his amours with Deidamia, Nicomedes's daughter : but he was at last discovered by the subtilty of Ulysses ; who putting a sword into his hands, which he wielded too dextrously for a woman, so betrayed him, and carried him to the Trojan war ; the Greeks having been warned by the Oracle, that Troy should never be taken unless Achilles assisted at the siege. HOPKINS.

Then

Then will you think, when she is common grown,
 On Deidamia, who was all your own.
 Thus will I clasp thee to my panting breast,
 And thus detain thee to my bosom press'd.
 And while I fold thee thus, and thus dispense
 These kisses to restore thy wandering sense,
 What dismal sound of war shall snatch thee hence?
 What though the Gods have order'd you should go,
 Or Greece return inglorious from her foe?
 Have not the self-same cruel Gods decreed
 That, if you went, you should as surely bleed!
 Then, since your fate is destin'd to be such,
 Ah! think, can any Troy be worth so much?
 Let Greece whate'er she please for vengeance give,
 Secure at home shall my Achilles live.
 Troy, built by heavenly hands, may stand or fall;
 You never shall obey the fatal call.
 Your Deidamia swears you shall not go,
 Life would be dear to you, if she were so.
 If not your own, at least my safety prize,
 For with Achilles Deidamia dies."

All this and more the lovely mournful maid
 Told the sad youth, who sigh'd at all she said.
 Yet would he not his resolution break,
 Where all his fame and honour lay at stake.
 Now would he think on arms; but when he gave
 A side-long glance on her he was to leave,
 Then his tumultuous thoughts began to jar,
 And Love and Glory held a doubtful war;

Till,

Till, with a deep-drawn sigh and mighty course
Of tears, which nothing else but love could force,
To the dear maid he turns his watery eyes,
And to her sad discourse as sad replies :

“ Thou late best blessing of my joyful heart,
Now grown my grief, since I must now depart ;
Behold the pangs I bear, look up and see
How much I grieve to go ; and comfort me.
Curse on that cunning traitor's smooth deceit,
Whose craft has made me, to my ruin, great !
Curse on that artifice by which I fell !
Curse on these hands for wielding swords so well !
Though I should ne'er so fit for battle prove,
All my ambition 's to be fit for love.
In his soft wars I would my life beguile,
With thee contend in the transporting toil,
Ravish'd to read my triumph in thy smile.
Boldly I'd strive, yet ev'n when conquering yield
To thee the glory of the bloodless field ;
With liquid fires melt thy rich beauties down,
Rise thy wealth, yet give thee all my own.
So should our wars be rapture and delight,
But now I'm summon'd to another fight.
'Tis not my fault that I am forc'd away,
But, when my honour calls, I must obey.
Durst I not death and every danger brave,
If were not worthy of the bliss I have.
More hazards than another would I meet,
Only to lay more laurels at your feet.

Oh ! do not fear that I should faithless prove,
 For you, my only life, have all my love.
 The thought of you shall help me to subdue,
 I'll conquer faster to return to you.
 But, if my honours should be laid in dust,
 And I must fall, as Heaven has said I must;
 Ev'n in my death my only grief will be,
 That I for ever shall be snatch'd from thee.
 That, that alone, occasions all my fears,
 Shakes my resolves, and melts me into tears.
 My beating heart pants to thee as I speak,
 And wishes, rather than depart, to break.
 Feel how it trembles with a panic fright,
 Sure it will never fail me thus in fight.
 I cannot longer hold this fond discourse,
 For now the trumpets sound our sad divorce.
 Sound every trumpet there, beat every drum,
 Use all your charms to make Achilles come.
 Farewell, alas ! I have not time to tell
 How wondrous loth I part ; once more, farewell.
 Remember me as I'll remember you,
 Like me be constant, and like me be true ;
 Gods ! I shall ne'er be gone ; adieu, adieu, adieu !"

A B S E N C E.

Happy that amorous youth, whose mistress hears
 His swelling sighs, and sees his falling tears.
 What savage maid her pity can deny
 A breaking heart, and a still streaming eye ?
 Absent, alas ! he spends them all in vain,
 While the dear cause is ignorant of his pain.

Yet;

Yet, wretched as he is, he might be blest,
 Would he himself contribute to his rest;
 Would he resolve to struggle through the net,
 And but a while endeavour to forget.
 But his mad thoughts run every passage o'er,
 And anxious memory makes his passion more;
 Perplexing memory, that renews the scene
 Of his past cares, and keeps him still in pain;
 Keeps a poor wretch perpetually oppress'd,
 And never lets unhappy lovers rest;
 Lets them no pangs, no cruel sufferings lose,
 But heaps their past upon their present woes.
 Such was Leander's memory when remov'd
 And Sunder'd by the seas from all he lov'd.
 The gather'd winds had wrought the tempest high,
 Toss'd up the ocean, and obscur'd the sky;
 And at this time, with an impetuous sway,
 Pour'd forth their forces, and possess'd the sea.
 When the bold youth stood raging on the beach,
 To view the much-lov'd coast he could not reach;
 His restless eyes ran all the distance o'er,
 And from afar discern'd his Hero's tower.
 Thrice naked in the waves his skill he try'd,
 And strove, as he was us'd, to stem the tide;
 But tumbling billows threaten'd present wreck,
 And, rising up against him, dash'd him back.
 Then, like a gallant soldier, forc'd to go
 Full of brave wrath from a prevailing foe,
 Again to town he makes his sad resort,
 To see what ships would loosen from the port;

Finding but one durst launch into the seas,
He writes a letter, fill'd with words like these :

* “ Read this ; yet be not troubled when you read
Your Lover comes not in his letter's stead.
On you all health, all happiness attend,
Which I would much, much rather bring than send.
But now these envious storms obstruct my way,
And only this bold bark durst put to sea.
I too had come, had not my parents' spies
Stood by, to watch me with suspicious eyes.
How many tedious days and nights are past
Since I was suffer'd to behold you last !
Ye spiteful Gods and Goddesses, who keep
Your watery courts within the spacious deep,
Why at this time are all the winds broke forth,
Why swell the seas beneath the furious north ?
'Tis summer now, when all should be serene,
The sky's unclouded, undisturb'd the main ;
Winter is yet unwilling to appear ;
But you invert the seasons of the year.
Yet let me once attain the wish'd-for beach,
Out of the now malicious Neptune's reach.
Then blow, ye winds ; ye troubled billows, roar,
Roll on your angry waves, and lash the shore ;
Ruffle the seas, drive the tempestuous air,
Be one continued storm to keep me there.
Ah ! Hero, when to you my course is bent,
I seem to slide along a smooth descent.

* In imitation of Ovid, Ep. XVIII, “ Leander to Hero.” N.

But, in returning thence, I clamber up,
 And scale, methinks, some lofty mountain's top.
 Why, when our souls by mutual love are join'd,
 Why are we funder'd by the sea and wind?
 Either make my Abydos your retreat,
 Or let your Sestos be my much-lov'd feat.
 This plague of absence I can bear no more;
 Come what can come, I'll shortly venture o'er.
 Not all the rage of seas, nor force of storms,
 Nothing but death shall keep me from thy arms:
 Yet may that death at least so friendly prove,
 To float me to the coast of her I love!
 Let not the thought occasion any fear,
 Doubt not I will be soon and safely there:
 But till that time, let this employ your hours,
 And shew you, that I can be none but yours."

Mean while the vessel from the land withdrew,
 When Heaven took pity on a love so true.
 The winds to blow, the waves to tofs forbore,
 In leaps the ravish'd youth, and ventures o'er,
 With a smooth passage to the farther shore.
 Now to the port the prosperous lover drives,
 And safely after all his toils arrives.
 Dissolv'd in blifs, he lies the live-long night,
 Melts, languishes, and dies in vast delight.
 But that delight my Muse forbears to sing,
 She knows the weakness of her infant wing.
 As when the painter strove to draw the chief
 Of all the Grecians, in his height of grief;

In every limb the well-shap'd piece excell'd,
But, coming to the face, his pencil fail'd:
There modestly he staid, and held, for fear
He should not reach the woe he fancied there;
But round the mournful head a veil he threw,
That men might guess at what he could not shew.
So when our pleasure rises to excess,
No tongue can tell it, and no pen express.
Love will not have his mysteries reveal'd,
And Beauty keeps the joys it gives conceal'd;
And till those joys my Delia lets me know,
To me they shall continue ever so.

Ah! Delia, would indulgent Love decree,
Thy faithful slave that heaven of bliss with thee;
What then should be my verse! what daring flights
Should my Muse take! reach what celestial heights!
Now in despair with drooping notes she sings,
No dawn of hope to raise her on her wings.
In the warm spring the warbling birds rejoice,
And in the smiling sun-shine tune their voice;
Bask'd in the beams, they strain their tender throats,
Where chearful light inspires the charming notes;
Such and so charming should my numbers be,
If you, my only light, would smile on me.
Your influence would inspire as moving airs,
And make my song as soft and sweet as theirs.
Would you but once auspiciously incline
To raise his fame, who only writes for thine;
I'd sing such notes as none but you could teach,
And none but one who loves like me can reach.

Secure of you, what raptures could I boast !
 How wretched shall I be when you are lost !
 Ah ! think what pangs despairing lovers prove,
 And what a blest'd estate were mutual love !
 How might my soul be with your favour rais'd !
 And how in pleasing you myself be pleas'd !
 With what delight, what transport, could I burn,
 Did but my flames receive the least return !
 How would one tender look, one pitying smile,
 Or one kind word from you, reward my toil !
 It must, and would your tenderest pity move,
 Were you but once convinc'd how well I love.
 By every Power that reigns and rules on high,
 By Love, the mightiest power of all the sky;
 By your dear self, my last great oath, I swear,
 That neither life nor soul are half so dear.
 What need I these superfluous vows repeat,
 Already sigh'd so often at your feet ?
 You know my passion is sincere and true,
 I love you to excess ; you know I do.
 No tongue, no pen, can what I feel express,
 Ev'n poetry itself must make it less.
 You haunt me still where-ever I remove ;
 There 's no retreat secure from Fate or Love.
 My soul from yours no distance can divide,
 No rocks nor caves can from your presence hide.
 By day your lovely form fills all my sight,
 Nor do I lose you when I lose the light ;
 You are the charming phantom of the night.

}
Still

Still your dear image dances in my view,
 And all my restless thoughts run still on you.
 You only are the sleeping poet's dream,
 And, when awake, you only are his theme.
 Were I by some yet harder fortune hurl'd
 To the remotest parts of all the world;
 The coldest northern clime, the torrid zone,
 Should hear me sing of you, and you aloner
 That pleasing task should all my hours employ,
 Spent in a charming melancholy joy.
 The chorus of the birds, the whispering boughs,
 And murmuring streams, should join to sooth my woes.
 My thoughts of you should yield a sad delight,
 While joy and grief contend like day and night.
 With smiles and tears, resembling sun and rain,
 To keep the pleasure, I'd endure the pain.
 If such content my troubled soul could know,
 Such satisfaction mix'd with so much woe;
 If but my thoughts could keep my wishes warm,
 Ah! how would your transporting presence charm!
 How pleasant would these pathless wilds appear,
 Were you alone my kind companion here!
 What should I then have left me to deplore?
 Oh! what society to wish for more?
 No country thou art in can desert be,
 And towns are desolate, depriv'd of thee:
 Banish'd with thee, I could an exile bear;
 Banish'd from thee, the banishment lies there.
 I to some lonely isle with thee could fly,
 Where not a creature dwells but thou and I;

Where a wide-spreading main around us roars,
 Besprinkling with its foam our desert shores ;
 Where winds and waves in endless wars engage,
 And high-wrought tides roll with eternal rage ;
 Where ships far off their fearful courses steer,
 And no bold vessel ever ventures near.
 Should rising seas swell over every coast,
 Were mankind in a second deluge lost ;
 Did only two of all the world survive,
 Only one man, one woman, left alive ;
 And should the Gods that lot to us allow,
 Were I Deucalion, and my Pyrrha thou ;
 Contentedly I should my fate embrace,
 And would not beg them to renew our race :
 All my most ardent wishes should implore,
 All I should ask from each indulgent Power,
 Would be to keep thee safe, and have no more.

Your cruelty occasions all my smart,
 Your kindness could restore my bleeding heart :
 You work me to a storm, you make me calm ;
 You give the wound, and can infuse the balm.
 Of you I boast, of you alone complain,
 My greatest pleasure, and my greatest pain.
 Whene'er you grieve, I can no comfort know ;
 And when you first are pleas'd, I must be so.
 While you are well, there's no disease I feel ;
 And I enjoy no health when you are ill.
 Whate'er you do, my actions does direct ;
 Your smile can raise me, and your frown deject.

Whome'er you love, I by the self-same fate
 Love too; and hate whatever wretch you hate.
 With yours my wishes and my passions join,
 Your humour, and your interest, all is mine.
 I share in all; nor can my fortunes be
 Unhappy, let but Fortune smile on thee.
 You can preserve, you only can destroy;
 Increase my sorrow, or create my joy.
 From you, and you alone, my doom I wait,
 You are the Star whose influence rules my fate.
 On yours my being and my life depend,
 And mine shall last no more when yours must end.
 No toil would be too great, no task too hard,
 Were you at last to be my rich reward.
 In serving you, I'd spend my latest breath,
 Brave any danger, run on any death.
 I live but for your sake; and when I die,
 All I shall pray for is, may you be by!
 No life like living with thee can delight,
 No death can please like dying in thy fight.
 Oh! when I must, by Heaven's severe decree,
 Be snatch'd from all that's dear, be snatch'd from thee,
 May'st thou be present to dispel my fear,
 And soften with thy charms the pangs I bear!
 While on thy lips I pour my panting breath,
 Look thee all o'er, and clasp thee close in death;
 Sigh out my soul upon thy panting breast,
 And, with a passion not to be express'd,
 Sink at thy feet into eternal rest!

A PASTORAL ELEGY
ON THE DEATH OF DELIA.

BY THE SAME.

“Quam referent Musæ, vivet; dum robora tellus,
“Dum cœlum stellas, dum vehet amnis aquas.”

TIBULLUS, I. iv. 65.

THYRSIS.

STAY, wretched swain, lie here, and here lament;
Press not too far your strength already spent.

Long has distracting sorrow made you rove
Through every desert plain and dismal grove,
Still silent with excess of grief and love. }

Feebly your trembling legs beneath you go,
And bend o'erburdened with their load of woe.

Stay, and this melancholy grotto choose,

A proper mansion for a mourning Muse.

Lay your tir'd limbs extended on the moss,

And tell the listening woods of Delia's loss:

Here the sad Muse need no disturbance fear,

For not a living thing inhabits here.

Musick may give your sorrows some relief,

And I, by listening to you, share your grief.

DAPHNIS.

What musick now can my sad numbers boast!

What Muse invoke! alas! my Muse is lost.

Long since my useless pipe was thrown aside,

My reeds were broke that hour that Delia died.

From

From her alone their inspiration came,
She gave the verse, and was the verse's theme.
For ever should my sorrows keep me dumb,
Silent as death, and hush'd as Delia's tomb,
Did not the force of Love unlock my tongue,
Lest her dear beauties should remain unfung.
Her charms let every Muse conspire to tell,
And, that once done, let every Muse farewell.
This the last tribute of my verse I bring,
To sing her death, and then no more to sing.

Be still, ye winds, or in soft whispers blow;
Ye purling streams, with gentler murmurs flow;
Let lambs forbear to bleat, and herds to low. }
Let all in easy mournful numbers move,
Let all be soft, and artless as my Love.

Oh! she was every way divinely fair,
Charming in person, and in soul sincere.
She was, alas! more than the Muse can tell,
Well worthy love, and was belov'd as well.
She was—alas! these tears that saying draws,
Oh! 'tis a cruel, killing word—*She was!*
Now she no more must tread the flowery plains,
No more be gaz'd at by admiring swains.
No more the choicest flowers and daisies choose,
Or pluck the pasture for her tender ewes.
Say, ye poor flocks, how often have ye stood,
And from her lovely hands receiv'd your food!
Now ye no more from those fair hands must feast,
Those hands which gave the flowers a sweeter taste.
Mourn her, by whom ye were so often fed,
And cry with me, the shepherdeſs is dead.

This the last tribute of my verse I bring,
To sing her death, and then no more to sing.

Weep for her loss, relenting Heaven, and keep
Time with our tears ! Heaven seems apace to weep.
In murmuring drops the mournful rain distills,
And sable clouds wrap round the sides of hills.
The goat forbears to browse, the tender ewe
Will drink no longer of the falling dew.
No morning larks their mounting wings display,
Or chear with warbling airs the dusky day.
On dropping boughs sad nightingales complain,
Join in my songs, but sing like me in vain.
In doleful notes the murmuring turtles coo,
Each of them seems t' have lost a Delia too.
The melting air in mists its sorrows shews,
And cold damp sweat the face of earth bedews.
With tears the River-gods enlarge their spring,
Swans in sad strains on swelling waters sing.
In sighs the God of Winds his passion vents,
And all, all Nature for her loss laments.
This the last tribute of my verse I bring,
To sing her death, and then no more to sing.

How often, on the banks of silver Thames,
My eyes on hers, and hers upon the streams,
Has she stood listening when I told my flames !
How often has a sudden, sidelong look,
Seem'd to confess her pity when I spoke !
Pity I had, though I could never move
In her cold breast the least return of love.

Pity

Pity from her more welcome did receive,
 Than all the love another fair could give.
 And it was some, some small relief to see
 She lov'd not others, though she lov'd not me.
 Say, gentle Thames, how often have I stood,
 Viewing her dear reflection in your flood!
 When on her face I durst not gaze for fear,
 How often have I look'd, and found it there!
 How often have I wish'd my verse might prove
 Smooth as your stream, whene'er I writ of Love!
 Say, how your courteous waves would never flow
 O'er any path where she was us'd to go.
 Now let your river, like my eyes, run o'er,
 Infult with fuller tides the desert shore,
 And drown those banks where Delia walks no more. }
 This the last tribute of my verse I bring,
 To sing her death, and then no more to sing.

Blue violets and blushing roses, fade,
 Fold your silk leaves, and hang your drooping head, }
 Shut up your sweets, and seem, like Delia, dead;
 Let Spring run backwards, and the vintage blast,
 Let constant showers lay all the country waste;
 Let flames unto the centre downwards tend,
 And let the floods, untoss'd by winds, ascend;
 Let all things change, and wear another face,
 Let Nature not appear the same she was;
 Let fowl to dwell beneath the waters try,
 And let the watery herd attempt to fly;
 Let wolves protect the flocks upon the plains,
 Let bashful virgins woo disdainful swains;

Let

Let savage Death its cruelty pursue,
 And, since my Delia's dead, let me die too :
 This the last tribute of my verse I bring,
 To sing her death, and then no more to sing.

See, where the God of Love all sad appears,
 His smoking torch extinguish'd with his tears.
 Well may he weep for his declining power,
 His charm is done since Delia is no more.
 Through her he conquer'd, and through her he reign'd ;
 Her beauties his decaying sway sustain'd,
 And, she now gone, his empire is disdain'd.

See, where Diana, with a stately train
 Of goodly nymphs, descends upon the plain ;
 Each of them weeps, and leans upon her bow,
 And mourns her fellow Delia wanting now.
 The Goddess grieves, to see her train decreas'd,
 And swelling sighs shake every virgin breast.
 Unhurt they let the stags beside them pass,
 Nor follow boars that tempt them to the chace.
 In several forms of woe their grief they vent,
 And all with me for Delia's loss lament.
 This the last tribute of my verse I bring,
 To sing her death, and then no more to sing.

Look yonder, where the lovely nymph is laid,
 I'll go, and on her earth recline my head,
 Choak with my sighs, and hasten to the dead.
 Come hither, all ye swains, with garlands come,
 Pour out your richest perfumes on her tomb.
 Let myrtles on her grave unplanted grow,
 In ready wreaths for every lover's brow.

Let

Let flowers unknown before be daily seen
To raise their heads above the spacious green,
Millions of blooming sweets her earth surround,
And balmy gums distill upon the ground;
Here let the tuneful Muse for ever cease,
To give unutterable sorrow place;
Let sighs and streaming tears resume their course,
And my sad eyes be their eternal source:
I'll go, and choose some melancholy cave,
As undisturb'd and secret as the grave.
I'll feast my eyes with nothing fair on earth,
Nor shall my ears hear any sound of mirth.
Farewell, ye charming choiristers that dwell
In sacred groves; ye warbling birds, farewell.
Adieu, ye nymphs, adieu ye fellow swains,
Ye silver streams, sweet swans, and flowery plains.
Farewell, all happy days and smiling hours,
Refreshing valleys and delightful bowers.
Adieu to every grotto, every grove,
Adieu to Poetry, adieu to Love!

PHOEBUS AND DAPHNE.

FROM OVID'S METAMORPHOSES, BOOK I.

BY THE SAME.

NO beauteous nymph could youthful Phoebus move,
Till Daphne's charms inspir'd him first with love;
A virgin, sprung from Peneus' silver stream,
Fair as the crystal waters whence she came.

No

No blind effects of chance subdued the god,
But just revenge which injur'd Cupid ow'd ;
For Phœbus saw him as his bow he drew,
And, scoffing, cry'd, " Those are not arms for you !
To me your quiver and your shafts resign,
They load your shoulders, but fit well on mine ;
Your arrows drop from your enervate arm,
And are not sent with force enough to harm ;
But, when I shoot, with my unerring hands,
On the fleet shaft as fleet a death attends.
Witness the monstrous Python lately slain,
Against whose scales your darts had been in vain,
He still had liv'd, and ravag'd all the plain.
In yonder vale by me behold him kill'd,
Shedding his poisonous gore o'er all the field.
Be you content to kindle amorous fires,
Inspiring childish loves and soft desires ;
Attempt not things beyond your feeble powers,
Hold your own empire, and usurp not ours.
The flighted God, in short, replies, by thee,
Let other breasts be pierc'd, but thine by me.
As human force is conquer'd by divine,
So shalt thou find my powers excelling thine."
He spoke, and spread his wings, and mounted up,
Nor rested till he reach'd Parnassus' top.
From his full quiver all his darts he drew,
And from them all he made his choice of two.
Differing the passions which their points create,
The one producing love, the other hate :

With

With this the beauteous virgin's breast he pierc'd;
 But he wounds Phœbus deeper with the first.
 High on the mountain's utmost cliff he stood,
 And took his fatal aim, and shot the god:
 Swiftly it flies through his envenom'd reins;
 Fires all his blood, and poisons all his veins.
 The deadly shafts their purpos'd ends obtain;
 Work love in him, in her as fierce disdain.

Her only joy was ranging through the grove,
 To shun her lovers, and their tales of love.
 There the wild boars were wounded with her spear;
 Her only passion was to conquer there.
 All her attire was like Diana's train,
 Alike her humour in avoiding men.
 Her numerous courtiers met with numerous flights,
 She fled from Hymen and his hated rites:
 Oft had her father prompted her to wed,
 By fond desires of future grandsons led:
 Oft had he told her, that she ow'd a debt
 Of smiling nephews, which he hop'd-for yet.
 She starts, and thinks she understands him wrong,
 Nor would have heard it from another tongue.
 Then, hanging on her father, thus she pray'd,
 "Oh! only lov'd of all your sex, she said,
 Oh! give me leave to live and die a maid!"
 He, too indulgent, yields, but yields in vain,
 To what she cannot from herself obtain;
 That matchless form was made to be admir'd,
 And she is, in her own despight, desir'd:

The

The youthful Phœbus courts her for his bride,
And loves too fiercely to be long deny'd.
With hopes, he would not for his godhead lose,
By his own oracles deceiv'd, he woos.
As fires in spacious fields of stubble thrown,
When the first blaze of flame is once begun,
The winds with fury drive the torrent on :
So burns the god, and so receives the fires,
And fooths with flattering hopes his fond desires.
He sees her hair dishevel'd on her back,
And part in circles twining round her neck.
“ If such their charms disorder'd thus, he cry'd,
Ah ! what if Nature were with Art supply'd ! ”
He sees her sparkling eyes, that shine like stars,
But with an influence far more strong than theirs.
He sees her balmy lips, and longs to kiss ;
For, oh ! he is not satisfy'd he sees.
Her hands and arms fill his unwearied sight ;
He looks on all with wonder and delight.
He sees her snowy thighs, her swelling breast ;
If aught lay hid, he still concludes it best :
And yet in vain is all the God can say,
The dear, disdainful virgin will not stay,
But flies the swifter, as she hears him pray.
“ Stay Daphne, stay, it is no foe pursues,
I follow not as lustful Satyrs use :
The trembling deer fly from the lion so,
The lambs from wolves, each from his mortal foe.
They by their swift pursuit their prey design ;
But love, the tenderest love, occasions mine.

Beware,

Beware, dear maid, lest any barbarous thorn
Tear those soft limbs, too beauteous to be torn.
Rough are the ways you follow with such speed,
Ah! yet beware, be cautious how you tread!
Or stay, or do not make such dangerous haste;
I too will stay, or not pursue so fast.

Stay, Daphne, stay, ah! whither do you run?
Alas! fond nymph, you know not whom you shun:
No rustic labouring hind, no savage swain;
I keep no lowing herds upon the plain:
Delphos and Tenedos my rule obey,
In several isles I several sceptres sway;
All nations offer incense at my shrine,
And all those beams that light the world are mine:
Jove does acknowledge me his darling son,
And gives me power the greatest next his own:
I know what Time bears in her teeming womb,
And all that was, and is, and is to come:
I teach soft numbers to the mighty Nine,
The wondrous harmony they make is mine:
Sure are the wounds I send from every dart,
But Love made surer when he pierc'd my heart:
To the sick earth safe remedies I give,
Allotting man a longer time to live;
To me the use of every herb is known,
Vain art, alas! since Love is cur'd by none!
To all besides, they do their aid afford,
Unable only to relieve their Lord."

Much more he would have told the flying fair,
But the regardless virgin would not hear.

With doubled swiftneſs ſhe out-runs the wind,
And leaves his yet unfiniſh'd ſpeech behind.
The winds, that toſs'd her flowing robes abroad,
Shew'd a whole Heaven of beauty to the God.
Her naked limbs to his full view diſplay'd;
The God, the raviſh'd God, ſaw all the maid.
Her every ſtep inflames his fierce deſires,
Her every motion fans the raging fires.
Still the fair nymph grew lovelier as ſhe fled,
Looſe in the air her golden locks were ſpread,
And her cheeks glow'd with an unuſual red. }
Th' impatient God admits no more delay,
And throws no more unheeded words away:
Stronger his pliant limbs he ſtrives to move,
Love urges on, he takes new force from love.
So the ſwift greyhound, when his game he views,
With eager ſtretch o'er all the plain purſues;
Now comes ſo near, that he is forc'd to ſtoop,
With the falſe hopes he has to ſnatch her up:
The trembling hare runs on with dreadful doubt,
Whether ſhe is already ſeiz'd or not;
She uſes all her art to help her flight;
And doubles juſt enough to ſcape the bite.
So Daphné flies, wing'd with her mortal fear;
Wing'd with his love, ſo Phœbus follows her.
But he ſtill gains advantage in the race,
For Love redoubles his impetuous pace.
With arms expanded, he purſues the fair,
And plies his eager feet ſo very near, }
She feels his breath warm through her flying hair.

Now,

Now, as her utmost force was well-nigh spent,
And her o'er-labour'd legs began to faint;
Her course to that delightful stream she bends,
Which from her father's silver urn descends:
With moving looks the water she surveys,
And thus the sad and lovely suppliant prays:
"Oh! save me yet, ere I am quite betray'd,
Exert your godhead, and preserve a maid:
To some new form change my too charming shape,
Or let me lose my being, to escape!

Immediate grant was given her as she pray'd,
And sudden numbness through her limbs was spread;
Thin films o'er all her lovely frame are cast,
And with close folds they compass-in her waist;
Her hair to leaves, her arms to branches shoot,
Her feet, depriv'd of swiftness, form the root;
Her beauteous head chang'd to the leafy top,
And yet not wholly, ere the God came up:
For now he ran with more immoderate speed,
But not with haste enough t' embrace the maid;
Still lovely, though of human shape bereft,
And he still loves her in the shape she 'as left.
He lays his hand upon the new-made plant,
While yet her heart beneath the rind did pant;
He clasp'd her, with the thought of what she 'ad been,
And, oh! he wish'd her still the same as then;
With the same scorn his kisses she disdain'd,
Her scorn, alas! was all she still retain'd.
"I have thee now, such as thou art, he cry'd,
And thou shalt be my tree, though not my bride.

My quiver shall be hung upon thy boughs,
 And thy dear leaves be wreath'd about my brows.
 Thou shalt the heads of demi-gods adorn,
 And be by poets and their heroes worn.
 When Cæsar shall from vanquish'd nations come,
 Drawn in his chariot through the streets of Rome;
 When to the capitol their spoils they bring,
 And Io Pæans make the temple ring:
 Then, planted at Augustus' gilded doors,
 Thou, like an household god, shalt guard his floors.
 And as the tresses on my youthful head
 Keep their first lustre still, and never fade;
 The verdant beauty of thy leaves shall last,
 Not to be wither'd by the Winter's blast."

Thus the God finish'd; and the Laurel bow'd
 Her branches down, to thank the bounteous God.

JUPITER AND EUROPA;
 FROM OVID'S METAMORPHOSES, BOOK II.

BY THE SAME.

Greatness does always our desires oppose,
 And Majesty and Love are mortal foes.
 Jove knew too well, it hinder'd the design,
 He could not compass in a form divine.
 He casts his eagle off and royal crown,
 And lets his bolts fall to the pavement down.
 Divested thus, he quits the blest abode,
 Without one mark left to reveal the God:

He,

He, that was wont to reign, and rule on high,
 And shake the world with thunder from the sky,
 Of all the Gods the most ador'd and fear'd,
 Now changes to a bull, and joins the herd.
 Large curls adorn'd his front, and hid his chest,
 Of all he seem'd by far the noblest beast,
 By something still distinguish'd from the rest;
 His whiteness did the new fall'n snow excel,
 While it remains unfullied as it fell;
 His horns were small, like glittering jewels bright,
 And seem'd design'd for beauty, more than fight.
 His peaceful look no signs of fury shows,
 He wears no marks of terror on his brows.
 The royal maid beheld him with delight,
 Surpriz'd with pleasure at th' unusual sight:
 Yet was her pleasure first allay'd with fear,
 Till, by degrees at last advancing near,
 With flowers more welcome than his heavenly food
 (Given by those hands) she fed the ravish'd God.
 Softly, with secret joy, those hands he prest,
 And too, too eager, to be wholly blest,
 Hardly, ah! hardly, he forbears the rest.
 Now with large leaps he bounds upon the land,
 Anon he rolls along the golden sand.
 As her fears vanish'd, she approach'd the beast;
 And, venturing farther, stroak'd his panting breast,
 And crown'd his horns with flowers, too venturous
 at the last!
 More favours thus th' unwary nymph bestow'd,
 Than she had given him had he seem'd a God.

Still daring more, down on his back she fate,
 Alas ! she knew not who sustain'd her weight.
 Then, then the God rose with his wish'd-for prey,
 And, wing'd with his success, soon reach'd the sea.
 Vain were her cries, all her resistance vain,
 While Jove in triumph bore her through the main.
 She casts her eyes on the forsaken coast,
 Which lessen'd till the view was wholly lost :
 She sigh'd, and wept, and look'd despairing back,
 Yet still she held his horns, still clasp'd his neck ;
 While with the winds her looser garments flow'd,
 And spread a grateful covering o'er the God.

NARCISSUS AND ECHO,

FROM OVID'S METAMORPHOSES, BOOK III.

BY THE SAME.

THE vocal nymph this lovely huntsman view'd,
 As he into the toils his prey pursued.
 Though of the power of speaking first debarr'd,
 She could not hold from answering what she heard.
 The jealous Juno, by her wiles betray'd,
 Took this revenge on the deceitful maid :
 For, when she might have seiz'd her faithless Jove,
 Often in amorous thefts of lawless love,
 Her tedious talk would make the Goddess stay,
 And give her rivals time to run away ;
 Which when she found, she cried, " For such a wrong,
 Small be the power of that deluding tongue !"
 Immediately the deed confirm'd the threats,
 For Echo only what she hears repeats.

Now

Now at the sight of the fair youth she glows,
 And follows silently where-e'er he goes.
 The nearer she pursued, the more she mov'd
 Through the dear track he trod, the more she lov'd:
 Still her approach inflam'd her fierce desire,
 As sulphurous torches catch the neighbouring fire.
 How often would she strive, but strive in vain,
 To tell her passion, and confess her pain!
 A thousand tender things her thoughts suggest,
 With which she would have woo'd, but they, suppress'd }
 For want of speech, lay bury'd in her breast.
 Begin she could not, but she stay'd to wait
 Till he should speak, and she his speech repeat.
 Now several ways his young companions gone,
 And for some time Narcissus left alone.
 "Where are you all?" at last she hears him call,
 And she strait answers him, *Where are you all?*
 Around he lets his wandering eye-sight roam,
 But sees no creature whence the voice should come:
 "Speak yet again, he cries, is any nigh?"
 Again the mournful Echo answers, *I*.
 "Why come not you?" says he; appear in view,
 She hastily returns, *Why come not you?*
 Once more the voice th' astonish'd huntsman try'd,
 Louder he call'd, and louder she reply'd.
 "Then let us join," at last Narcissus said:
Then let us join, replied the ravish'd maid.
 Scarce had she spoke, when from the woods she sprung,
 And on his neck with close embraces hung.

But he with all his strength unlocks her fold,
And breaks unkindly from her feeble hold.
Then proudly cries, "Life shall this breast forsake,
Ere you, loose Nymph, on me your pleasure take."
On me your pleasure take, the Nymph replies,
While from her the disdainful huntsman flies.

Repuls'd, with speed she seeks the gloomiest groves,
And pines to think on her rejected loves ;
Alone laments her ill-requited flame,
And in the closest thickets shrouds her shame.
Her rage to be refus'd yields no relief,
But her fond passion is increas'd by grief ;
The thoughts of such a flight all sleep suppress'd,
And kept her languishing for want of rest :
Now pines she quite away with anxious care,
Her skin contracts, her blood dissolves to air ;
Nothing but voice and bones she now retains,
These turn to stones, but still the voice remains :
In woods, caves, hills, for ever hid she lies,
Heard by all ears, but never seen by eyes.

Thus her and other nymphs his proud disdain
With an unheard-of cruelty had slain :
Many, on mountains and in rivers borne,
Thus perish'd underneath his haughty scorn :
When one, who in their sufferings bore a share,
With suppliant hands address'd this humble prayer :
" Thus may he love himself, and thus despair !" }
Nor were her prayers at an ill hour preferr'd ;
Rhamnusia, the revengeful Goddess, heard.

Nature had plac'd a cryſtal fountain near,
 The water deep, but to the bottom clear ;
 Whoſe ſilver ſpring aſcended gently up,
 And bubbled ſoftly to the ſilent top.
 The ſurface ſmooth as icy lakes appear'd,
 Unknown by herdsman, undiſturb'd by herd;
 No bending tree above its ſurface grows,
 Or ſcatters thence its leaves or broken boughs;
 Yet at a juſt convenient diſtance ſtood ;
 All round the peaceful ſpring, a ſtately wood,
 Through whoſe thick tops no ſun could ſhoot his beams,
 Nor view his image in the ſilver ſtreams :
 Thither, from hunting and the ſcorching heat,
 The wearied youth was one day led by Fate.
 Down on his face, to drink the ſpring, he lies ;
 But, as his image in that glaſs he ſpies,
 He drinks-in paſſion deeper at his eyes.
 His own reflection works his wild deſire ;
 And he himſelf ſets his own ſelf on fire.
 Fix'd as ſome ſtatue, he preserves his place,
 Intent his looks, and motionleſs his face.
 Deep through the ſpring his eye-balls dart their beams,
 Like midnight ſtars that twinkle in the ſtreams.
 His ivory neck the cryſtal mirror ſhows,
 His waving hair above the ſurface flows,
 His cheeks reflect the lily and the roſe :
 His own perfection all his paſſions mov'd,
 He loves himſelf, who for himſelf was lov'd ;
 Who ſeeks, is fought; who kindles the deſires,
 Is ſcorch'd himſelf; who is admir'd, admires :

Oft would he the deceitful spring embrace,
 And seek to fasten on that lovely face ;
 Oft with his down-thrust arms he thought to fold
 About that neck that still deludes his hold.
 He gets no kisses from those cozening lips ;
 His arms grasp nothing, from himself he slips ;
 He knows not what he views, and yet pursues
 His desperate love, and burns for what he views.
 Catch not so fondly at a fleeting shade,
 And be no longer by yourself betray'd ;
 It borrows all it has from you alone,
 And it can boast of nothing of its own :
 With you it comes, with you it stays, and so
 Would go away, had you the power to go !

Neither for sleep nor hunger would he move,
 But, gazing, still augments his hopeless love :
 Still o'er the spring he keeps his bending head,
 Still with that flattering form his eyes he fed,
 And silently surveys the treacherous shade. }
 To the deaf woods at length his grief he vents,
 And in these words the wretched youth laments :

“ Tell me, ye hills and dales and neighbouring groves,
 You that are conscious of so many loves ;
 Say, have you ever seen a lover pine
 Like me, or ever known a love like mine ?
 I know not whence this sudden flame should come ;
 I like and see, but see I know not whom :
 What grieves me more, no rocks nor rolling seas,
 No strong-wall'd cities, nor untrodden ways,

Only

Only a slender silver stream destroys,
 And casts the bar between our Sundered joys.
 Ev'n he too seems to feel an equal flame,
 The same his passion, his desires the same :
 As oft as I my longing lips decline
 To join with his, his mount to meet with mine.
 So near our faces and our mouths approach,
 That almost to ourselves we seem to touch :
 Come forth whoe'er thou art, and do not fly
 From one so passionately fond as I ;
 I've nothing to deserve your just disdain,
 But have been lov'd, as I love you, in vain.
 Yet all the signs of mutual love you give,
 And my poor hopes in all your actions live :
 When in the stream our hands I strive to join,
 Yours straight ascend, and half-way grasp at mine,
 You smile my smiles ; when I a tear let fall,
 You shed another, and consent in all :
 And when I speak, your lovely lips appear
 To utter something, which I cannot hear.
 Alas ! 'tis I myself ; too late I see,
 My own deceitful shade has ruin'd me.
 With a mad passion for myself I'm curs'd,
 And bear about those flames I kindled first.
 In so perplex'd a case, what can I do ?
 Ask, or be ask'd ? shall I be woo'd, or woo ?
 All that I wish, I have ; what would I more ?
 Ah ! 'tis my too great plenty makes me poor.
 Divide me from myself, ye Powers Divine,
 Nor let his Being intermix with mine !

All

All that I love and wish for now retake,
A strange request for one in love to make !
I feel my strength decay with inward grief,
And hope to lose my sorrows with my life :
Nor would I mourn my own untimely fate,
Where he I love allow'd a longer date :
This makes me at my cruel stars repine,
That his much dearer life must end with mine."

This said, again he turns his watery face,
And gazes wildly in the crystal glass,
While streaming tears from his full eye-lids fell,
And, drop by drop, rais'd circles in the well :
The several rings larger and larger spread,
And by degrees dispers'd the fleeting shade ;
Which when perceiv'd, " Oh, whither would you go ?
He cries, ah ! whither, whither, fly you now ?
Stay, lovely shade, do not so cruel prove,
In leaving me, who to distraction love :
Let me still see what ne'er can be possess'd,
And with the sight alone my frenzy feast !"

Now, frantic with his grief, his robe he tears,
And tokens of his rage his bosom bears :
The cruel wounds on his pure body show
Like crimson mingling with the whitest snow :
Like apples with vermilion circles stripe,
Or a fair bunch of grapes not fully ripe.
But, when he looks, and sees the wounds he made
Writ on the bosom of the charming shade ;
His sorrow would admit of no relief,
But all his sense was swallow'd in his grief.

As

As wax, near any kindled fuel plac'd,
 Melts, and is sensibly perceiv'd to waste ;
 As morning frosts are found to thaw away,
 When once the sun begins to warm the day ;
 So the fond Youth dissolves in hopeless fires,
 And by degrees consumes in vain desires :
 His lovely cheeks now lost their white and red,
 Diminish'd was his strength, his beauty fled ;
 His body from its just proportions fell,
 Which the scorn'd Echo lately lov'd so well.
 Yet though her first resentments she retain'd,
 And still remembered how she was disdain'd ;
 She sigh'd ; and when the wretched lover cried,
 " Alas," *Alas*, the woeful Nymph reply'd :
 Then when with cruel blows his hands would wound
 His tender breast, she still restor'd the sound.
 Now hanging o'er the spring his drooping head,
 With a sad sigh these dying words he said,
 " Ah ! boy lov'd in vain !" Through all the plain,
 ECHO resounds, *Ah ! boy lov'd in vain !*
 " Farewell," he cries, and with that word he died ;
Farewell, the miserable Nymph reply'd.
 Now pale and breathless on the grass he lies,
 For Death had shut his self-admiring eyes.
 Now wafted over to the Stygian coast,
 The waters there reflect his wandering ghost ;
 In loud laments his weeping sisters mourn,
 Which Echo makes the neighbouring hills return.
 All signs of desperate grief the nymphs express,
 Great is the moan, yet is not Echo's less.

SCYL-

* SCYLLA'S PASSION FOR MINOS.

FROM OVID'S METAMORPHOSES, BOOK VIII.

BY THE SAME.

A Tower with sounding walls erected stands,
 The sacred fabric of Apollo's hands.
 His harp laid by, the strings their airs dispense,
 And vocal stones receiv'd their virtue thence.
 This Scylla, in the time of peace, ascends,
 And thence her look o'er all the lawns extends ;
 Now with delight she views the spacious town,
 Now, pleas'd with dropping little pebbles down,
 Strikes a sweet music from the warbling stone. }
 In times of war the self-same prospect yields
 The pleasing horror of the bloody fields.
 Long had they now in equal balance hung,
 And doubtful victory depended long.
 This gave her leisure to discern and know
 The several leaders of the neighbouring foe.
 Minos their General most of all she knew,
 More than a virtuous virgin ought to do :
 Whether his helmet glitter'd from afar,
 And with its waving feathers threatened war ;

* The story of "Salmacis and Hermaphroditus," from the Fourth Book of Ovid, and that of "Cinyras and Myrrha," from the Tenth Book, are purposely omitted : no elegance of numbers can atone for gross indecency. N.

Whether

Whether his hands his shining sword would wield,
 Or his strong arm raise his refulgent shield;
 Whate'er she saw him do, she prais'd and lov'd,
 And kept him still in view where-e'er he mov'd.
 Whene'er he took a spear, or cast a dart,
 She knew not which excell'd, his strength or art.
 Whene'er he drew a shaft, she'd swear, that so
 Ev'n Phœbus would himself discharge his bow.
 But, when his naked visage he disclos'd,
 His charming face to public view expos'd;
 When on his foaming horse he rode the plains,
 Ruling with skilful hands the stubborn reins;
 Then, like tempestuous seas, her passions roll,
 Mad her sick brain, and rack her troubled soul.
 Happy she calls the courser which he press'd;
 Happy the lance he couch'd within his rest,
 Happy the vamplate that secur'd his breast.
 Now would she think of flying to the foe,
 And would have gone, had she a way to go.
 Now headlong from the tower herself have sent,
 And ventur'd life, to reach her lover's tent;
 Open the brazen gates when Love inspir'd,
 Or act whate'er the foe she lov'd desir'd.
 Silent she fate with a distracted look,
 Till passion gave her leave, and then she spoke:
 " In this unhappy war and fatal strife,
 I know not which to yield to, joy or grief.
 Though 'tis my fate to love my country's foe,
 I had not seen him had he not been so.

Ye

Yet might they let their fierce contentions fall,
And, making peace, make me the pledge for all.
Minos and I once join'd, our wars might cease,
And that alliance fix a lasting peace.
Well might your mother's charms a God subdue,
If ever she could charm, dear Youth, like you !
Happy ! thrice happy ! had I wings to fly
To yonder tents where the lov'd foe does lie !
I'd tell the dear disturber of my rest
All that I feel, could it be all express'd,
And pour my soul into the charmer's breast;
Give all I can to make him once my own,
All he should ask ; all—but my father's crown :
This love shall cease, these fierce desires shall die,
Ere I by treachery my wish enjoy
Yet, when a generous foe disputes the field,
It is not safest to resist, but yield.
The tragic destiny of his darling son
Has brought at last these fatal mischiefs on :
In a just cause his vengeful sword he draws ;
Strong is his army, to maintain his cause.
Needs must my charming hero prosperous prove,
Then let him owe his conquest to my love:
Thus thousands will be sav'd, who else must bleed,
And daily perish, if the wars proceed.
Minos will thus be safe, and I be blest;
Else he may chance to perish with the rest :
Some rash unknowing hand his spear may dart,
Against my too, too venturous hero's heart ;

For

For who without concern his wounds could see?
 Or who would wound him, if he knew 't was he?
 'Tis then resolv'd; lest such a chance should fall
 On him I love so well, I'll hazard all.
 My country and myself one gift I'll join,
 And make the merit of his conquest mine.
 To will is nothing, when we can't fulfil,
 For wretched want of power, the things we will.
 The gates are kept with a sufficient guard,
 And every night my father sees them barr'd.
 'Tis he destroys my bliss; 'tis him I fear;
 Would he were with the dead, or I were there!
 Might I, not injuring him, my bliss pursue?
 Indulgent Gods! but why invoke I you?
 We, our own Gods, have power ourselves to bless,
 And from ourselves derive our own success.
 The only way to prosper is to dare,
 For Fortune listens not to lazy prayer.
 Others, inflam'd with such a fierce desire,
 Have forc'd through all to quench their raging fire.
 Shall any other then more resolute prove,
 Through fire and sword I'd force my way to love.
 Yet to assist me here, I need not call
 For fire, or sword; my father's hair * is all.
 That, that must crown my joys, and make me blest,
 Beyond whatever else can be possess'd,
 Beyond what can be by my words express'd." }

* "Opus est mihi crine paterno." Ovid, Met. viii. 78.
 The expression is explained by the commentators, "to
 betray the secret counsels of her father." N.

CEYX AND HALCYONE;

FROM OVID'S METAMORPHOSES, BOOK XI.

BY THE SAME.

Ceyx, the son of Lucifer and king of Trachis a city in Theffaly, having been alarmed by several prodigies, prepares to go and consult Apollo's oracle at Claros *, to learn the will of Heaven, and receive the Gods' instructions. His voyage; the description of a storm and shipwreck; the description of the God of Sleep and his palace; the lamentation of Halcyone, the daughter of Æolus and wife to Ceyx, for the loss of her husband, with the change of both into sea-fowls, called after her name Halcyons; are the subjects of the following verses, beginning with her speech to her husband, to dissuade him from his intended voyage.

“**H**OW are you chang'd of late, my Love! how
 So tir'd of me, so prelling to be gone! [grown
 What have I done, to make my lord remove
 So far from her, who once had all his love?
 Is your Halcyone no longer dear?
 Or, to whatever place your course you steer,
 Can you enjoy yourself, and she not there?
 Yet if you went by land 't were some relief,
 For all that would torment me then were grief.
 But now, at once with grief and fear oppress'd,
 A thousand anxious thoughts destroy my rest,
 And not one dawn of comfort cheers my breast.

* “Ad Clarium parat ire Deum.” Ovid, Met. xi. 413. N.,

The faithless seas are what, alas ! I fear
 I must not let my Ceyx venture there.
 Oft have I heard their troubled waters roar,
 And seen their foaming waves surmount the shore ;
 Oft seen the wreck come floating to the coast,
 And venturous wretches by their folly lost.
 Nor have I seldom sad inscriptions read
 On marble tombs, which yet inclos'd no dead.
 Let me alone, my Ceyx, be believ'd,
 And be not by your flattering hopes deceiv'd.
 Trust not the seas, although my father binds
 Within his rocky caves the struggling winds.
 If once broke loose, nought can their rage restrain,
 They sweep o'er all the earth, swell all the main ;
 Drive clouds on clouds by an abortive birth,
 From their dark wombs flashing the thunder forth ;
 More, more than what my feeble words express,
 Which only represent their fury less.
 Let me persuade, for I have seen them rage,
 Seen all the wars the fighting winds could wage.
 Did you, like me, their stern encounters know,
 As daring as you are, you would not go.
 If all this fail to move your stubborn mind,
 And you will go, oh ! leave not me behind ;
 Take me along, let me your fortunes share,
 There's nought too hard for love like mine to bear.
 In storms and calms together let us keep,
 Together brave the dangers of the deep ;
 The grant of this my flattering love assures,
 Which knows no joys and feels no griefs but yours."

Thus spoke the lovely queen, all drown'd in tears,
 Nor was her husband's passion less than hers;
 Yet would he not his first resolves recall,
 Nor, suffering her to venture, hazard all.
 He said whate'er he fancy'd might abate
 Her griefs, although his own were full as great.
 Yet all in vain he labour'd to remove
 The tender fears of her prophetic love.
 Still the same sighs from her heav'd heart arise,
 And the same streams still bubble at her eyes.
 All this succeeding not, "My love, he cry'd,
 (The last best speech that could be then apply'd)
 To you should Ceyx' absence tedious seem,
 Believe that yours is not less so to him;
 For by my father's brightest fires I swear,
 By your dear self, believe, my mournful dear,
 Ere twice the moon renews her blunted horns,
 If destiny permits, your love returns."

This just suffic'd to ease her troubled heart,
 And of her many cares dispel a part.
 And now he bids them launch without delay,
 While she took truce with grief, to sail away.
 That last command awak'd her sleeping fears,
 And she again seem'd all dissolv'd in tears.
 Around his neck her circling arms she threw,
 And, mix'd with sighs, forc'd-out a faint adieu.
 Then, as he left her hold, too feeble grown
 (Robb'd of her dear support) to stand alone,
 The last sad pangs, at parting, sunk her down.

Th' impatient seamen call upon their lord,
 And almost bear him thence by force aboard.
 Then, having fix'd their oars, begin to sweep,
 And cleave with well-tim'd strokes the yielding deep.
 Faintly her opening eyes the ship survey,
 Which bears her lord and her last hopes away.
 In their own tears her trembling eye-balls swim,
 Which hinder'd not but she distinguish'd him :
 Too distant now for words, aloft he stands
 On the tall deck, and she upon the sands
 Wafts her last farewell with her lifted hands. }
 Then, as the ship drove farther from the coast,
 And that dear object in the crowd was lost ;
 The flying bark her following eyes pursue ;
 That gone, the sails employ'd her latest view.
 All out of sight, she seeks the widow'd bed
 Where Ceyx and herself so oft were laid :
 But now, half fill'd, the sad remembrance mov'd
 Of the dear man who made the whole lov'd.
 By this, the gathering winds began to blow,
 Their useless oars the joyful seamen stow ;
 Then hoist their yards, while, loosen'd from the masts,
 The wide-stretch'd sails receive the coming blasts.

DESCRIPTION OF A STORM, AND SHIPWRECK.

Now, far from either shore, they plough'd their way,
 And all behind them and before was sea ;
 When with the growing night the winds rose high,
 And swelling seas presag'd a tempest nigh.
 Aloud the master cries, " Furl all the sails ;
 No longer spread, to catch the flying gales."

But his commands are borne unheard away,
Drown'd in the roar of a far louder sea.
Yet of themselves their tasks the sailors know,
And are by former storms instructed now.
Some to the masts the struggling canvass bind,
And leave free passage to the raging wind.
Some stop the leaks, while some the billows cast
Back on the sea, which rolls them back as fast.
Thus in confusion they their parts perform,
While fighting winds increase th' impetuous storm.
Amaz'd, the pilot sees the waves come on
Too thick and fast for his weak skill to shun.
On every side the threatening billows fall,
And art is at a loss to 'scape them all.
The cries of men, the rattling of the shrouds,
Floods dash'd on floods, and clouds encountering clouds,
Fierce winds beneath, above a thundering sky,
Unite their rage to work the tempest high.
Vast billows after billows tumbling come,
And rolling seas grow white with angry foam;
To mountainous heights the swelling surges rise,
Waves pil'd on waves seem equal with the skies;
Now, rushing headlong with a rapid force,
Look black as Hell, to which they bend their course.
The ship on rising seas is lifted up,
And now seems seated on a mountain top,
Surveying thence the Stygian lakes that flow,
And roll their distant waters far below;
Now downwards with the tumbling billows driven,
From Hell's profoundest depth looks up to Heaven.

Waves

Waves after waves the shatter'd vessel crush,
 All sides alike they charge, on all they rush.
 While with a noise th' assaulting billows roar,
 As loud as battering rams that force a tower.
 As lions, fearless and secure from harms,
 Rush with prodigious rage on pointed arms;
 Chaf'd, if repuls'd, they run the fiercer on,
 And lash themselves to fury as they run:
 So roll the seas, with such resistless force,
 And gather strength in their impetuous course:
 Now start the planks, and leave the vessel's sides
 Wide open, to receive the conquering tides;
 In at the breach the raging waters come,
 All pressing to pursue their conquest home.
 Fierce Neptune now, who long alone had strove
 (As if too weak himself) seeks aid from Jove.
 Whole Heaven dissolves in one continued rain,
 Descending in a deluge to the main,
 Whose mounting billows toss it back again:
 Seeming by turns each other to supply;
 The sky the seas, and now the seas the sky.
 Showers join with waves, and pour in torrents down,
 And all the floods of Heaven and Earth grow one.
 No glimpse of light is seen, no sparkles fly
 From friendly stars through the benighted sky.
 Double the horror of the night is grown,
 The tempest's darkness added to her own:
 Till thundering clouds strike out a dismal light,
 More dreadful than the depth of blackest night.

Upwards the waves, to catch the flames, aspire,
And all the rolling surges seem on fire.
Now o'er the hatches, mad with rage, they tower,
And strive, possess'd of them, to conquer more :
As a brave soldier, whom the strong desire
And burning thirst of glory set on fire,
With more than common ardor in his breast
And higher hopes, spurr'd farther than the rest,
Oft scales in vain a well-defended town,
But mounts at length, and leaps victorious down ;
Alone, of all, the dreadful shock abides,
While thousand others perish by his sides :
So the tenth billow, rolling from afar,
More vigorous than the rest, maintains the war :
Now gains the deck, and, with success grown bold,
Pours thence in triumph down, and sacks the hold :
Part, still without, the batter'd sides assail,
And where that led the way, attempt to scale.
As in a town, already half possess'd
By foes within it, and without it press'd,
All tremble, of their last defence bereft,
And see no hope of any safety left :
No aid their oft successful arts can boast ;
At once their courage, and their skill, is lost.
Helpless, they see the raging waters come ;
Each threatens death, and each presents a tomb :
One mourns his fate in loud complaints and tears ;
Another, more astonish'd, quite forbears
From sighs or words too faint to tell his fears.

This calls them blest'd who funeral rites receive,
 Possess'd in quiet of a peaceful grave :
 This rears his suppliant hands unto the sky,
 And vainly looks to what he cannot spy :
 This thinks upon the friends he left behind,
 And his (now orphan) children rack his mind ;
 Halcyone alone could Ceyx stir,
 His anxious thought ran all alone on her.
 One farewell view of her was all his care,
 And yet he then rejoic'd she was not there.
 For a last look, fain would he turn his eyes
 On her abode, but knows not where it lies.
 The seas so whirl, with such prodigious might,
 While pitchy clouds, obscuring Heaven from sight,
 Increase the native horror of the night. }
 Now splits the mast, by furious whirlwinds torn,
 And now the rudder to the seas is borne.
 A billow, with those spoils encourag'd, rides
 Aloft in triumph o'er the lower tides.
 Thence, as some God had pluck'd up rocks, and thrown
 Whole mountains on the main, she tumbles down ;
 Down goes the ship, with her unhappy freight,
 Unable to sustain the pressing weight.
 Part of her men along with her are borne,
 Sunk in a gulph whence they must ne'er return.
 Part catch at planks, in hopes to float to shore,
 Or stem the tempest till its rage were o'er.
 Ev'n Ceyx, of the like support possess'd,
 Swims, undistinguish'd now, among the rest ;

To his wife's father and his own prefers
His ardent vows for help, which neither hears;
To both repeats his still-neglected prayer,
Calls oft on both, but oftener calls on her.
The more his danger grew, the more it brought
Her dear remembrance to his restless thought,
Whose dying wish was, that the friendly stream
Would roll him to those coasts whence late he came,
To her dear hands, to be interr'd by them.
Still, as the seas a breathing space afford,
Halcyone rehears'd forms every word.
Half of her name his lips now sinking found,
When the remaining half in him was drown'd.
An huge black arch of waters, which had hung
High in the gloomy air, and threatened long,
Bursting afunder, hurls the dreadful heap
All on his head, and drives him down the deep.
His father Lucifer, that dismal night,
Sought to retire, to shun the tragic fight.
But, since he could not leave his destin'd sphere,
Drew round the blackest clouds to veil him there.
Meanwhile his wife counts every tedious hour,
And knew not yet she was a wife no more;
But works two robes against his wish'd return,
To be by her and her dear Ceyx worn.
She pays her vows to every power divine,
But pays them frequentest at Juno's shrine;
Bribes every goddess at a mighty cost
Of precious gums, but still bribes her at most.

Vain were the gifts she offer'd in her fane,
She made her loaded altars smoke in vain ;
Where for his life and safe return she pray'd,
Who was already lost, already dead.

“ Let me again, she cry'd, my Ceyx see;
And, while away, by your severe decree,
Let him give none the love that's due to me !
Let none, she pray'd, before me be preferr'd !”
And this alone of all her prayers was heard.

The pitying Goddess would no more receive
Vows for that succour which she could not give ;
But from her altar shakes her awful hand,
And gives her faithful Iris this command :

“ Haste quickly where the drowsy God of Sleep,
Remote from day, does his dark mansions keep.
Tell him, I bid him in a dream reveal
To sad Halcyone, how Ceyx fell.
All her misfortunes in her sleep unfold,
And by the vision let her loss be told.”

Thus speaks the Queen of Heaven ; nor Iris stays
To make reply ; but, as she speaks, obeys.
Straight in a thousand-colour'd robe array'd,
And all her orient bow o'er Heaven display'd,
Downwards she slides, to find the dark abode,
And bear her message to the slothful God.

DESCRIPTION OF THE GOD OF SLEEP,
AND HIS PALACE.

Near the Cimmerians, hid from human sight,
Lies a vast hollow cave, all void of light ;

Where,

Where, deep in earth, the God his court maintains,
 And, undisturb'd, in ease and silence reigns;
 Not seen by Phœbus at his morning rise,
 Nor at mid-day with his most piercing eyes,
 Nor when at evening he descends the skies. }
 Thick gloomy mists come steaming from the ground,
 And the fog spreads a dusky twilight round;
 No crested fowls foretell the day's return,
 Nor with shrill notes call forth the springing morn;
 No watchful dogs the secret entry keep,
 Nor geese more watchful guard the court of Sleep;
 No tame nor savage beast dwells there, no breeze
 Shakes the still boughs, or whispers through the trees;
 No voice of man is heard, no human call
 Sounds through the cave; deep silence reigns o'er all.
 Yet from the rock a silver spring flows down,
 Which, purling o'er the stones, glides gently on;
 Her easy streams with pleasing murmurs creep,
 At once inviting and assisting Sleep.
 At the cave's mouth spring pregnant poppies up,
 And hide the entrance with their baleful top;
 Whose drowsy juice affords the nightly birth
 Of all the Sleep diffus'd and shed on earth.
 No guards the passage to this court secure,
 No jarring hinge sustains a creaking door:
 Yet in the midst, with sable coverings spread,
 High, but unshaken, stands a downy bed.
 Where his soft limbs the slothful Monarch lays,
 Dissolv'd in endless luxury and ease.

Fantastic dreams lie scatter'd on the ground,
 And compass him in various figures round;
 More numerous than the sands that bind the seas,
 Or ears of standing corn, or leaves on trees.
 But Iris, now arriv'd, divinely bright;
 Fills all the palace with unusual light.
 Her garments, flowing with diffusive beams,
 Gild the dark cell, and chase the frighted Dreams:
 Away they fly, to leave her passage clear,
 And shun the glories which they cannot bear.
 The God, his eye-lids struggling to unloose,
 Seal'd by his deep unbroken slumbers close,
 Half way his head uprears with sluggish pain,
 Which heavily anon sinks down again.
 Frequent attempts without success he makes,
 But, at the last, with long endeavour, wakes.
 Half rais'd, and half reclining in his bed,
 And leaning on his hands his nodding head;
 With faltering words, he asks the heavenly fair,
 What message from her Goddess brought her there?

At once the God and Goddess she obeys,
 Delivering her commands in words like these:
 "Thou Peace of mind, thou most propitious Power,
 Thou meekest Deity that men adore!
 Thou, who giv'st ease to every troubled breast,
 And set'st tir'd limbs and feverish souls at rest!
 Thou, at whose presence cares and sorrows flee,
 Under whose guard the fetter'd slave is free,
 Lovers, the worst of slaves, still finding ease in thee!"

Send thou a Dream, assuming Ceyx' form,
 Like him appearing shipwreck'd in a storm;
 From whose pale lips his widow'd queen may know
 His certain loss, and her as certain woe."

Here ends the shining Nymph, who dares not stay
 For farther words, but flies in haste away.
 She feels the thickening mists begin to rise,
 And conquering Sleep steal o'er her yielding eyes.
 Thence by her painted bow her course she bends,
 And the same way she came again ascends.
 Around his drowsy offspring goes the God,
 And chuses Morpheus from among the crowd.
 None can like him a perfect man express,
 His speech and mien, his action and his dress:
 For he alone in human shape appears;
 While the less noble forms a second wears,
 Of snakes, or birds, of lions, or of bears.
 Still there's a third, still meaner in degree,
 Which shews a field, a river, or a tree;
 Of things inanimate presents the scene,
 Hills, valleys, ships or houses, earth or main.
 These three to generals, kings, or courts belong;
 More vulgar Dreams wait the more vulgar throng.
 The first of these their monarch sets at large,
 Dispatch'd to Trachis, on Thaumantia's charge;
 Then staggering he returns, and seeks his bed,
 In whose soft down he sinks his drooping head;
 Again, his eye-lids are with sleep oppress'd,
 And the whole God dissolves again to rest.

Swift as a thought, and secret as the night,
Morpheus on noiseless pinions takes his flight;
His fleeting wings their silent course pursue,
Soft as the liquid air they travel'd through;
Who, now arriv'd, lays-by his useless plumes,
And Ceyx' form in his own court assumes:
Naked he stood, as late bereav'd of life,
Close by the bed of his unhappy wife;
His hair still dropping seem'd, still wet his beard,
Still shivering with the cold all his pale frame appear'd;
When, with a mournful gesture, o'er the bed
Pensively hanging his dejected head,
All drown'd in well-dissembling tears, he said:

“ Is not your Ceyx, wretched woman, known?
Is he so alter'd, or forgot so soon?
Turn here, Halcyone, behold him lost,
Or, in your Ceyx' stead, behold his ghost.
To the relentless Gods in vain you pray'd,
You are deceiv'd, alas! and I am dead.
Surpriz'd by storms in the Ægean sea,
Which cast my life and all my hopes away;
Where, as I call'd on thy lov'd name, my breath,
With half thy name pronounc'd, was stopt in death.
This from no doubtful messenger you hear,
'Tis I who tell it, I who perish'd there.
Arise and weep, now let your eyes run o'er,
Your once-lov'd Ceyx is, alas! no more!
Let a few tears be to my memory paid,
And, as you lov'd me living, mourn the dead.”

He speaks, and adds to these his doleful words
 A voice, she too well knew, express'd her lord's.
 The same the gesture of his hands appears,
 Unforc'd his action, and unfeign'd his tears.
 She, frighted with the vision, sighs and weeps,
 Torn with most mortal anguish as she sleeps;
 Then stretches out her arms to hold him there,
 Which came back empty through the yielding air.
 "Stay, stay, she cries, ah! whither would you now?
 We'll go together, if again you go."

With her own voice, and her dead husband's sigh,
 Starting, she leaves her dream, but not her fright.
 Awak'd, she turns her fearful eyes around,
 And looks for him who could no more be found.
 For now her maids, rais'd with her shrieks, were come,
 And with their lamps enlighten'd all the room.
 Not seeing what she sought, enrag'd, she tare
 At once her face, her habit, and her hair.
 When ask'd the cause whence such despair should spring,
 And what sad loss could such distraction bring;
 She wrings her hands, and beats her panting breast,
 Long silent, with a load of sorrow prest,
 But thus, at last, her cruel loss confess: }

"There's no Halcyone, ah! none, she cry'd;
 With Ceyx, dearer than herself, she died.
 Now let no sounds of comfort reach my ear,
 All mention of a future hope forbear, }

Leave me, oh! leave me to my just despair.
 Ah! these, these eyes, my shipwreck'd lord did see
 And knew too well it could be none but he.

These

These hands I stretch'd, in hopes to make him stay,
But from these hands he slid unfelt away;
No mortal grasp could hold his fleeting ghost,
And I a second time my Ceyx lost.

He look'd not with the same majestic grace
As when he liv'd, nor shone his awful face
With the peculiar glories of his heavenly race.

His eyes were fix'd, and all their fires gone out,
No longer roll'd their sparkling beams about;

The colour from his faded cheek was fled,
And all his beauty with himself lay dead,
Retaining nought of all, except the shade;
Retaining still, though all the rest was gone,
Too much, alas! to make his shadow known.

Pale, wan, and meagre, by the bed he stood,

His hair still dropping with the briny flood.

Here, here in this, ah! this unhappy place,
'Twas here he stood"—she cry'd, and sought to trace,
But found no footsteps of his airy pace.—

"Oh! this my too presaging soul divin'd,
When you forsook me to pursue the wind.

But, since compell'd by rigorous Fate you went,
And this was destin'd for the sad event;

Oh! that together we had put to sea,

That so with you it might have swallow'd me!

Absent, I'm lost; and ah! though not with you,
Yet am I wreck'd, yet am I ruin'd too.

Oh! I were sprung from a most savage kind,
My soul as barbarous as the seas or wind,
If I, now you are gone, should wish to stay behind.

No, Ceyx, no ; my much-lov'd lord, I come ;
 And though not laid together in a tomb,
 Though far from mine your floating corse is borne,
 Nor with my ashes mingled in an urn ;
 Yet on one marble shall our names be told,
 And the same stone shall both our stories hold,
 Where ages yet unborn with praise shall read
 How I disdain'd to live when you were dead."

Here, choak'd with grief, she the sad tale gave o'er,
 Her swelling sorrows would permit no more ;
 Sobs, mingling with her words, their accents part,
 And sighs fly faster from her throbbing heart.
 Now dawns the day, when she with fearful haste
 Goes to that shore where she had seen him last.
 There while she stood, reflecting on her loss,
 Forgetting nought that might augment her woes.
 "Here he took leave, she cry'd ; and here, she said,
 Unwilling to be gone, again he staid ;
 He gave me here, alas ! the last embrace ;
 Then launch'd from this, ah ! this unhappy place."
 While all that past she labour'd to recall,
 Severely for herself remembering all ;
 And, while around her watery eyes survey
 The wave-beat coast and the still-troubled sea,
 Something she spies from far come floating on,
 Though at the first too distant to be known ;
 Which, as the tide drove nearer to the coast,
 Presents a man in a late shipwreck lost.
 She pities him, whom yet she does not know,
 And mourns his fate, since Ceyx perish'd so ;

Pities

Pities his wife, if he a wife had left,
 Like her of all she reckon'd dear bereft.
 Now floating nearer to the fatal shore,
 She eyes him more distinctly than before,
 While all her hopes diminish, all her fears grow more. }

Apace her beating heart begins to pant,
 And all at once her sinking spirits faint.
 Now on the beach by tossing billows thrown,
 The corse was to her sad confusion known,
 Herself the wife she mourn'd, the man her own. }

" 'Tis he, she cry'd, my dear, my shipwreck'd lord,
 Whom I but too, too justly, have deplor'd !"
 Then, with her hands stretch'd to him where he lay,
 She said what grief would give her leave to say :

" Fed with false hopes, have I your absence borne !
 And is it thus, ah ! thus, that you return ?
 And do I live, and you bereav'd of life ?
 Ah ! wretched man, but more, more wretched wife !"

Far in the sea a pier erected stood,
 To break the rapid fury of the flood.
 Thither (almost beyond belief) she springs,
 Borne through the yielding air on new-grown wings ;
 Along the surface of the sea she flies,
 And wonders at her own unusual cries ;
 Now, hovering o'er his pale and bloodless corse,
 In new-found notes laments her sad divorce ;
 Now, stooping, perches on his watery face,
 And gives him with her bill a strange embrace ;
 Whether he felt it, or the circling flood
 Then chanc'd to move him, is not yet allow'd ;

Yet he took sense from her transporting touch
 (Ev'n on the dead the force of love is such).
 Aloft his now reviving head he rears,
 And mounts on pinions which resemble hers.
 Both chang'd to birds, their wings together move,
 And nought remain'd unchang'd, except their love.
 In close embraces as before they join'd,
 And now o'er seas produce and spread their kind.
 Seven days she sits upon her floating nest,
 While each rude blast, imprison'd and suppress'd
 Close in its cavern, leaves the sea at rest. }
 Then every sail may safely trust the deep,
 While all the winds lie hush'd, the waves asleep.

TIBULLUS, BOOK I. EL. I.

BY THE SAME*.

LET others add to their increasing store,
 Till their full coffers can receive no more;
 Let them plough land on land, and field on field,
 And reap whate'er the teeming earth can yield;
 Whom neighbouring foes in constant terror keep,
 Disturb their labours, and distract their sleep:
 Me may my poverty preserve from strife,
 In slothful safety, and an easy life;
 While my small house shields off the winter sky,
 And daily fires my glowing hearth supply;
 While the due season yields me ripen'd corn,
 And cluster'd grapes my loaden'd vines adorn;

* See our Author's own account of the translations from Tibullus, above, p. 225. N.

While

While with delight my country wealth I view,
 And my pleas'd hands their willing tasks pursue,
 Still, as one vine decays, to plant a new!
 Here I repine not to advance the prong,
 And chide and drive the sluggish herds along;
 Nor am aſham'd to liſt a tender lamb,
 On the cold ground, forſaken of her dam.
 Duly the annual feſtivals I keep,
 To purge my ſhepherd, and to cleanſe my ſheep,
 To pay the uſual offerings of a ſwain
 To the propitious Goddeſs of the plain,
 Whom I adore, however ſhe appears,
 A ſtock, or ſtone, whatever form ſhe wears.
 To all our country deities I ſhew
 Religious zeal, and give to all their due;
 The firſt fair product of the fertile earth,
 To the kind power whoſe favour brings it forth;
 To Ceres garlands of the ripeſt corn,
 Which, hung in wreaths, her temple gates adorn;
 Pears, apples, on Priapus are beſtow'd,
 My garden fruits given to my garden God.
 You too, my Lares, ſhall your gifts receive,
 And ſhare the little that I've left to give:
 Once in full tides you knew my fortunes flow,
 But at their loweſt ebb you ſee them now:
 I then had large and numerous lands to boaſt,
 Your care is leſſen'd now, as they are loſt:
 Then a fat calf a victim us'd to fall;
 Now from my little flock a lamb is all;

That still shall bleed, and for the rest atone,
 And that you still may challenge as your own;
 Round which our youth shall pray, "Ye Powers
 Divine,

Bless with your smiles our labours, and assign
 Fields full of corn, a vintage full of wine!
 Hear us, ye kind propitious Lares, hear;
 Nor slight our presents, nor reject our prayer!
 Take the small offerings of as small a board,
 Nor scorn the drink our earthen cups afford!
 Whose use at first from country shepherds came,
 And Nature first instructed them to frame!"

Let from my slender folds the thieves abstain!
 They ought not to attempt so poor a swain.
 I do not beg to have my wealth restor'd,
 Again of large estates the restless lord.
 All my ambition is alone to save
 The little all my fortune pleas'd to leave;
 Nor shall I e'er repine, while Fate allows
 A little corn and wine, a little house,
 And a small bed for pleasure and repose.

How am I ravish'd, in my Delia's arms
 To lie, and listen to the winter storms!
 Securely in my little cottage stow'd,
 Hear the bleak winds and tempest sing abroad!
 And while around whole Nature seems to weep,
 By the soft falling rain be lull'd asleep!
 This be my fate, this all my wish'd-for bliss,
 And I can live, ye Gods! content with this.

Let others by their toils their fortunes raise,
 They merit wealth, who seek it through the seas.
 Pleas'd with my small but yet sufficient store,
 I would not take their pains to purchase more;
 I would not dwell on the tempestuous main,
 Nor make their voyages to meet their gain;
 But, safe at home, stretch'd on a grassy bed,
 Where the trees cast a cool refreshing shade,
 Free from the mid-day heat, recline my head;
 Close by the banks of a clear river lie,
 And hear the silver stream glide murmuring by.
 Oh! rather perish all the mines of gold,
 And all the riches Earth and Ocean hold;
 Than any maid should my long absence mourn,
 Or grow impatient for my wish'd return.
 You, my Messala, in the field delight,
 War is your province, all your pride to fight.
 From sea and land, crown'd with success you come,
 And bring your far-fetch'd spoils in triumph home;
 While I, detain'd by Delia's conquering charms,
 Enjoy no honours, and endure no harms.
 I, who from all ambitious thoughts am free,
 Or all, my Delia, are to live with thee;
 With thee to lengthen out my slothful days,
 Wrapt in safe quiet and inglorious ease,
 Alike despising infamy and praise.
 With thee, I could myself to work apply,
 Submit to any toil, so thou wert by:
 With my own hands my own possessions till,
 Drive my own herds, so thou wert with me still.

With thee, no drudgery would uneasy be,
 All would be soften'd with the sight of thee;
 And if my longing arms might thee embrace,
 Though on the cold hard earth, or rugged grafs,
 The mighty pleasure would endear the place.

Who can in softest down be reckon'd blest,
 Whose unsuccessful love destroys his rest?
 When, nor the purple coverings of his bed,
 Nor the fair plumes that nod above his head,
 Nor all his spacious fields, nor pleasant house,
 Nor purling streams, can lull him to repose?
 What foolish brave, allow'd by thee to taste,
 Thy balmy breath, to press thy panting breast,
 Rife thy sweets, and run o'er all thy charms,
 And melt thy beauties in his burning arms,
 Would quit the vast delights which thou could'st yield,
 For all the honours of the dusty field?
 Let such as he his high-priz'd wars pursue,
 And, conquering there, leave me to conquer you:
 Let him, adorn'd in all the pomp of war,
 Sit on his prancing horse, and shine afar;
 Proud, when the crowd assembles to behold
 His troops in polish'd steel, himself in gold.
 At my last hour, all I shall wish to see,
 All I shall love to look on, will be thee.
 Close by my death-bed may my Delia stand,
 That I may grasp her with my fainting hand,
 Breathe on her lips my last expiring sighs,
 And, full of her dear image, shut my eyes.

Then,

Then, Delia, you'll relent, and mourn my fate,
 And then be kind, but kind, alas! too late.
 On my pale lips print an unfelt embrace,
 And, mingling tears with kisses, bathe my face.
 From your full eyes the flowing tears will stream,
 And be, like me, lost in the funeral flame.
 I know you'll weep, and make this rueful moan;
 You are not flint, you are not perfect stone.
 Wrong not my ghost, my Delia, but forbear
 From this unprofitable grief, and spare
 Your tender cheeks, and golden locks of hair.
 In the mean time, let us our joys improve,
 Spend all our hours, our years, our lives, in love.
 Grim Death pursues us with impatient haste,
 And age, its sure forerunner, comes too fast.
 The sweets of life are then no more enjoy'd,
 And Love, the life of all, is first destroy'd.
 That first departs from our declining years,
 From weak decrepid limbs and hoary hairs.
 Now, let us now enjoy the full delight,
 While vigorous youth can raise it to the height;
 While we can storm a stubborn damsel's door,
 And with our quarrels make our pleasure more.
 I am the general here, and this my war;
 And in this fight to conquer, all my care.
 All other battles hence, all other arms,
 Go carry wounds to those who covet harms;
 Give them the dear-bought wealth their wars can yield,
 With all the bloody harvest of the field;

While

While I at home my much-lov'd ease secure,
 Contented with my small, but certain store,
 Above the fear of want, or fond desire of more,

TIBULLUS, BOOK II. EL. IV.

BY THE SAME.

I See the chains ordain'd me to receive,
 And the fair maid whose charms have won her slave.
 No more my native freedom can I boast,
 But all my once-lov'd liberty is lost.
 Yet why such heavy fetters must I wear?
 And why obey a mistress so severe?
 Why must I drag such a perplexing chain,
 Which tyrant Love will never loose again?
 Whether I merit her esteem or scorn,
 Offending or deserving, still I burn.
 Ah! cruel maid! these scorching flames remove,
 Extinguish mine, or teach yourself to love.
 Oh! rather than endure the pains I feel,
 How would I chuse, so to shake off my ill,
 To grow a senseless stone, fix'd on a barren hill;
 Or a bleak rock, amidst the seas be set,
 By raging winds and rolling billows beat!
 For now in torment I support the light,
 And in worse torment waste the lingering night.
 My crowding griefs on one another roll,
 And give no truce to my distracted soul;
 No succour now from sacred verse I find,
 Nor can their God himself compose my mind.

The

The greedy maid will nought but gold receive,
 And that, alas! is none of mine to give.
 Hence, hence, unprofitable Muse, remove;
 Hence, if you cannot aid me in my love.
 No battles now my mournful lines recite,
 I sing not how the Roman legions fight:
 Nor how the sun performs his daily race,
 Nor how the moon at night supplies his place.
 All that I wish the charms of verse may prove,
 Is for a free access to her I love;
 For that alone is all my constant care;
 Be gone, ye Muses, if ye fail me there.

But I by rapine must my gifts procure,
 Or lie unheard, unpitied, at her door;
 Or from the shrines of Gods the trophies bear,
 And what I rob from Heaven present to her:
 Treat her, at other Goddesses expence and cost;
 But treat her at the charge of Venus most;
 Her chiefly shall my daring hands invade,
 I to this misery am by her betray'd;
 She gave me first this mercenary maid.
 O, to all ages let him stand accurst,
 Whoe'er began this trade in loving first!
 Whoe'er made silly Nymphs their value know,
 Who will not yield without their purchase now!
 He was the fatal cause of all this ill,
 And brought up customs we continue still.
 Hence first the doors of mistresses were barr'd,
 And howling dogs appointed for their guard.

But,

But, if you bring the price, the mighty rate,
 At which her beauties by herself are set;
 The bars unloos'd, lay open every door,
 And ev'n the conscious mastiffs bark no more.
 Whate'er unwary inconsiderate God
 Beauty on mercenary maids bestow'd;
 How ill to such was the vast present given,
 Who sell th' invaluable gift of Heaven!
 Oh, how unworthily were such endow'd!
 With so much ill, confounding so much good!
 From hence our quarrels and our strifes commence,
 All our dissentions take their spring from hence.
 Hence 'tis so few to Cupid's altars move,
 And without zeal approach the shrines of Love.
 But you, who thus his sacred rights prophane,
 And shut his votaries out for sordid gain;
 May storms and fire your ill-got wealth pursue,
 And what you took from us retake from you!
 While we with pleasure see the flames aspire,
 And not a man attempts to quench the fire!
 Or, may you haste to your eternal home,
 And no fond youth, no mournful lover, come,
 To pay the last sad service at your tomb;
 While the kind generous she, who scorn'd to prize,
 Or rate herself at less than joys for joys;
 Though she her liberal pleasures should out-live,
 And reach an age unfit to take or give;
 Yet, when she dies, she shall not die unmourn'd,
 Nor on her funeral pile unwept be burn'd:

But

But some old man, who knew her in her bloom,
 With reverence of their past delights shall come,
 And with an annual garland crown her tomb. }
 Then shall he wish her, in her endless night,
 Her sleep may pleasing be, her earth be light.

All this, my cruel Fair, is truth I tell,
 But what will unregarded truth avail?
 Love, his own way, his empire will maintain,
 And have no laws prescrib'd him how to reign.
 He rules with too, too absolute a sway;
 And we must, in our own despight, obey.
 Should my fair tyrant, Nemesis, command
 Her humbled slave to sell his native land,
 All, at her order, should convert to gold,
 Nor house nor household-god remain unfold.

Take the most baneful simples Circe us'd,
 Or mad Medea in her bowls infus'd;
 Gather the deadliest herbs and rankest weeds
 The magic country of Theffalia breeds;
 Mingle the surest poisons in my cup,
 And, let my Love command, I'll drink them up.

TIBULLUS, BOOK IV. ELEG. XIII.

TO HIS MISTRESS. BY THE SAME.

NO other maid my settled faith shall move,
 No other mistress shall supplant your love.
 My flames were seal'd with this auspicious vow,
 That which commenc'd them then, confirms them now.

In you alone my constant pleasure lies,
 For you alone seem pleasing in my eyes.
 Oh! that you seem'd to none but me divine!
 Let others look with other eyes than mine!
 Then might I, of no rival youth afraid,
 All to myself enjoy my charming maid.
 I'm not ambitious of the public voice,
 To speak your beauties, or applaud my choice;
 None of their envious praises are desir'd,
 I would not have the Nymph I love admir'd.
 He that is wise will not his bliss proclaim,
 Nor trust it to the lavish tongue of Fame;
 But a safe silent privacy esteem,
 Which gives him joys unknown to all but him.
 To woods and wilds I could with thee remove,
 Secure of life when once secure of love;
 To wait on thee could desert paths explore,
 Where ne'er human footstep trod before;
 Peace of my soul, and charmer of my cares,
 Thou courage of my heart, thou conqueror of my fears;
 Disposer of my days, unerring light,
 And safe conductress in my darkest night;
 Thou, who alone art all I wish to see,
 Thou, who alone art all the world to me!
 Should the bright Dames of Heaven, the Wives of Gods,
 To court my bed, forsake their blest abodes;
 With all their charms endeavouring to divert
 My fix'd affections, and estrange my heart;

To thee, vain rivals all the train should prove,
 Vain suit the glorious nymphs to me should move,
 Who would not change thee for the Queen of Love.
 All this I swear by all the Powers Divine,
 But swear by Juno most, because she's thine.
 Fool that I am! to let you know your power!
 On this confession, you'll insult the more;
 In fiercer flames make your poor vassal burn,
 And treat your suppliant slave with greater scorn.
 But take it all, all that I can confess,
 And oh! believe me, that I feel no less.
 To thee, my fate entirely I resign;
 My love, and life, and all my soul, is thine.
 You know, my cruel Fair, you know my pains,
 And, pleas'd and proud, you see me drag your chains.
 But, if to Venus I for succour flee,
 She'll end your tyrant reign, and rescue me.

A FAREWELL TO POETRY*.

BY THE SAME.

AS famish'd men, whom pleasing dreams delude,
 Seem to grow full with their imagin'd food;
 Appease their hunger, and indulge their taste,
 With fancied dainties, while their visions last;
 Till

* First printed in "The Monthly Miscellany," February, 1692-3, with the following introduction by Mr. P. Motteux:
 "An ingenious gentleman seems to bid adieu to his Muse
 " in

Till some rude hand breaks up the flattering scene;
 Awaken'd, with regret, they starve again :
 So the false Muse prepares her vainer feasts,
 And so she treats her disappointed guests :
 She promises vast things, immortal fame,
 Vast honour, vast applause, a deathless name ;
 But, well awake, we find it all a dream.
 Soft tales she tells with an enchanting tongue,
 And lulls our souls with the bewitching song :
 How she, alone, makes heroes truly great ;
 How, dead long since, she keeps them living yet ;
 Shews her Parnassus like a flowery grove,
 Fair and delightful as the bowers above ;
 The fittest place for Poetry and Love.
 We hunt the pleasures through the fairy coast,
 Till in our fruitless search ourselves are lost.
 So the great artist drew the lively scene,
 Where hungry birds snatch'd at the grapes in vain.
 Tir'd with the chace, I give the phantom o'er,
 And am resolv'd to be deceiv'd no more.

Thus the fond youth, who long in vain has strove
 With the fierce pangs of unsuccessful love ;
 With joy, like mine, breaks the perplexing chain ;
 Freed, by some happy chance, from all his pain,
 With joy like mine he grows himself again.

“ in the following lines : but, spight of his angry fit, I hope
 “ that he is too much in love with her to be in earnest.” Mr.
 Hopkins continued to write till within a few hours of his
 death, as will appear by the poem which next follows. N.

A HYMN, BY THE SAME,
ABOUT AN HOUR BEFORE HIS DEATH,
WHEN IN GREAT PAIN*.

TO thee, my God, though late, at last I turn;
Not for my sufferings, but my sins I mourn.
For all my crimes thy mercy I implore,
And to those mercies thou hast shewn before,
Add, Lord, thy grace, that I may sin no more.
I beg thy goodness to prolong my breath,
And give me life, but to prepare for death.
Pardon, O pardon my transgressions past;
Lord, I repent; let my repentance last:—
Let me again this mortal race begin,
Let me live on, but not live on to sin:—
Which if thy heavenly wisdom find unfit,
Thy will be done, I humbly do submit.
But let thy sovereign mercy bear the sway,
Let justice throw the flaming sword away,
Or man can ne'er abide the dreadful day.
O, by the cross and passion of thy Son,
Whose sacred death the life of man begun,
By that dear blood which our redemption cost,
And by the coming of the Holy Ghost;
Deliver us amidst the life to come,
In the last hour, and at the day of doom!

* First printed in "The Student," 1751. N.

AN EPISTLE TO A FRIEND;

BY MR. JOHN HOPKINS*.

TO you, dear youth, now banish'd from the swains,
 Your rural friend, in rural notes, complains;
 From my blest groves, those long-lov'd mansions, hurl'd,
 Urg'd by misfortunes, I must view the world;
 But with as much regret to see it fly,
 As they to leave it who are doom'd to die.

From

* Another son of the good bishop of Londonderry; born Jan. 1, 1675. Like his elder brother, his poetry was principally on subjects of Love; like him too, his prospects in life appear to have terminated unfortunately. He published in 1698 "The Triumphs of Peace, or the Glories of Nassau; a pindaric poem occasioned by the conclusion of the peace between the Confederacy and France; written at the time of his grace the duke of Ormond's entrance into Dublin." "The design of this poem, the author says in his preface, begins, after the method of Pindar, to one great man, and rises to another; first touches the duke, then celebrates the actions of the king, and so returns to the praises of the duke again."—But the principal performance of Mr. J. Hopkins was "Amasia, or the Works of the Muses, a collection of poems in three volumes, 1700." Each of these little volumes is divided into three books, and each book is inscribed to some beautiful patroness; amongst whom the dutchess of Grafton stands foremost. The last book is inscribed "To the memory of Amasia," whom he addresses throughout these volumes in the character of Sylvius. There is a vein of
 serious-

From these dear shades unwillingly I go,
As men condemn'd to visit shades below.
Since my late ills, which will be ever new,
Still fresh misfortunes your lost friend pursue.
Amasia's fall struck me to deep despair,
And now Fate's utmost malice I can bear.

seriousness, if not of poetry, runs through the whole performance. Many of Ovid's stories are very decently imitated; "most of them, he says, have been very well performed by my brother, and published some years since; mine were written in another kingdom before I knew of his." In one of his dedications he tells the lady Olimpia Robartes, "Your ladyship's father, the late earl of Radnor, when governor of Ireland, was the kind patron to mine: he raised him to the first steps by which he afterwards ascended to the dignities he bore; to those, which rendered his labours more conspicuous, and set in a more advantageous light those living merits, which now make his memory beloved. These, and yet greater temporal honours, your family heaped on him, by making even me in some sort related and allied to you, by his inter-marriage with your sister the lady Araminta. How imprudent a vanity is it in me to boast a father so meritorious! how may I be ashamed to prove myself his son, by poetry, that only qualification he so much excelled in, but yet esteemed no excellence. I bring but a bad proof of birth, laying my claim in that only thing he would not own. These are, however, Madam, but the products of immaturer years; and riper age may, I hope, bring forth more solid works."—I have never seen any other of his writings; nor have been able to collect any farther particulars of his life, but have a portrait of him under his poetical name of Sylvius. N.

Inur'd to storms, now let the billows roar,
 With full-spread sails I'll shun the lazy shore,
 He who has once been wreck'd—
 Has felt the worst, and cannot suffer more.
 Just o'er my head the breaking clouds have gone,
 The bolts have struck; then sure their fury's done,
 I fear no flashes now—let the heavens thunder on.

By grave acquaintance, whom the world calls friends,
 I am advis'd to quit my purpos'd ends.

But now, long planted in the Muses land,
 I can no other language understand.

All worldly gains beyond my reach must prove,
 For I am bent on Poetry and Love.

Should frowning Heaven its usual storms abate
 (Which I can't think without a wrong to Fate),
 My joys would grow, as now my sorrows, great.
 But should no fortunes, no success, attend
 The bold aspiring fondness of your friend;
 Trust me, no disappointment shall I find,
 Nor be deceiv'd, unless the Gods grow kind.

In vain you move me with your charming strain,
 And tell of fancy'd, generous nymphs, in vain.
 The British beauties sure have noble souls,
 But still 'tis gold, 'tis gold, my friend, controls.
 No charming Fair will hear the suppliant sue,
 Who speaks not golden words—'tis gold must woe,
 And all despair, who want it, all—but you.
 Oh, should some beauty, in her heavenly bloom,
 To the embraces of your Sylvius come;

Some

Some bright, dear maid, fram'd of a nobler mould,
 Who scorns to sell her charms for sordid gold,
 Above her sex's meanest pride, and generously bold;
 Blest by our nuptials, sure, we both should grow,
 I, though the husband, still the lover too;
 A mistress so divine should be for ever so:
 My loftiest Muse should sing her matchless fame,
 The fires of Love should yield my fancy flame,
 She should for ever live—
 Nam'd my Amasia, and adorn the name.

Give my respects to those few friends we know:
 To those few friends whom I found always so
 My real service and chief thoughts commend:
 Who serves no mistress, best can serve his friend.
 Borne on my Muse's wings, I haste to you,
 Leave these low vales, and glory's heights pursue.
 Adieu, my friend—

Adieu, dear shades, adieu!

TO THE LORD CUTTS*.

BY THE SAME, 1698.

LET some with servile mean devices bow,
 And bend their souls, as well as bodies, low;
 Flatter the great, cringe deep, to gain esteem,
 And by their own dishonour, honour them;
 By wiles like these, new favours poorly claim;
 I pay your Lordship but what's paid by fame.
 'Tis through your merits, not my own, I choose
 Thus to salute you by my rising Muse;

* Of whom, see p. 327. N.

Not fawning low like others must she sue,
She must fly up to pay respect to you.
Let others spread their patrons feathers far,
The toys of peace your laurels spread through war.
Some pride in wreaths, which bolder arms have made,
But your own conquering hands have deckt your head.
To you, my Lord, a double crown is due,
At once the Hero and the Poet too.
Since Nassau's actions still remain untold,
While Dryden lives, immortal; yet he's old.
'Tis you, we hope, will make them far ador'd,
And serve him with your pen, as well as sword;
Beyond his trumpet's clangors make them known,
Name Nassau's acts, and all must know your own.
With powers unequal, I the task resign,
A task too great for any strength—but thine.
What other genius can our Sovereign choose?
War's your delight, Bellona is your Muse.
Your pen and sword with like success you wield,
Fam'd through your study, glorious through the field.
With the same vigour and impulse of thought,
Now may you write, as through the plains you fought.
In the attempt, though my weak genius fail,
Be pleas'd at least to recommend my zeal.
Unknown, this favour dare I humbly claim,
Unknown to you, my Lord, unknown to fame.
I, like those soldiers which in war you led,
Disdain to fear, while I have you my head;
Your well-rais'd greatness my success secures,
I grow assur'd of fame, by trusting yours.

Great

Great both in arts and arms; our Jove, in you,
 Secures his lightning, and his thunder too.
 Thus, should your judgment my presumption blame,
 Pleas'd shall this Semele expire in flame;
 To you, my Lord, most fit, this suit I move,
 You, who are plac'd at the right hand of Jove.

SONG, BY LORD CUTTS*.

ONLY tell her that I love,
 Leave the rest to Her and Fate;
 Some kind planet from above
 May perhaps her pity move;
 Lovers on their stars must wait;
 Only tell her that I love.

Why,

* A foldier of most hardy bravery in king William's wars. He was son of Richard Cutts, esq. of Matching in Essex, where the family were settled about the time of Henry the sixth, and had a great estate. He entered early into the service of the duke of Monmouth, was aid-de-camp to the Duke of Lorrain in Hungary, and signalized himself in a very extraordinary manner at the taking of Buda by the Imperialists in 1686; which important place had been for near a century and a half in the hands of the Turks. Mr. Addison, in a Latin poem worthy of the Augustan age, (*Musæ Anglicanæ*, Vol. II. p. 2,) plainly hints at Mr. Cutts's distinguished bravery at that siege. Returning to England at the Revolution, he had a regiment of foot; was created Baron of Gowran in Ireland, Dec. 6, 1699; appointed Governor of the Isle of Wight, April 14, 1693; was made a Major-general; and, when the assassination project was discovered, 1695-6, was captain of the King's guard. He was Colonel

Why, oh, why should I despair?

Mercy's pictur'd in her eye :

If she once vouchsafe to hear,

Welcome Hope, and welcome Fear.

She's too good to let me die;

Why, oh, why should I despair?

of the Coldstream, or second regiment of guards, in 1701; when Mr. Steele, who was indebted to his interest for a military commission, inscribed to him his first work, "The Christian Hero." On the Accession of Queen Anne, he was made a Lieutenant-general of the forces in Holland; Commander in Chief of the forces in Ireland, under the Duke of Ormond; March 23, 1704-5; and afterwards one of the Lords Justices of that kingdom, to keep him out of the way of action, a circumstance which broke his heart. He died at Dublin, Jan. 26, 1706-7, and is buried there in the cathedral of Christ Church. He wrote a poem on the Death of Q. Mary (which is printed among the Court Poems); and published, in 1687, "Poetical Exercises, written upon several occasions, and dedicated to her royal highness Mary princess of Orange; licensed March 23, 1686-7, Roger L'Estrange." It contains, besides the dedication signed J. Cutts, verses to that princess; a poem on wisdom, another to Mr. Waller on his commending it; seven more copies of verses (one of them called "La Muse Cavalier," which has been ascribed to Lord Peterborough, and as such mentioned by Mr. Walpole in the list of that nobleman's writings) and eleven songs; the whole composing but a very thin volume; which is by no means so scarce as Mr. Walpole supposes it to be. The author speaks of having more pieces by him. N.

ELEGY ON THE EARL OF ROCHESTER.

BY MRS. WHARTON *.

DE E P waters silent roll ; so grief like mine
 Tears never can relieve, nor words define.
 Stop then, stop your vain source, weak springs of grief,
 Let tears flow from their eyes whom tears relieve.
 They from their heads shew the light trouble there,
 Could my heart weep, its sorrows 'twould declare :
 When drops of blood, my heart, thou'lt lost ; thy pride,
 The cause of all thy hopes and fears, thy guide !
 He would have led thee right in Wisdom's way,
 And 'twas thy fault whene'er thou went'st astray :
 And since thou stray'd'st when guided and led on,
 Thou wilt be surely lost now left alone.
 It is thy Elegy I write, not his ;
 He lives immortal and in highest blifs.

* See some particular of this lady, vol. I. p. 51. And see, in the English Poets, vol. VIII. p. 183, Mr. Waller's verses on the Elegy here printed ; and in p. 229, another copy on Mrs. Wharton's " Paraphrase on the Lord's Prayer." His two cantos of Divine Poesy, p. 223, were " occasioned upon " sight of the 53d chapter of Isaiah, turned into verse " by Mrs. Wharton." Her " Verses to Mr. Waller " are mentioned by Ballard ; and her translation of " Penelope " to Ulysses " is printed in Tonson's edition of Ovid's Epistles. In 1681, she was in France on account of her health, as appears from several letters to her husband ; about 1682, she held a correspondence by letters with Dr. Gilbert Burnet, many of which are made public. Dr. Burnet wrote several poems, which he sent her. She died at Adderbury, Oct. 29, 1685 ; and was buried at Winchenden. N.

But

But thou art dead, alas ! my heart, thou 'rt dead :
 He lives, that lovely soul for ever fled,
 But thou 'mongst crowds on earth art buried.
 Great was thy loss, which thou canst ne'er express,
 Nor was th' insensible dull nation's loss ;
 He civiliz'd the rude, and taught the young,
 Made fools grow wise ; such artful magic hung
 Upon his useful kind instructing tongue.
 His lively wit was of himself a part,
 Not, as in other men, the work of art ;
 For, though his learning like his wit was great,
 Yet sure all learning came below his wit ;
 As God's immediate gifts are better far
 Than those we borrow from our likenesses here,
 He was — but I want words, and ne'er can tell,
 Yet this I know, he did mankind excell.

He was what no man ever was before,
 Nor can indulgent nature give us more,
 For, to make him, she exhausted all her store.

AGAINST THE FEAR OF DEATH.

BY SIR ROBERT HOWARD*.

SINCE all must certainly to death resign,
 Why should we make it dreadful, or repine ?
 How vain is fear, where nothing can prevent
 The loss, which he that loses can't lament ?
 The fear of Death is by our folly brought,
 We fly th' acquaintance of it in a thought ;
 From something into nothing is a change
 Grown terrible, by making it so strange.

* Of whom, see vol. I. p. 154. N.

We always should remember, Death is sure ;
 What grows familiar most, we best endure :
 For life and death succeed like night and day,
 And neither gives increase, nor brings decay.
 No more or less by what takes birth or dies,
 And the same mass the teeming world supplies.
 From death we rose to life ; 'tis but the same,
 Through life again to pass from whence we came.
 With shame we see our passions can prevail,
 Where reason, certainty, and virtue fail.
 Honour, that empty name, can death despise,
 Scorn'd Love to Death as to a refuge flies,
 And sorrow waits for death with longing eyes.
 Hope triumphs o'er the thought of Death and Fate,
 Cheats fools, and flatters the unfortunate.

Perhaps, deceiv'd by lust-supplying wealth,
 Now-enjoy'd pleasures, and a present health,
 We fear to lose what a small time must waste,
 Till life itself grows the disease at last :
 Begging for life, we beg for more decay,
 And to be long a dying only pray.

No just and temperate thought can tell us why
 We should fear death, or grieve for them that die ;
 The time we leave behind is ours no more,
 Nor our concern, than time that was before.

'Twere a fond fight, if those that stay behind
 For the same passage, waiting for a wind
 To drive them to their port ; should on the shore
 Lamenting stand, for those that went before.

We all must pass through Death's dead sea of night,
 To reach the haven of eternal light.

A PARAPHRASE FROM THE FRENCH *.

IN grey-hair'd Celia's wither'd arms

As mighty Lewis lay,

She cry'd, "If I have any charms,

My dearest, let's away!

For you, my love, is all my fear,

Hark how the drums do rattle;

Alas, sir! what should you do here

In dreadful day of battle?

Let little Orange stay and fight,

For danger's his diversion;

The wise will think you in the right,

Not to expose your person:

Nor vex your thoughts how to repair

The ruins of your glory:

You ought to leave so mean a care

To those who pen your story.

Are not Boileau and Corneille paid

For panegyric writing?

They know how heroes may be made

Without the help of fighting.

When foes too saucily approach

'Tis best to leave them fairly;

Put six good horses in your coach,

And carry me to Marly.

Let Boufflers, to secure your fame,

Go take some town, or buy it;

Whilst you, great sir, at Nostredame,

Te Deum sing in quiet!"

* This poem has been ascribed to Mr. Prior. N.

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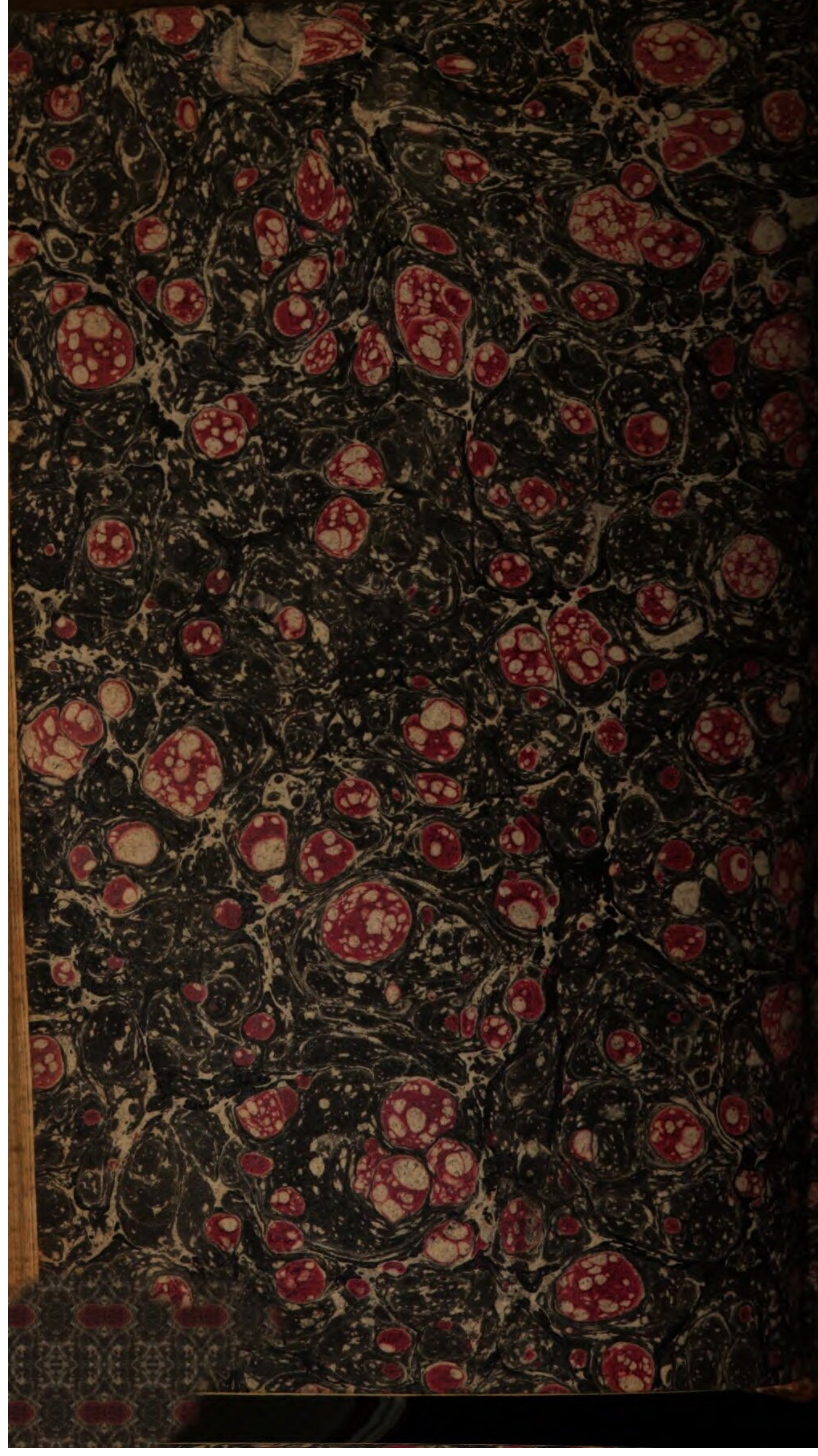
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